This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

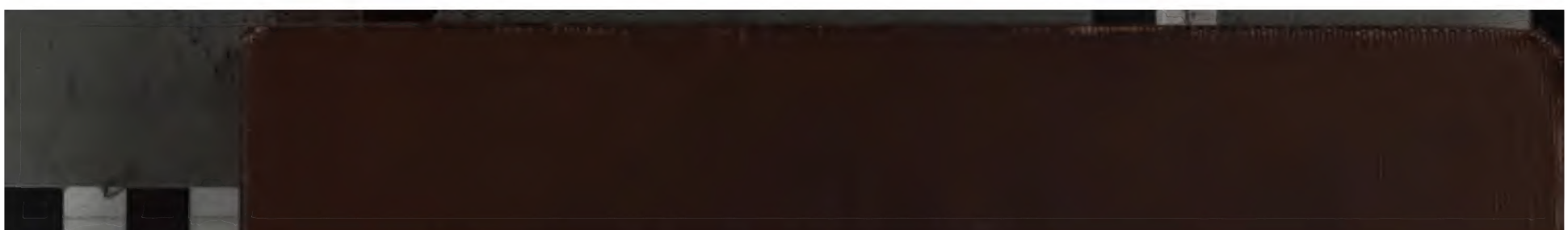
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/



THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the EIGHTH,

CONTAINING,

ROMEO and JULIET.
HAMLET, PRINCE of DENMARK.
OTHELLO, the MOOR of VENICE.

LONDON:
Printed for J. and R. TONSON, C. CORBET, H. WOODFALL, J. RIVINGTON, R. BALDWIN, L. HAWES, CLARK and COLLINS, W. JOHNSTON, T. CASLON, T. LOWNDS, and the Executors of B. DODD.
M,DCC,LXV.

LENOX LIBRARY
NEW YORK

ROMEO

AND

JULIET.

PROLOGUE.

TWO Houſholds, both alike in Dignity,
In fair Verona, *(where we lay our Scene)*
From ancient Grudge break to new mutiny;
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of theſe two foes,
A pair of ſtar-croſt lovers take their life;
Whoſe miſ-adventur'd piteous Overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their Parent's ſtrife.
The fearful paſſage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their Parent's rage,
Which but their children's End nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our ſtage:
The which if you with patient Ears attend,
What here ſhall miſs, our Toil ſhall ſtrive to mend.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ESCALUS, *Prince of* Verona.
Paris, *Kinſman to the Prince.*
Montague, } *Two Lords, Enemies to each other.*
Capulet, }
Romeo, *Son to* Montague.
Mercutio, *Kinſman to the Prince, and Friend to* Romeo.
Benvolio, *Kinſman to* Romeo.
Tybalt, *Kinſman to* Capulet.
Friar Lawrence.
Friar John.
Balthaſar, *Servant to* Romeo.
Page to Paris.
Sampſon, } *Servants to* Capulet.
Gregory, }
Abram, *Servant to* Montague.
Apothecary.
Simon Catling, }
Hugh Rebeck, } 3 *Muſicians.*
Samuel Soundboard, }
Peter, *Servant to the Nurſe.*

Lady Montague, *Wife to* Montague.
Lady Capulet, *Wife to* Capulet.
Juliet, *Daughter to* Capulet, *in love with* Romeo.
Nurſe to Juliet.
CHORUS.

Citizens of Verona, *ſeveral men and women relations to* Capulet, *Maſkers, Guards, Watch, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE, *in the beginning of the fifth Act, is in* Mantua; *during all the reſt of the Play, in and near* Verona.

Plot from a Novel of Bandello. *Pope.*

This novel is tranſlated in *Painter's* Palace of Pleaſure.

Editions of this Play.

1. 1597. John Danter.
2. 1599. Tho. Crede for Cuthbert Burby.
3. 1637. R. Young for John Smethwick.
4. No date. John Smethwick.

I have only the folio.

ROMEO *and* JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street, in Verona.

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregory, *(with ſwords and bucklers) two ſervants of the* Capulets.

SAMPSON.

GREGORY, on my word, [1] we'll not carry coals.

Greg. No, for then we ſhould be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an' we be in Choler, we'll draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your Neck out of the Collar.

Sam. I ſtrike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to ſtrike.

[1] *we'll not* carry coals.] A phraſe then in uſe, to ſignify the bearing injuries. WARBURTON.

This is poſitively told us; but if another critic ſhall as poſitively deny it, where is the proof? I do not certainly know the meaning of the phraſe, but it ſeems rather to be *to ſmother anger*, and to be uſed of a man who *burns* inwardly with reſentment, to which he gives no vent.

Sam. A dog of the Houſe of *Montague* moves me.

Greg. To move, is to ſtir, and to be valiant, is to ſtand; therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'ſt away.

Sam. A dog of that Houſe ſhall move me to ſtand. I will take the wall of any man, or maid of *Montague*'s.

Greg. That ſhews thee a weak ſlave; for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

Sam. True, and therefore women, being the weakeſt, are ever thruſt to the wall:—therefore I will puſh *Montague*'s men from the wall, and thruſt his maids to the wall.

Greg. The quarrel is between our maſters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will ſhew myſelf a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be [a] cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or the maiden-heads, take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it in ſenſe, that feel it.

Sam. Me they ſhall feel, while I am able to ſtand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of fleſh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fiſh; if thou hadſt, thou hadſt been *Poor John*. Draw thy tool, here comes of the Houſe of the *Montagues*.

Enter Abram *and* Balthaſar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How, turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry: I fear thee!———

[a] *cruel with the maids,*] The firſt folio reads *civil* with the maids.

Sam.

Sam. Let us take the law of our ſides, let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I paſs by, and let them take it as they liſt.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a diſgrace to them if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. Is the law on our ſide, if I ſay, ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir: but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abr. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you; I ſerve as good a man, as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, Sir.

[1] *Enter* Benvolio.

Greg. Say, *better.* Here comes one of my maſter's kinſmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abr. You lye.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy ſwaſhing blow. [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools, put up your ſwords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among theſe heartleſs hinds?
Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death.

[1] *Enter* Benvolio.] Much of this ſcene is added ſince the firſt edition; but probably by *Shakeſpear*, ſince we find it in that of the year 1599. POPE.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy ſword,
Or manage it to part theſe men with me.
Tyb. What drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all *Montagues* and thee.
Have at thee, coward. [*Fight.*

Enter three or four citizens with clubs.

Cit. Clubs, bills, and partiſans! ſtrike! beat them down!
Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Montagues!*

Enter old Capulet *in his gown, and lady* Capulet.

Cap. What noiſe is this? [4] give me my long ſword, ho!
La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch. Why call you for a ſword?
Cap. My ſword, I ſay: old *Montague* is come.
And flouriſhes his blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Montague, *and Lady* Montague.

Mon. Thou villain, *Capulet*———Hold me not, let me go.
La. Mon. Thou ſhalt not ſtir a foot to ſeek a foe.

Enter Prince with attendants.

Prin. Rebellious Subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-ſtained ſteel—
Will they not hear? what ho! you men, you beaſts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage

[4] *give me my long ſword.*] The *long ſword* was the ſword uſed in war, which was ſometimes wielded with both hands.

With

With purple fountains iſſuing from your veins;
On pain of torture, from thoſe bloody hands
Throw your miſ-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the ſentence of your moved Prince.
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Montague*,
Have thrice diſturb'd the Quiet of our ſtreets;
And made *Verona*'s ancient Citizens
Caſt by their grave, beſeeming, ornaments;
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cankred with peace, to part your cankred hate;
If ever you diſturb our ſtreets again,
Your lives ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the reſt depart away,
You, *Capulet*, ſhall go along with me;
And, *Montague*, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleaſure in this caſe,
To old Free-town, our common judgment place:
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and* Capulet, *&c.*

SCENE II.

La. Mon. Who ſet this ancient quarrel new abroach;
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the ſervants of your adverſary,
And yours, cloſe fighting, ere I did approach;
I drew to part them: In the inſtant came
The fiery *Tybalt*, with his ſword prepar'd,
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He ſwung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiſs'd him in ſcorn.
While we were interchanging thruſts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
'Till the Prince came, who parted either Part.

La. Mon. O where is *Romeo!* Saw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worſhipp'd Sun
Peer'd through the golden window of the Eaſt,
A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad,
Where underneath the grove of ſycamour,
That weſtward rooteth from the City ſide,
So early walking did I ſee your ſon.
Tow'rds him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And ſtole into the covert of the wood.
I, meaſuring his affections by my own,
[5] That moſt are buſied when they're moſt alone,
Purſued my humour, not purſuing him;
[6] And gladly ſhun'd, who gladly fled from me.
Mon. Many a morning hath he there been ſeen
With tears augmenting the freſh morning-dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep ſighs;
But all ſo ſoon as the all-chearing Sun
Should, in the furtheſt Eaſt, begin to draw
The ſhady curtains from *Aurora*'s bed;
Away from light ſteals home my heavy ſon,
And private in his chamber pens himſelf,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himſelf an artificial night.
Black and portentous muſt this humour prove,
Unleſs good counſel may the cauſe remove.
Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cauſe?
Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.
[7] *Ben.* Have you importun'd him by any means?
Mon. Both by myſelf and many other friends;
But he, his own affections' counſellor,

[5] *That moſt are buſied*, &c.] Edition 1597. Inſtead of which it is in the other editions thus.

——*by my own.*
Which then moſt ſought, where moſt might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary ſelf,
Purſued my humour, &c. POPE.

[6] *And gladly ſhunn'd*, &c.] The ten lines following, not in edition 1597, but in the next of 1599. POPE.

[7] Ben. *Have you importun'd*, &c.] Theſe two ſpeeches alſo omitted in edition 1597, but inſerted in 1599. POPE.

Is to himſelf, I will not ſay, how true,
But to himſelf ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So far from ſounding and diſcovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can ſpread his ſweet leaves to the Air,
[s] Or dedicate his beauty to the Sun.
Could we but learn from whence his ſorrows grow,
We would as willingly give Cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See, where he comes. So pleaſe you, ſtep aſide,
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.
Mon. I would, thou wert ſo happy by thy ſtay
To hear true ſhrift. Come, Madam, let's away.
[*Exeunt.*

Ben. Good-morrow, couſin.
Rom. Is the day ſo young?
Ben. But new ſtruck nine.
Rom. Ah me, ſad hours ſeem long!
—Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?
Ben. It was. What ſadneſs lengthens *Romeo*'s hours?
Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them ſhort.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out——

[s] *Or dedicate his beauty to the Same.*] When we come to conſider, that there is ſome power elſe beſides *balmy air*, that brings forth, and makes the tender buds ſpread themſelves, I do not think it improbable that the Poet wrote;

Or dedicate his beauty to the Sun.

Or, according to the more obſolete ſpelling, *Sunne*; which brings it nearer to the traces of the corrupted text. THEOB.

I cannot but ſuſpect that ſome lines are loſt, which connected this ſimile more cloſely with the foregoing ſpeech; theſe lines, if ſuch there were, lamented the danger that Romeo will die of his melancholy, before his virtues or abilities are known to the world.

Ben.

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without eyes ſee-path-ways [9] to his will!
Where ſhall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
[*Striking his breaſt.*
[1] Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
Oh, any thing of nothing firſt create!
O heavy lightneſs! ſerious vanity!
Miſ-ſhapen chaos of well-ſeeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fire, ſick health!
Still-waking ſleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Doſt thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppreſſion.

Rom. [2] Why, ſuch is love's tranſgreſſion.—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breaſt;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have them preſt
With more of thine; this love, that thou haſt ſhown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

[9]—*to his will!*] Sir *T. Hanmer*, and after him Dr. *Warburton*, read, to his *ill*. The preſent reading has ſome obſcurity; the meaning may be, that *love* finds out means to purſue his *deſire*. That the *blind* ſhould *find paths to ill* is no great wonder.

[1] *Why then, O brawling love*, &c.] Of theſe lines neither the ſenſe nor occaſion is very evident. He is not yet in love with an enemy, and to love one and hate another is no ſuch uncommon ſtate, as can deſerve all this toil of antitheſis.

[2] *Why ſuch is love's tranſgreſſion.*—] Such is the conſequence of unſkilful and miſtaken kindneſs.

This line is probably mutilated, for being intended to rhyme to the line foregoing, it muſt have originally been complete in its meaſure.

Love is a ſmoke rais'd with the fume of ſighs,
[3] Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in lovers' eyes;
[4] Being vext, a ſea nouriſh'd with lovers' tears;
What is it elſe? a madneſs moſt diſcreet,
A choaking gall, and a preſerving ſweet.
Farewel, my couſin, [*Going.*
Ben. Soft, I'll go along.
And if you leave me ſo, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have loſt myſelf, I am not here;
This is not *Romeo*, he's ſome other where.
Ben. [5] Tell me in ſadneſs, who ſhe is you love?
Rom. What, ſhall I groan and tell thee?
Ben. Groan? why, no; but ſadly tell me, who.
Rom. Bid a ſick man in ſadneſs make his will?—
O word, ill urg'd to one that is ſo ill!
In ſadneſs, couſin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd ſo near, when I ſuppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good marks-man;—and ſhe's fair, I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is ſooneſt hit.
Rom. But, in that hit, you miſs; ſhe'll not be hit
With *Cupid*'s arrow; ſhe hath *Dian*'s wit:
And, [6] in ſtrong proof of chaſtity well arm'd,
From love's weak childiſh bow, ſhe lives unharm'd.
She will not ſtay the ſiege of loving terms,
Nor 'bide th' encounter of aſſailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to ſaint-ſeducing gold.

[3] *Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in lovers' eyes;*] The authour may mean *being purged of ſmoke*, but it is perhaps a meaning never given to the word in any other place. I would rather read,

Being urged, *a fire ſparkling.* Being excited and inforced. To *urge* the fire is the technical term.

[4] *Being vex'd, &c.*] As this line ſtands ſingle, it is likely that the foregoing or following line that rhym'd to it, is loſt.

[5] *Tell me in ſadneſs,*] That is, tell me *gravely*, tell me in *ſeriouſneſs.*

[6] *in ſtrong proof*—] In chaſtity *of proof*, as we ſay in armour *of proof.*

O,

O, ſhe is rich in beauty; only poor
That when ſhe dies, [7] with Beauty dies her Store.
Ben. Then ſhe hath ſworn, that ſhe will ſtill live chaſte?
[8] *Rom.* She hath, and in that Sparing makes huge waſte.
For beauty, ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,
Cuts beauty off from all poſterity.
She is too fair, too wiſe, [9] too wiſely fair,
To merit bliſs by making me deſpair;
She hath forſworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O, teach me how I ſhould forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other Beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers exquiſite in queſtion more;
Thoſe happy maſks, that kiſs fair ladies' brows,
Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is ſtrucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt.
Shew me a miſtreſs, that is paſſing fair,
What doth her beauty ſerve, but as a note,
Where I may read, who paſs'd that paſſing fair?
Farewel, thou canſt not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*

[7] *with Beauty dies her Store,*] Mr. Theobald reads.

With her dies beauties *ſtore.* and is followed by the two ſucceeding editors. I have replaced the old reading, becauſe I think it at leaſt as plauſible as the correction. *She is rich,* ſays he, *in beauty,* and *only poor* in being ſubject to the lot of humanity, that *her ſtore,* or riches, *can be deſtroyed by death,* who ſhall, by the ſame blow, put an end to beauty.

[8] Rom. *She hath, and in that Sparing,* &c.] None of the following ſpeeches of this ſcene in the firſt edition of 1597. POPE.

[9] *too wiſely fair,*] *Hanmer.* For, *wiſely too* fair.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Capulet, Paris, *and Servant.*

Cap. And *Montague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I think,
For men ſo old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both,
And, pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds ſo long.
But now, my Lord, what ſay you to my Suit?
Cap. But ſaying o'er what I have ſaid before;
My child is yet a ſtranger in the world,
She hath not ſeen the Change of fourteen years;
Let two more ſummers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Par. Younger than ſhe are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too ſoon marr'd are thoſe ſo early made.
The earth hath ſwallow'd all my hopes but ſhe,
[1] She is the hopeful lady of my earth,
But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her conſent is but a part;
If ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choice
Lies my conſent, and fair according voice:
This night, I hold an old-accuſtom'd Feaſt,
Whereto I have invited many a gueſt,
Such as I love; and you, among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor houſe, look to behold this night
[2] Earth-treading ſtars that make dark heaven's light.
Such

[1] *She is the hopeful lady of my earth:*] This line not in the firſt edition. POPE.

The lady of his earth is an expreſſion not very intelligible, unleſs he means that ſhe is heir to his eſtate, and I ſuppoſe no man ever called his *lands* his *earth*. I will venture to propoſe a bold change.

She is the hope and ſtay *of my* full years.

[2] *Earth-treading ſtars that make dark* HEAVEN's *light.*] This nonſenſe

Such comfort as [3] do luſty young men feel,
When well-apparel'd *April* on the heel
Of limping Winter treads, ev'n ſuch delight
Among freſh female buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe; hear all, all ſee,
And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
[4] Which on more view of many, mine, being one,
May ſtand in number, tho' in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me. Go, ſirrah, trudge about,
Through fair *Verona*; find thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there; and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome on their pleaſure ſtay.
[*Exeunt* Capulet *and* Paris.

nonſenſe ſhould be reformed thus,

Earth-treading ſtars that make
dark EVEN *light.*

i. e. When the evening is dark and without ſtars, theſe earthly ſtars ſupply their place, and light it up. So again in this play,

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear. WARBURTON.

But why nonſenſe? Is any thing more commonly ſaid, than that beauties eclipſe the ſun? Has not *Pope* the thought and the word?

Sol through white curtains ſhot a timorous ray,
And ope'd thoſe eyes that muſt eclipſe the day.

Both the old and the new reading are philoſophical nonſenſe, but they are both, and both equally poetical ſenſe.

[3] —*do luſty young men feel,*] To ſay, and to ſay in pompous words, that a *young man ſhall feel* as much in an aſſembly of beauties, *as young men feel in the month of April*, is ſurely to waſte ſound upon a very poor ſentiment. I read,

Such comfort as do luſty yeomen *feel.*

You ſhall feel from the ſight and converſation of thoſe ladies, ſuch hopes of happineſs and ſuch pleaſure, as the farmer receives from the ſpring, when the plenty of the year begins, and the proſpect of the harveſt fills him with delight.

[4] *Which on more view of many, mine, being one,*
May ſtand in number, tho' in reck'ning none] The firſt of theſe lines I do not underſtand. The old folio gives no help; the paſſage is there, *Which* one *more view*. I can offer nothing better than this:

Within your view of many,
mine being one,
May ſtand in number, &c.

Serv.

Serv. Find them out, whoſe names are written here? ——It is written, that the Shoemaker ſhould meddle with his Yard, and the Tailor with his Laſt, the Fiſher with his Pencil, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe Perſons, whoſe names are here writ; and can never find what names the writing perſon hath here writ. I muſt to the Learned.—— In good time,——

Enter Benvolio *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is leſſen'd by another's Anguiſh,
Turn giddy, and be help'd by backward turning,
One deſperate grief cure with another's Languiſh;
Take thou ſome new infection to the eye,
And the rank poiſon of the old will die.
Rom. Your plantan leaf is excellent for that.
Ben. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken ſhin.
Ben. Why, *Romeo*, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is;
Shut up in priſon, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.
[*To the Servant.*
Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, Sir, can you read?
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my miſery.
Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book. But, I pray,
Can you read any thing you ſee?
Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.
Serv. Ye ſay honeſtly. Reſt you merry.——
Rom. Stay, fellow, I can read.

[He reads the liſt.]

Signior Martino, *and his wife and daughters*; *Count* Anſelm, *and his beauteous ſiſters*; *the lady widow of* Vitruvio; *Signior* Placentio, *and his lovely neices*; Mercutio, *and his brother* Valentine: *mine uncle* Capulet, *his wife and daughters*; *my fair neice* Roſaline; Livia; *Signior* Valentio, *and his couſin* Tybalt; Lucio, *and the lively* Helena.

——[5] A fair aſſembly; whither ſhould they come?

Serv. Up.——

Rom. Whither? to ſupper?

Serv. To our houſe.

Rom. Whoſe houſe?

Serv. My maſter's.

Rom. Indeed, I ſhould have aſk'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without aſking. My maſter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the Houſe of *Montagues*, I pray, come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merry. [*Exit.*

Ben. At this ſame ancient Feaſt of *Capulet*'s
Sups the fair *Roſaline*, whom thou ſo lov'ſt;
With all th' admired beauties of *Verona*.
Go thither, and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee think thy Swan a Crow.

[5] *A fair aſſembly; whither ſhould they come?*
Serv. *Up.*——
Rom. *Whither?* to ſupper?
Serv. *To our houſe.*] *Romeo* had read over the liſt of invited gueſts; but how ſhould he know they were invited to ſupper? This comes much more aptly from the *Servant*'s anſwer, than *Romeo*'s queſtion; and muſt undoubtedly be placed to him.
WARBURTON.

When a man reads a liſt of gueſts, he knows that they are invited to ſomething, and, without any extraordinary good fortune, may gueſs, to a ſupper.
Rom.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains ſuch faſhoods, then turn tears to fires!
And theſe, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Tranſparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! th' all-ſeeing Sun
Ne'er ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.
Ben. Tut! tut! you ſaw her fair, none elſe being by,
Herſelf pois'd with herſelf, in either eye;
But in thoſe cryſtal ſcales, [6] let there be weigh'd
Your lady-love againſt ſome other maid,
That I will ſhew you, ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe will ſhew ſcant well, that now ſhews beſt.
Rom. I'll go along, no ſuch ſight to be ſhewn;
But to rejoice in ſplendor of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Change to Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Capulet *and* Nurſe.

La. Cap. NURSE, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.
Nurſe. Now (by my maiden-head, at twelve Years old)
I bade her come; what, lamb! what, lady-bird!
God forbid!—where's this girl? what, *Juliet?*

[6] ——*let there be weigh'd*
Your lady's love *againſt ſome other maid,*] But the compariſon was not betwixt the love that *Romeo*'s miſtreſs paid him, and the perſon of any other young woman; but betwixt *Romeo*'s miſtreſs herſelf, and ſome other that ſhould be match'd againſt her. The poet therefore muſt certainly have wrote;
Your lady-love *againſt ſome other maid.*
WARBURTON.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurſe. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is you will?

La. Cap. This is the matter——Nurſe, give leave a while, we muſt talk in ſecret——Nurſe, come back again, I have remember'd me, thou ſhalt hear our counſel. Thou know'ſt, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurſe. 'Faith I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurſe. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, (and yet [7] to my teen be it ſpoken, I have but four;) ſhe's not fourteen; how long is it now to *Lammas*-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurſe. Even or odd, of all days in the year, come *Lammas*-eve at night, ſhall ſhe be fourteen. *Suſan* and ſhe (God reſt all chriſtian ſouls!) were of an age. Well, *Suſan* is with God, ſhe was too good for me. But as I ſaid, on *Lammas*-eve at night ſhall ſhe be fourteen, that ſhall ſhe, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis ſince the earthquake now eleven years, and ſhe was wean'd; I never ſhall forget it, of all the days in the year, upon that day; for I had then laid worm-wood to my dug, ſitting in the Sun under the Dove-houſe wall, my Lord and you were then at *Mantua*. ——Nay, I do bear a brain. But, as I ſaid, when it did taſte the worm-wood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to ſee it teachy, and fall out with the dug. Shake, quoth the Dove-houſe——'twas no need, I trow, to bid me trudge; and ſince that time it is eleven years, for then ſhe could ſtand alone; nay, by th' rood, ſhe could have run, and

[7] *—to my teen*] To my ſorrow.

waddled

waddled all about; for even the day before ſhe broke her brow, and then my huſband, (God be with his ſoul, a' was a merry man;) took up the child; yea, quoth he, doſt thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou haſt more wit, wilt thou not, *Julé?* and by my holy dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and ſaid, ay; To ſee now, how a jeſt ſhall come about.——I warrant, an' I ſhould live a thouſand years, I ſhould not forget it: Wilt thou not, *Julé*, quoth he? and, pretty fool, it ſtinted, and ſaid, ay.

La. Cap. Enough of this, I pray thee, hold thy peace.

[8] *Nurſe.* Yes, Madam; yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to think it ſhould leave crying, and ſay, ay; and yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow a bump as big as a young cockrel's ſtone; a perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea, quoth my huſband, fall'ſt upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou comeſt to age, wilt thou not, *Julé?* it ſtinted, and ſaid, ay.

Jul. And ſtint thee too, I pray thee, nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. Peace, I have done: God mark thee to his grace!
Thou waſt the prettieſt Babe, that e'er I nurſt.
An' I might live to ſee thee married once,
I have my wiſh.

La. Cap. And that ſame marriage is the very theam
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter *Juliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſition to be married?

Jul. [9] It is an hour that I dream not of.

[8] Nurſe. *Yes, Madam; yet I cannot chuſe, &c.*] This ſpeech and tautology is not in the firſt edition. POPE.

[9] *It is an hour.*] The modern editors all give *it is an* honour. I have reſtored the genuine word, which is more ſeemly from a girl to her mother. *Your, fire*, and ſuch words as are vulgarly uttered in two ſyllables, are uſed as diſſyllables by *Shakeſpeare.*

Nurſe. An hour? were not I thine only nurſe,
I'd ſay, thou hadſt ſuck'd wiſdom from thy teat.
La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you
Here in *Verona*, ladies of eſteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon theſe years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;
The valiant *Paris* ſeeks you for his love.
Nurſe. A man, young lady, lady, ſuch a man
As all the world——Why, he's a man of wax.
La. Cap *Verona*'s ſummer hath not ſuch a flower.
Nurſe. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.
[1] *La. Cap.* What ſay you, can you like the Gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our Feaſt;
Read o'er the Volume of young *Paris*' Face,
And find Delight writ there with Beauty's pen;
Examine ev'ry ſev'ral Lineament,
And ſee, how one another lends Content:
And what obſcur'd in this fair Volume lies,
Find written in the Margent of his Eyes.
This precious book of Love, this unbound Lover,
To beautify him only lacks a Cover.
The fiſh lives in the Sea, and 'tis much pride,
For Fair without the Fair within to hide.
That Book in many Eyes doth ſhare the Glory,
[2] That in gold claſps locks in the golden Story.
So, ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſs,
By having him, making yourſelf no leſs.

[1] La. Cap. *What ſay you*, &c.] This ridiculous ſpeech is entirely added ſince the firſt edition. POPE.

[2] *That in gold claſps locks in the golden Story.*] The *golden ſtory* is perhaps the *golden legend*, a book in the darker ages of popery much read, and doubtleſs often exquiſitely embelliſhed, but of which *Canus*, one of the popiſh doctors, proclaims the author to have been *homo ferrei oris, plumbei cordis*,

Nurſe.

Nurſe. No leſs? Nay, bigger; Women grow by Men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris'* love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deep will I indart mine eye,
Than your conſent gives ſtrength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the gueſts are come, ſupper ſerv'd up, you call'd, my young lady aſk'd for, the nurſe curſt in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I muſt hence to wait; I beſeech you, follow ſtrait.

La. Cap. We follow thee. *Juliet*, the County ſtays.

Nurſe. Go, girl, ſeek happy nights to happy days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Street before Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or ſix other maſkers, torch-bearers, and drums.*

Rom. WHAT, ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without apology?

Ben. [3] The date is out of ſuch prolixity.

We'll

[3] *The date is out of ſuch prolixity.*] i. e. *Maſks* are now out of faſhion. That *Shakeſpear* was an enemy to theſe fooleries, appears from his writing none: and that his plays diſcredited ſuch entertainments is more than probable. But in *James*'s time, that reign

We'll have no *Cupid*, hood-wink'd with a ſcarf,
Bearing a *Tartar*'s painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies [4] like a crow-keeper:
[6] Nor a without-book prologue faintly ſpoke
After the prompter, for our enterance.
But let them meaſure us by what they will,
We'll meaſure them a meaſure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling,
Being but heavy, I will bear the Light.

Mer. Nay, gentle *Romeo*, we muſt have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me; you have dancing ſhoes
With nimble ſoles; I have a ſoul of lead,
So ſtakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

[6] *Mer.* You are a Lover; borrow *Cupid*'s Wings,
And ſoar with them above a common Bound.

Rom. I am too ſore enpearced with his Shaft,
To ſoar with his light Feathers; and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull Woe.
Under Love's heavy burden do I ſink.

Mer. And to ſink in it, ſhould you burden Love,
Too great Oppreſſion for a tender Thing!

Rom. Is Love a tender Thing! It is too rough,
Too rude, too boiſt'rous; and it pricks like Thorn.

Mer. If Love be rough with you, be rough with Love;
Prick Love for pricking, and you beat Love down.
Give me a Caſe to put my viſage in?
[*Putting on his Maſk.*
A Viſor for a Viſor!——what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?

reign of falſe taſte as well as falſe politics, they came again in faſhion: and a deluge of this affected nonſenſe overflowed the court and country. WARB.

[4] —*like a crow-keeper:*] The word *crow-keeper* is explained in *Lear*.

[5] *Nor a without-book prologue* &c.] The two following lines are inſerted from the firſt edition. POPE.

[6] Mer. *You are a Lover*; &c.] The twelve following lines are not to be found in the firſt edition. POPE.

Here

Here are the beetle-brows ſhall bluſh for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no ſooner in,
But ev'ry man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me. Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the ſenſeleſs ruſhes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a granſire-phraſe;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
The game was ne'er ſo fair, and I am done.

Mer. [7] Tut! dun's the mouſe, the conſtable's own word;
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire;
[8] Or, ſave your reverence, Love, wherein thou ſtickeſt
Up to thine ears: come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom.

[7] *Tut! dun's the mouſe, the conſtable's own word*;] This poor obſcure ſtuff ſhould have an explanation in mere charity. It is an anſwer to theſe two lines of *Romeo*,

For I am proverb'd with a granſire's phraſe,

and

The game was ne'er ſo fair, and I am done.

Mercutio, in his reply, anſwers the laſt line firſt. The thought of which, and of the preceding, is taken from gaming, *I'll be a candle holder* (ſays *Romeo*) *and look on.* It is true, if I could play myſelf, I could never expect a fairer chance than in the company we are going to: but, alas! *I am done.* I have nothing to play with; I have loſt my heart already. *Mercutio* catches at the word *done*, and quibbles with it, as if *Romeo* had ſaid, The ladies indeed are *fair*, but I am *dun*, i. e. of a dark complexion. And ſo replies, *Tut! dun's the mouſe*; a proverbial expreſſion of the ſame import with the *French*, *La nuit tous les chats ſont gris.* As much as to ſay, You need not fear, night will make all your complexions alike. And becauſe *Romeo* had introduced his obſervation with,

I am *proverb'd with a grandſire's phraſe*,

Mercutio adds to his reply, *the conſtable's own* word. As much as to ſay, if you are for old proverbs, I'll fit you with one; *'tis the conſtable's own word:* whoſe cuſtom was, when he ſummoned his watch, and aſſigned them their ſeveral ſtations, to give them what the ſoldiers call, *the word.* But this night guard being diſtinguiſhed for their pacific character, the conſtable, as an emblem of their harmleſs diſpoſition, choſe that domeſtic animal for his *word:* which, in time, might become proverbial. WARB.

[8] *Or, ſave your reverence, Love,*] The word *or* obſcures the ſentence; we ſhould read *O!* for *or Love. Mercutio* having

Rom. Nay, that's not ſo.
Mer. I mean, Sir, in delay
We waſte our lights in vain, like lights by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment ſits
Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.
Rom. And we mean well in going to this maſk;
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one aſk?
Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.
Mer. And ſo did I.
Rom. Well what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lye.
Rom. —In bed aſleep; while they do dream things true.
Mer. [9] O, then I ſee, Queen *Mab* hath been with you.
She is the Fancy's mid-wife, and ſhe comes

having called the affection with which *Romeo* was entangled by ſo diſreſpectfuul a word as *mire*, cries out,

O! ſave your reverence, Love.
9 *O, then I ſee, Queen* Mab *hath been with you.*
She is the FAIRIES' *midwife.*]

Thus begins that admirable ſpeech upon the effects of the imagination in dreams. But, Queen *Mab* the fairies' midwife? What is ſhe then Queen of? Why, the fairies. What! and their *midwife* too? But this is not the greateſt of the abſurdities. Let us ſee upon what occaſion ſhe is introduced, and under what quality. It is as a Being that has great power over human imaginations. But then the title given her, muſt have reference to the employment ſhe is put upon: Firſt then, ſhe is called Queen: which is very pertinent; for that deſigns her power: Then ſhe is called the *fairies' midwife*; but what has that to do with the point in hand? If we would think that *Shakeſpear* wrote ſenſe, we muſt ſay, he wrote——*the* FANCY'*s midwife:* and this is a proper title, as it introduces all that is ſaid afterwards of her *vagaries*. Beſides, it exactly quadrates with theſe lines:

——*I talk of* dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantaſie.

Theſe dreams are begot upon *fantaſie*, and *Mab* is the midwife to bring them forth. And *fancy's midwife* is a phraſe altogether in the manner of our author.

WARBURTON.

In

In ſhape no bigger than an agat ſtone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart mens' noſes as they lie aſleep:
Her waggon ſpokes made of long ſpinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of graſhoppers;
The traces, of the ſmalleſt ſpider's web;
The collars, of the moonſhine's watry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the laſh, of film;
Her waggoner, a ſmall grey-coated gnat,
Not half ſo big as a round little worm,
Prickt from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner ſquirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this State ſhe gallops, night by night,
Through lover's brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'ſies ſtrait;
O'er lawyers fingers, who ſtrait dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who ſtrait on kiſſes dream,
Which oft the angry *Mab* with bliſters plagues,
Becauſe their breaths with ſweet-meats tainted are.
[1] Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a courtier's noſe,
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit;

And

[1] *Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a* LAWYER'S *noſe,*
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit;] The old editions have it, COURTIER'S *noſe*; and this undoubtedly is the true reading: and for theſe reaſons. Firſt, In the preſent reading there is a vicious repetition in this fine ſpeech; the ſame thought having been given in the foregoing line,
O'er lawyers' *fingers, who ſtrait dream on fees:*
Nor can it be objected that there will be the ſame fault if we read *courtier's*, it having been ſaid before.
On courtiers' *knees, that dream on curtſies ſtrait:*
becauſe they are ſhewn in two places under different views: in the firſt, their *foppery*; in the ſecond, their *rapacity* is ridiculed. Secondly, In our author's time, a court-ſolicitation was called ſimply, a *ſuit*: and a proceſs, a *ſuit at law*, to diſtinguiſh it from the other. *The King* (ſays an anonymous

And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling the parſon as he lies aſleep,
Then dreams he of another Benefice.
Sometimes ſhe driveth o'er a ſoldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, [2] *Spaniſh* blades,

anonymous contemporary writer of the life of Sir *William Cecil*) *called him* [Sir William Cecil] *and after long talk with him, being much delighted with his anſwers, willed his Father to* FIND [*i. e.* to ſmell out] A SUIT *for him. Whereupon he became* SUITER *for the reverſion of the* Cuſtos brevium *office in the Common Pleas. Which the King willingly granted, it being the firſt* SUIT *he had in his life.* Indeed our Poet has very rarely turned his ſatire again *lawyers* and *law proceedings*; the common topic of later writers. For, to obſerve it to the honour of the *Engliſh* judicatures, they preſerved the purity and ſimplicity of their firſt inſtitution, long after Chicane had over run all the other laws of *Europe*. *Philip de Commines* gives us a very frank deſcription of the horrid abuſes that had infected the courts of juſtice in *France*, ſo early as the time of *Lewis* XI. *Auſſi deſiroit fort qu' en ce Royaume on uſaſt d' une couſtume, d'un poix, d' une meſure: et que toutes ces couſtumes fuſſent* miſes en françoys, *en un beau Livre*, pour eviter la cautelle & la pillerie des advocats: qui eſt ſi grande en ce Royaume, que nulle autre n'eſt ſemblable, *& les nobles d'iceluy la doivent bien cougnoiſtre.* At this time the adminiſtration of the law in *England* was conducted with great purity and integrity. The reaſon of this difference I take to be, that, 'till of late, there were few gloſſers or commentators on our laws, and thoſe very able, honeſt, and conciſe. While it was the fortune of the other municipal laws of *Europe*, where the *Roman* civil law had a ſupplemental authority, to be, in imitation of that law, overloaded with gloſſes and commentators. And what corruption this practice occaſioned in the adminiſtration of the *Roman* law itſelf, and to what a miſerable condition it reduced public juſtice, we may ſee in a long and fine digreſſion of the hiſtorian *Ammianus Marcellinus*; who has painted, in very lively colours, the different kinds of vermine, which infected their tribunals and courts of law: whereby the ſtate of public juſtice became in a ſhort time ſo deſperately corrupt, that *Juſtinian* was obliged to new model and *digeſt* the enormous body of their laws. WARB.

[2] Spaniſh *blades*,] A ſword is called a *Toledo*, from the excellence of the *Toletan* ſteel. So *Grotius*,

Enſis Toletanus
Unda Tagi non eſt ano celebranda metallo,
Utilis in cives eſt ibi lamna ſuos.

Of

Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ears, at which he ſtarts and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, ſwears a prayer or two,
And ſleeps again. This is that very *Mab*,
That plats the manes of horſes in the night,
[3] And cakes the elf-locks in foul ſluttiſh hairs,
Which, once entangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That preſſes them, and learns them firſt to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is ſhe———

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace;
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing, but vain phantaſy,
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the air,
And more unconſtant than the wind; who wooes
Ev'n now the frozen boſom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping ſouth.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourſelves;
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind miſgives,
Some conſequence, yet hanging in the Stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a deſpiſed life clos'd in my breaſt,
By ſome vile forfeit of untimely death.
But he, that hath the ſteerage of my courſe,
[4] Direct my ſuit! On, luſty Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*They march about the Stage, and Exeunt.*

[3] *And cakes the elf locks, &c.*] This was a common ſuperſtition; and ſeems to have had its riſe from the horrid diſeaſe called the *Plica Polonica*. WARBURTON.

[4] *Direct my ſuit!*] Guide the *ſequel* of the adventure.

SCENE VI.

Changes to a Hall in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Servants, with Napkins.

1 *Serv.* WHERE's *Potpan*, that he helps not to take away? He ſhift a trencher! he ſcrape a trencher!

2 *Serv.* When good manners ſhall lie all in one or two mens' hands, and they unwaſh'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-ſtools, remove the court cup board, look to the plate; good thou, ſave me a piece of march-pane; and, as thou loveſt me, let the porter let in *Suſan Grindſtone*, and *Nell.*—*Antony*, and *Potpan*———

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy, ready.

1 *Serv.* You are look'd for, call'd for, aſk'd for, and ſought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys; be briſk a while, and the longer liver take all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter all the Gueſts and Ladies, with the maſkers.

1 *Cap.* Welcome, Gentlemen. Ladies, that have your feet
Unplagu'd with corns, we'll have a bout with you.
Ah me, my miſtreſſes, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? ſhe that makes dainty,
I'll ſwear, hath corns; am I come near you now?
Welcome, all, Gentlemen; I've ſeen the day
That I have worn a viſor, and could tell

A whiſpering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would pleaſe. 'Tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis gone!
[5] You're welcome, Gentlemen. Come, muſicians, play.
A ball, a ball. Make room. And foot it, girls.
[*Muſick plays, and they dance.*
More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up;
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, Sirrah, this unlook'd-for ſport comes well.
Nay, ſit; nay, ſit, [6] good couſin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paſt our dancing days:
How long is't now ſince laſt yourſelf and I
Were in a maſk?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much;
'Tis ſince the nuptial of *Lucentio*,
Come Pentecoſt as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years, and then we maſk'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more; his ſon is elder, Sir:
His ſon is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His ſon was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop*'s ear:
Beauty too rich for uſe, for earth too dear!

[5] *You're welcome, Gentlemen.*] Theſe two lines, omitted by the modern editors, I have replaced from the folio.

[6] *good couſin* Capulet.] This couſin *Capulet* is *unkle* in the paper of invitation, but as *Capulet* is deſcribed as old, *couſin* is probably the right word in both places. I know not how *Capulet* and his lady might agree, their ages were very diſproportionate; he has been paſt maſking for thirty years, and her age, as ſhe tells Juliet, is but eight and twenty.

So

So ſhews a ſnowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows ſhows.
The meaſure done, I'll watch her place of Stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forſwear it, ſight;
I never ſaw true beauty 'till this night.

Tyb. This by his voice ſhould be a *Montague.*
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What! dares the ſlave
Come hither cover'd with an antick face,
To ſleer and ſcorn at our ſolemnity?
Now by the ſtock and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinſman, wherefore ſtorm you ſo?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a *Montague*, our foe:
A villain, that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorn at our ſolemnity this night.

Cap. Young *Romeo*, is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain *Romeo.*

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly Gentleman:
And, to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my houſe, do him diſparagement.
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a fair preſence, and put off theſe frowns,
An ill-beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.

Tyb. It fits, when ſuch a villain is a gueſt.
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He ſhall be endur'd.
What, goodman boy——I ſay, he ſhall. Go to—
Am I the maſter here, or you? go to———
You'll not endure him? God ſhall mend my ſoul.
You'll make a mutiny among my gueſts?
You will ſit cock-a-hoop? You'll be the man?

Tyb.

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a ſhame.
Cap. Go to, go to,
You are a ſaucy boy—is't ſo, indeed——
This trick may chance to ſcathe you. I know what.
You muſt contrary me? Marry, 'tis time.
Well ſaid, my hearts:—You are a Princox, go:
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for ſhame—
I'll make you quiet——What? cheerly, my hearts.
Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different Greeting.
I will withdraw; but this intruſion ſhall,
Now ſeeming ſweet convert to bitter gall.
Rom. [1] If I profane with my unworthy hand
[*To Juliet.*
This holy ſhrine, the gentle Fine is this;
My lips, two bluſhing pilgrims, ready ſtand,
To ſmooth that rough Touch with a tender kiſs.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion ſhews in this;
For Saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiſs.
Rom. Have not ſaints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they muſt uſe in prayer.
Rom. O then, dear ſaint, let lips do what hands do:
They pray, grant thou, leſt faith turn to deſpair.

[1] *If I profane with my unworthy hand*
This holy ſhrine, the gentle Sin *is this,*
My lips, two bluſhing pilgrims, &c.] All profanations are ſuppos'd to be expiated either by ſome meritorious action, or by ſome penance undergone and puniſhment ſubmitted to. So, *Romeo* would here ſay, If I have been profane in the rude touch of my hand, my lips ſtands ready, as two bluſhing pilgrims, to take off that offence, to atone for it by a ſweet penance. Our poet therefore muſt have wrote,
—*the gentle* Fine *is this.* WARB.

Jul. Saints do not move, yet grant for prayers' ſake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine, my ſin is purg'd.
[*Kiſſing her.*

Jul. Then have my lips the ſin that late they took.

Rom. Sin from my lips! O treſpaſs, ſweetly urg'd!
Give me my ſin again.

Jul. You kiſs by th' book.

Nurſe. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother? *To her Nurſe.*

Nurſe. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the houſe,
And a good lady, and a wiſe and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talkt withal:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chink.

Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet?*
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.

Rom. Ay, ſo I fear, the more is my unreſt.

Cap. Nay, Gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling fooliſh banquet towards.
——Is it e'en ſo? why, then, I thank you all.
I thank you, honeſt gentlemen, good night:
More torches here——come on, then let's to bed,
Ah, ſirrah, by my fay, it waxes late.
I'll to my Reſt. [*Exeunt.*

Jul. Come hither, nurſe. What is yon gentleman?

Nurſe. The ſon and heir of old *Tiberio.*

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurſe. That, as I think, is young *Petruchio.*

Jul. What's he, that follows here, that would not dance?

Nurſe.

Nurſe. I know not.

Jul. Go, aſk his name.——If he be married,
My Grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

Nurſe. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Montague*,
The only ſon of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love ſprung from my only hate;
Too early ſeen, unknown; and known too late;
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I muſt love a loathed enemy.

Nurſe. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd e'en now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within*, Juliet.

Nurſe. Anon, anon——
Come, let's away, the ſtrangers all are gone.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter [8] CHORUS.

Now old Deſire doth on his death-bed lie,
And young Affection gapes to be his heir;
That Fair, for which love groan'd ſore, and would die,
With tender *Juliet* match'd, is now not fair.
Now *Romeo* is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks:
But to his foe ſuppos'd he muſt complain,
And ſhe ſteal love's ſweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have acceſs
To breathe ſuch vows as lovers uſe to ſwear;
And ſhe, as much in love, her means much leſs,
To meet her new-beloved any where:

[8] CHORUS.] This chorus added ſince the firſt edition. POPE.

Chorus. The uſe of this chorus is not eaſily diſcovered, it conduces nothing to the progreſs of the play, but relates what is already known, or what the next ſcenes will ſhew; and relates it without adding the improvement of any moral ſentiment.

But Paſſion lends them power, Time means, to meet;
Temp'ring extremities with extreme ſweet.

[*Exit* Chorus.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Romeo *alone.*

ROMEO.

CAN I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.

[*Exit.*

Enter Benvolio, *with* Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my couſin *Romeo.*
Mer. He is wiſe,
And, on my life, hath ſtol'n him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard-wall.
Call, good *Mercutio.*
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Why, *Romeo!* humours! madman! paſſion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeneſs of a Sigh,
Speak but one Rhyme, and I am ſatisfied.
Cry but *Ah me!* couple but *love* and *dove*,
Speak to my goſſip *Venus* one fair word,

One

One nick-name to her pur-blind ſon and heir:
(Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that ſhot ſo true,
[9] When King *Cophetua* lov'd the beggar-maid——)
He heareth not, he ſtirreth not, he moveth not,
The ape is dead, and I muſt conjure him.
I conjure thee by *Roſaline*'s bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her ſcarlet lip,
By her fine foot, ſtraight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demeſns that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeneſs thou appear to us.

Ben. An' if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him,

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him,
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſs' circle,
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
'Till ſhe had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were ſome ſpight. My invocation is
Honeſt and fair, and, in his miſtreſs' name,
I conjure only but to raiſe up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelf among theſe trees,
To be conſorted with the hum'rous night.
Blind is his love, and beſt befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he ſit under a medlar-tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſs were that kind of fruit,
Which maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good-night; I'll to my truckle-bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to ſleep:
Come, ſhall we go?

Ben. Go, then, for 'tis in vain
To ſeek him here that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*

9 *When King* Cophetua, *&c.*] Alluding to an old ballad. POPE.

SCENE II.

Changes to Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter Romeo.

[1] *Rom.* HE jeſts at ſcars, that never felt a wound—
But, ſoft! what light thro' yonder window breaks?
It is the Eaſt, and *Juliet* is the Sun!
[Juliet *appears above, at a window.*
Ariſe, fair Sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already ſick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than ſhe.
[2] Be not her maid, ſince ſhe is envious;
Her veſtal livery is but ſick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; caſt it off——
[3] It is my Lady; O! it is my Love;
O that ſhe knew ſhe were!——
She ſpeaks, yet ſhe ſays nothing; what of that?
Her eye diſcourſes; I will anſwer it——
I am too bold, 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeaks:
Two of the faireſt ſtars of all the heav'n,
Having ſome buſineſs, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their ſpheres 'till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightneſs of her cheek would ſhame thoſe ſtars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eyes in heav'n
Would through the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and think it were not night:

[1] *He jeſts at ſcars,*] That is, *Mercutio* jeſts, whom he overheard.

[2] *Be not her maid,*] Be not a votary to the moon, to Diana.

[3] *It is my lady;*—] This line and half I have replaced.

See,

See, how ſhe leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She ſpeaks.

4 Oh, ſpeak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this Sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged meſſenger from heav'n,
Unto the white-upturned, wondring, eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him;
When he beſtrides 5 the lazy-pacing clouds,
And ſails upon the boſom of the air.

Jul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*——wherefore art thou *Romeo?*
Deny thy father, and refuſe thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or ſhall I ſpeak at this?
[*Aſide.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
6 Thou art thyſelf, though not a *Montague*.
What's *Montague?* it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face——nor any other part.
What's in a name? that which we call a roſe,

4 *O, ſpeak again, bright Angel! for thou art*
As glorious to this night,] Tho' all the printed copies concur in this reading, yet the latter part of the *Simile* ſeems to require,
As glorious to this Sight;
and therefore I have ventured to alter the text ſo. THEOBALD.

5 ——*the* lazy-pacing *clouds*] Thus corrected from the firſt edition, in the other *lazy-puffing*. POPE.

6 *Thou art thyſelf, though not a* Montague] *i. e.* you would be juſt what you are, altho' you were not of the houſe *of Montague*. WARBURTON.

I think the true reading is,
Thou art thyſelf, then *not a* Montague.
Thou art a being of peculiar excellence, and haſt none of the malignity of the family, from which thou haſt thy name.

Hanmer reads,
Thou'rt not thyſelf *ſo*, though *a Montague*.

By any other name would ſmell as ſweet.
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title; *Romeo*, quit thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myſelf.
Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be *Romeo*.
Jul. What man art thou, that thus, beſcreen'd in night,
So ſtumbleſt on my counſel?
Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear Saint, is hateful to myſelf,
Becauſe it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.
Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Montague?*
Rom. Neither, fair Saint, if either thee diſlike.
Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.
Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch theſe walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.
Jul. If they do ſee thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their ſwords; look thou but ſweet,
And I am proof againſt their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world, they ſaw thee here.
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,

And

And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that firſt did prompt me to enquire;
He lent me counſel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no Pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vaſt ſhore, waſh'd with the fartheſt ſea,
I would adventure for ſuch merchandiſe.

Jul. Thou know'ſt, the maſk of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden-bluſh bepaint my cheek
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to-night
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain, deny
What I have ſpoke——but farewel compliment!
Doſt thou love me? I know, thou wilt ſay, *ay*;
And I will take thy word——yet if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou may'ſt prove falſe; at lovers' perjuries,
They ſay, *Jove* laughs. Oh, gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or if you think, I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverſe, and ſay thee *nay*,
So thou wilt wooe; but elſe, not for the world.
In truth, fair *Montague*, I am too fond,
And therefore thou may'ſt think my 'haviour light;
But truſt me, Gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than thoſe that have more [7] coying to be ſtrange.
I ſhould have been more ſtrange, I muſt confeſs,
But that thou over-heard'ſt, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's Paſſion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath ſo diſcovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed moon I vow,
That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit-tree tops——

[7] *coying to be ſtrange.*] For *coying*, the modern editions have *cunning*.

Jul.

Jul. O ſwear not by the moon, th' inconſtant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Leſt that thy love prove likewiſe variable.
Rom. What ſhall I ſwear by?
Jul. Do not ſwear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,
Which is the God of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Rom. If my true heart's love——
Jul. Well, do not ſwear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too raſh, too unadvis'd, too ſudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth ceaſe to be,
Ere one can ſay, it lightens. Sweet, good night.
This bud of love by ſummer's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet.
Good night, good night—as ſweet Repoſe and Reſt
Come to thy heart, as that within my breaſt!
Rom. O, wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfied?
Jul. What ſatisfaction can'ſt thou have to-night?
Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would, it were to give again.
Rom. Wouldſt thou withdraw it? for what purpoſe, love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I have;
My bounty is as boundleſs as the ſea,
My love as deep, the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear ſome noiſe within. Dear love, adieu!
[*Nurſe calls within.*
Anon, good nurſe. Sweet *Montague*, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*
Rom. O bleſſed, bleſſed night! I am afraid,
Being in night, all this is but a dream;
Too flattering-ſweet to be ſubſtantial.

Re enter

Re-enter Juliet *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear *Romeo*, and good-night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.
[*Within:* Madam.
I come, anon——but if thou mean'ſt not well,
I do beſeech thee——[*Within:* Madam.] By and by, I come ——
To ceaſe thy ſuit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I ſend.
Rom. So thrive my ſoul,——
Jul. A thouſand times, good night. [*Exit.*
Rom. A thouſand times the worſe, to want thy light.
Love goes tow'rd love, as ſchool-boys from their books;
But love from love, tow'rds ſchool with heavy looks.

Enter Juliet *again.*

Jul. Hiſt! *Romeo*, hiſt! O for a falkner's voice,
To lure this Taſſel gentle back again.
Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeak aloud;
Elſe would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarſe than mine,
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name,
How ſilver-ſweet ſound lovers' tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt muſick to attending ears!

Jul.

Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My Sweet!
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?
Rom. By the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me ſtand here 'till thou remember it.
Jul. I ſhall forget, to have thee ſtill ſtand there;
Remembering how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll ſtill ſtay to have thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almoſt morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a Wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor priſoner in his twiſted gyves,
And with a ſilk thread plucks it back again,
So loving jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would, I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, ſo would I;
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing.
—Good night, good night. Parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay good-night, 'till it be morrow. [*Exit.*
Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breaſt!
'Would I were ſleep and peace, ſo ſweet to reſt!
Hence will I to my ghoſtly Friar's cloſe Cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Changes to a Monaſtery.

Enter Friar Lawrence, *with a baſket.*

Fri. [8] THE grey-ey'd morn ſmiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eaſtern clouds with ſtreaks of light:
And darkneſs flecker'd, like a drunkard, reels
From forth day's path, and *Titan*'s burning wheels.
Now ere the Sun advance his burning eye,
The day to chear, and night's dank dew to dry,
I muſt fill up this oſier-cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's Nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying Grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We ſucking on her natural boſom find:
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the [9] powerful grace, that lies
In plants, herbs, ſtones, and their true qualities.
Nor nought ſo vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth ſome ſpecial good doth give,
Nor aught ſo good, but, ſtrain'd from that fair uſe,
Revolts from true Birth, ſtumbling on abuſe.

[8] *The grey-ey'd morn*, &c.] Theſe four firſt lines are here replaced, conformable to the firſt edition, where ſuch a deſcription is much more proper than in the mouth of *Romeo* juſt before, when he was full of nothing but the thoughts of his miſtreſs. POPE.

In the folio theſe lines are printed twice over, and given once to *Romeo*, and once to the Frier.

[9] —*powerful grace*,] Efficacious virtue.

Virtue itſelf turns vice, being miſapplied;
And vice ſometime by action's dignify'd.
Within the infant rind of this ſmall flower
[1] Poiſon hath reſidence, and med'cine power,
For this being ſmelt, with that ſenſe chears each part,
Being taſted, ſlays all ſenſes with the heart.
[2] Two ſuch oppoſed foes encamp them ſtill
In man, as well as herbs, Grace and rude Will:
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full-ſoon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father!
Fri. Benedicite!
What early tongue ſo ſweet ſaluteth me?
Young ſon, it argues a diſtemper'd head
So ſoon to bid good-morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And, where care lodgeth, ſleep will never lie;
But where unbruiſed youth with unſtuft brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden ſleep doth reign.
Therefore thy earlineſs doth me aſſure,
Thou art up-rouz'd by ſome diſtemp'rature;

[1] *Poiſon hath reſidence, and medicine power:*] I believe *Shakeſpear* wrote, more accurately, thus,

Poiſon hath reſidence, and medic'nal power:

i. e. both the poiſon and the antidote are lodged within the rind of this flower. WARBURTON.

There is no need of alteration.

[2] *Two ſuch oppoſed* FOES——] This is a modern Sophiſtication. The old books have it *oppoſed*—KINGS. So that it appears, *Shakeſpear* wrote, *Two ſuch oppoſed* KIN. Why he calls them *Kin* was, becauſe they were qualities reſiding in one and the ſame ſubſtance. And as the enmity of oppoſed *Kin* generally riſes higher than that between ſtrangers, this circumſtance adds a beauty to the expreſſion. WARB.

Foes is certainly wrong, and *kin* is not right. Two *kings* are two oppoſite *powers*, two contending *potentates*, in both the natural and moral world. The word *encamp* is proper to *commanders*.

Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to-night.
Rom. That laſt is true, the ſweeter Reſt was mine.
Fri. God pardon ſin! waſt thou with *Roſaline?*
Rom. With *Roſaline*, my ghoſtly father? no,
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.
Fri. That's my good ſon: but where haſt thou been then?
Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou aſk it me again;
I have been feaſting with mine enemy,
Where, on a ſudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy phyſick lies;
I bear no hatred, bleſſed man, for, lo,
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.
Fri. Be plain, good ſon, reſt homely in thy drift;
Riddling confeſſion finds but riddling ſhrift.
Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is ſet
On the fair daughter of rich *Capulet*;
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine;
And all combin'd; ſave what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we paſs; but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marry us this day.
Fri. Holy ſaint *Francis*, what a change is here!
Is *Roſaline*, whom thou didſt love ſo dear,
So ſoon forſaken? young mens' love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Holy ſaint *Francis!* what a deal of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheeks for *Roſaline?*
How much ſalt-water thrown away in waſte,
To ſeaſon love, that of it doth not taſte?
The Sun not yet thy ſighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my antient ears,
Lo, here upon thy cheek the ſtain doth ſit
Of an old tear that is not waſh'd off yet.

If

If e'er thou waſt thyſelf, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for *Roſaline*.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this ſentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'ſt me oft for loving *Roſaline*.

Fri. For doating, not for loving, Pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'ſt me bury love.

Fri. Not in a Grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: ſhe, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not ſo.

Fri. Oh, ſhe knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not ſpell.
But come, young waverer, come and go with me,
In one reſpect I'll thy aſſiſtant be:
For this alliance may ſo happy prove,
To turn your houſhold-rancour to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, I ſtand on ſudden haſte.

Fri. Wiſely and ſlow; they ſtumble, that run faſt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the STREET.

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. WHERE the devil ſhould this *Romeo* be? came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's, I ſpoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that ſame pale, hard-hearted, wench, that *Roſaline*,
Torments him ſo, that he will, ſure, run mad.

Ben.

Ben. *Tybalt*, the kinſman to old *Capulet*, Hath ſent a letter to his father's houſe.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will anſwer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may anſwer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will anſwer the letter's maſter how he dares, being dar'd.

Mer. Alas, poor *Romeo*, he is already dead! ſtabb'd with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear with a love-ſong; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's but-ſhaft; and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt*?

Ben. Why, what is *Tybalt*?

Mer. [3] More than prince of cats?—Oh, he's the [4] courageous captain of compliments; he fights as you ſing prick'd ſongs, keeps time, diſtance, and proportion; reſts his minum, one, two, and the third in your boſom; the very butcher of a ſilk button, a duelliſt, a duelliſt; [5] a gentleman of the very firſt houſe, of the firſt and ſecond cauſe; ah, the immortal paſſado, the punto reverſo, [6] the, hay!——

Ben. The what?

[3] *More than prince of cats?*—] *Tybalt*, the name given to the *Cat*, in the ſtory-book of *Reynold the Fox*. WARBURTON.

[4] *—courageous captain of compliments.*] A complete maſter of all the laws of ceremony, the principal man in the doctrine of punctilio.

A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire;

Says our authour of Don *Armado*, the Spaniard, *in Love's labour loſt*.

[5] *A gentleman of the very firſt houſe, of the firſt and ſecond cauſe;*] *i. e.* one who pretends to be at the head of his family, and quarrels by the book. See Note on *As you like it*, Act V. Scene 6. WARBURTON.

[6] *The, hay!*] All the terms of the modern fencing-ſchool were originally Italian; the rapier, or ſmall thruſting ſword, being firſt uſed in *Italy*. The *hay* is the word *hai*, y u *have* it, uſed when a thruſt reaches the antagoniſt, from which our fencers, on the ſame occaſion, without knowing, I ſuppoſe, any reaſon for it, cry out, *ha!*

Mer. The pox of ſuch antick, liſping, affected phantaſies, theſe new tuners of accents:—" A very " good blade!——a very tall man!——a very good " whore!"——[7] Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandſire, that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies, theſe faſhion-mongers, [8] theſe *pardonnez-moy's*, who ſtand ſo much on the new form that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench? [9] O, their *bon's*, their *bon's!*

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo.*

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, ſhe had a better love to berhyme her; *Dido* a dowdy, *Cleopatra* a gipſy, *Helen* and *Hero* hildings and harlots: *Thiſbé* a grey eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo*, *bonjour*; there's a *French* ſalutation to your *French* Slop. You gave us the *contrefait* fairly laſt night.

Rom. Good-morrow to you both: What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The ſlip, Sir, the ſlip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good *Mercutio*, my buſineſs was great; and, in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtrain courteſy.

7 *Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandſire!*] Humourouſly apoſtrophiſing his anceſtors, whoſe ſober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of. WARBURTON.

8 *Theſe* pardonnez-mois,] *Pardonnez-moi* became the language of doubt or heſitation among men of the ſword, when the point of honour was grown ſo delicate, that no other mode of contradiction would be endured.

9 *O, their* bones! *their* bones!] *Mercutio* is here ridiculing thoſe *frenchified* fantaſtical coxcombs whom he calls *pardonnez-moy's*: and therefore, I ſuſpect here he meant to write *French* too.

O, their *bon's!* their *bon's!* *i. e.* How ridiculous they make themſelves in crying out *good*, and being in extaſies with every trifle; as he has juſt deſcribed them before.

- *a very good blade!* &c. THEOB.

Mer.

Mer. That's as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to curt'ſy.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt courteous expoſition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courteſy.

Rom. Pink for flower.———

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, [1] then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Sure wit—follow me this jeſt, now, till thou haſt worn out thy pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worn, the jeſt may remain, after the wearing, ſolely ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle-ſol'd jeſt,
Solely ſingular, for the ſingleneſs!

Mer. Come between us, good *Benvolio*, my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and ſpurs,
Switch and ſpurs, or—I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-gooſe chaſe, I am done: for thou haſt more of the wild-gooſe in one of thy wits, than, I am ſure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Rom. Thou waſt never with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jeſt.

Rom. Nay, good gooſe, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweeting,
It is a moſt ſharp ſauce.

Rom. And is it not well ſerv'd in to a ſweet gooſe?

Mer. O, here's [2] a wit of cheverel, that ſtretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word broad, which added to the gooſe, proves thee far and wide a broad gooſe.

[1] *then is my pump well flowered*] Here is a vein of wit too thin to be eaſily found. The fundamental idea is, that *Romeo* wore *pinked* pumps, that is, pumps punched with holes in figures.

[2] *a wit of cheverel*,] *Cheverel* is ſoft leather for gloves.

Mer. Why, is not this better, than groaning for love? Now thou art ſociable; now art thou *Romeo*; now art thou what thou art, by art, as well as by nature; for this drivelling love is like a great Natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale, againſt the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it ſhort; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Enter Nurſe, *and* Peter *her Man.*

Rom. Here's goodly Geer; a Sail! a Sail!

Mer. Two, two, a Shirt and a Smock.

Nurſe. Peter,———

Peter. Anon?

Nurſe. My Fan, *Peter.*

Mer. Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face: for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurſe. God ye good-morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurſe. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no leſs, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurſe. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himſelf to mar.

Nurſe. By my troth, it is well ſaid. For himſelf to mar, quotha? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo.*

Rom. I can tell you. But young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than he was when you

you ſought him. I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nurſe. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea, is the worſt well?
Very well took, i'faith, wiſely, wiſely.

Nurſe. If you be he, Sir,
I deſire ſome confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to ſome ſupper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho!——

Rom. What haſt thou found?

Mer. [1] No hare, Sir, unleſs a hare, Sir, in a lenten pye, that is ſomething ſtale and hoar ere it be ſpent.
An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar, is very good meat in *Lent*,
But a hare, that is hoar, is too much for a ſcore, when it hoars ere it be ſpent.
Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady:
Farewel, lady, lady, lady.

[*Exeunt* Mercutio, Benvolio.

Nurſe. I pray you, Sir, what ſaucy merchant was this, that was ſo full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurſe, that loves to hear himſelf talk, and will ſpeak more in a minute, than he will ſtand to in a month.

Nurſe. An a ſpeak any thing againſt me, I'll take him down an' he were luſtier than he is, and twenty ſuch *Jacks:* and if I cannot, I'll find thoſe that ſhall. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; I am

[1] *No hare, Sir,*] *Mercutio* having roared out, *ſo ho!* the cry of the ſportſmen when they ſtart a hare; *Romeo* aſks *what he has found*. And *Mercutio* anſwers, No *hare*, &c. The reſt is a ſeries of quibbles unworthy of explanation, which he who does not underſtand, needs not lament his ignorance.

[4] none of his ſkains-mates. And thou muſt ſtand by too, and ſuffer every knave to uſe me at his pleaſure? [*To her man.*

Pet. I ſaw no man uſe you at his pleaſure: if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly have been out, I warrant you I dare draw as ſoon as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrel, and the law on my ſide.

Nurſe. Now, afore God, I am ſo vext, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out; what ſhe bid me ſay, I will keep to myſelf. But firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould lead her into a fool's paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſs kind of behaviour, as they ſay, for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore, if you ſhould deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and miſtreſs, I proteſt unto thee———

Nurſe. Good heart, and, i'faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord, ſhe will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What will thou tell her, nurſe? Thou doſt not mark me.

Nurſe. I will tell her, Sir, that you do proteſt; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her deviſe ſome means to come to ſhrift this afternoon:
And there ſhe ſhall at friar *Laurence'* Cell
Be ſhriev'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurſe. No, truly, Sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to, I ſay, you ſhall.

Nurſe. This afternoon, Sir? Well, ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay, good nurſe, behind the abby-wall:
Within this hour my man ſhall be with thee.

[4] *None of his ſkains-mates.*] *Skains* was ſome low play, and *ſkains-mate*, a companion at ſuch play. The word *ſkains-mate*, I do not underſtand, but ſuppoſe that

And

And bring thee cords, made [5] like a tackled ſtair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Muſt be my convoy in the ſecret night.
Farewel, be truſty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Nurſe. Now, God in heav'n bleſs thee! hark you, Sir.

Rom. What ſayeſt thou, my dear nurſe?

Nurſe. Is your man ſecret? did you ne'er hear ſay, Two may keep counſel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as ſteel.

Nurſe. Well, Sir, my miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt lady; Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing—— O,——there is a noble man in town, one *Paris*, that would fain lay knife aboard; but ſhe, good ſoul, had as lieve ſee a toad, a very toad, as ſee him. I anger her ſometimes, and tell her, that *Paris* is the properer man; but I'll warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe looks as pale as any clout in the varſal World. Doth not Roſemary and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

[6] *Rom.* Ay, nurſe, what of that? both with an R.

Nurſe. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for thee? No; I know, it begins with another letter; and

[5] —*like a tackled ſtair,*] Like ſtairs of rope in the tackle of a ſhip.

[6] Rom. *Ay, nurſe, what of that? both with an* R.

Nurſe. *Ay, mocker, that's the dog's name.* R *is for* the no. *I know it begins with* no *other letter*;] I believe, I have rectified this odd ſtuff; but it is a little mortifying, that the ſenſe, when found, ſhould not be worth the pains of retrieving it.

——*ſpiſſis indigna Theatris*
Scripta pudet recitare, & nugis
addere pondus.

The *Nurſe* is repreſented as a prating filly creature; ſhe ſays, ſhe will tell *Romeo* a good joke about his miſtreſs, and aſks him, whether *Roſemary* and *Romeo* do not begin both with a letter: He ſays, yes, an R. She, who, we muſt ſuppoſe, could not read, thought he had mock'd her, and ſays, No, ſure, I know better: our dog's name is *R.* yours begins with another letter. This is natural enough, and in character. *R* put her in mind of that ſound which is made by dogs when they ſnarl: and therefore, I preſume, ſhe ſays, that is the dog's name.

and ſhe hath the prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and roſemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady — [*Exit* Romeo.

Nurſe. Ay, a thouſand times. *Peter*,——

Pet. Anon?

Nurſe. Take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. THE clock ſtruck nine, when I did ſend the nurſe:
In half an hour ſhe promis'd to return.
Perchance, ſhe cannot meet him——That's not ſo—
Oh, ſhe is lame: love's heralds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glide than the ſun-beams,
Driving back ſhadows over lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift *Cupid* wings.
Now is the Sun upon the highmoſt hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine 'till twelve
Is three long hours—and yet ſhe is not come.
Had ſhe affections and warm youthful blood,

name, R. in the ſchools, being called *the Dog's Letter. Ben Johnſon* in his *Engliſh grammar* ſays, *R, is the Dog's letter, and hirreth in the ſound.*

Irritato canis quod R. R. quam plurima dicat. Luci'.

WARBURTON.

This paſſage is thus in the old folio. *A mocker, that's the dog's name. R is for the no, I know it begins with ſome other letter.* In this copy the error is but ſmall. I read, *Ah, mocker, that's the dog's name. R is for the* nonce, *I know it begins with another letter.* For the *nonce*, is for ſome *deſign, for a ſly trick.*

She'd

She'd be as ſwift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my ſweet love,
And his to me;
But old folks, marry, feign as they were dead,
Unwieldy, ſlow, heavy, and pale, as lead.

Enter Nurſe, *with* Peter.

O good, ſhe comes. O honey Nurſe, what news?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.
Nurſe. Peter, ſtay at the gate. [*Exit* Peter.
Jul. Now, good ſweet Nurſe,———
O Lord, why look'ſt thou ſad?
Tho' news be ſad, yet tell them merrily:
If good, thou ſham'ſt the muſick of ſweet news,
By playing 't to me with ſo four a face.
Nurſe. I am a weary, let me reſt a while;
Fy, how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?
Jul. I would, thou hadſt my bones, and I thy news!
Nay, come, I pray thee, ſpeak—Good, good nurſe, ſpeak.
Nurſe. What haſte? Can you not ſtay a while?
Do you not ſee, that I am out of breath?
Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me, that thou art out of breath?
Th' Excuſe, that thou doſt make in this delay,
Is longer than the Tale thou doſt excuſe.
Is thy news good or bad? anſwer to that;
Say either, and I'll ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied. Is't good or bad?
Nurſe. Well, you have made a ſimple choice; you know not how to chuſe a man: *Romeo*, no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his legs excel all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body; tho' they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are

paſt compare. He is not the flower of courteſy, but I warrant him, as gentle as a lamb——Go thy ways, wench, ſerve God——What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no. But all this did I know before: What ſays he of our marriage? What of that?

Nurſe. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' th' other ſide——O my back, my back:
Beſhrew your heart, for ſending me about
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I 'faith, I am ſorry that thou art ſo ill.
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet nurſe, tell me, what ſays my love?

Nurſe. Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous—where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, ſhe is within;
Where ſhould ſhe be? how odly thou reply'ſt!
Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman:——
Where is your mother?——

Nurſe. Are you ſo hot? marry, come up, I trow,
Is this the poultice for my aking bones?
Hence-forward do your meſſages yourſelf.

Jul. Here's ſuch a coil. Come, what ſays *Romeo?*

Nurſe. Have you got leave to go to ſhrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurſe. Then hie you hence to friar *Laurence'* cell,
There ſtays a huſband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any news.
Hie you to church, I muſt another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Muſt climb a bird's-neſt ſoon, when it is dark.
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you ſhall bear the burden ſoon at night.

Go,

Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.
Jul. Hie to high fortune?——honeſt nurſe, farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Monaſtery.

Enter Friar Lawrence, *and* Romeo.

Fri. SO ſmile the heavens upon this holy Act,
That after-hours with ſorrow chide us not!
Rom. Amen, amen! but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,
That one ſhort minute gives me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough, I may but call her mine.
Fri. Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they meet, conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in its own deliciouſneſs,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite;
Therefore love mod'rately, long love doth ſo.
Too ſwift arrives as tardy as too ſlow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady. O, ſo light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting flint;
A lover may beſtride the goſſamer
That idles in the wanton ſummer air,
And yet not fall, ſo light is vanity.
Jul. Good even to my ghoſtly Confeſſor.

7 *Too ſwift arrives*] He that travels too faſt is as long before he comes to the end of his journey, as he that travels ſlow. Precipitation produces miſhap.

Fri.

Fri. *Romeo* ſhall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, elſe are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah! *Juliet*, if the meaſure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy ſkill be more
To blazon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air; and let rich muſick's tongue
Unfold th' imagin'd happineſs, that both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars, that can count their worth
But my true love is grown to ſuch Exceſs,
I cannot ſum up ſums of half my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort work;
For, by your leaves, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
'Till Holy Church incorp'rate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, *and Servants.*

BENVOLIO.

I Pray thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire;
[a] The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad;
And, if we meet, we ſhall not 'ſcape a brawl;
For now theſe hot days is the mad blood ſtirring.

[a] *The day is hot,*] It is obſerved than in *Italy* almoſt all aſſaſſinations are committed during the heat of ſummer.

Mer.

Mer. Thou art like one of thoſe fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his ſword upon the table, and ſays, *God ſend me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the ſecond cup, draws it on the Drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Jack* in thy mood as any in *Italy*; and as ſoon mov'd to be moody, and as ſoon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an' there were two ſuch, we ſhould have none ſhortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair leſs, in his beard, than thou haſt. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reaſon but becauſe thou haſt haſel eyes; what eye, but ſuch an eye, would ſpy out ſuch a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou haſt quarrelled with a man for coughing in the ſtreet, becauſe he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain aſleep in the Sun. Didſt thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before *Eaſter?* with another, for tying his new ſhoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling;

Ben. If I were ſo apt to quarrel as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple? O ſimple!

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head, here come the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeak to them. Gentlemen, good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with ſomething, make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You ſhall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occaſion.

Mer. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou conſort'ſt with *Romeo*———

Mer. Conſort! what doſt thou make us minſtrels! if thou make minſtrels of us, look to hear nothing but diſcords. Here's my fiddleſtick; here's that, ſhall make you dance. Come! conſort!

[*Laying his hand on his ſword.*

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw into ſome private place,
Or reaſon coldly of your grievances,
Or elſe depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no man's pleaſure. I——

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery.
Marry, go firſt to field, he'll be your follower:
Your Worſhip in that ſenſe may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the love, I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this; thou art a villain.———

Rom. Tybalt, the reaſon that I have to love thee
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a Greeting. Villain I am none,
Therefore, farewel. I ſee, thou know'ſt me not.

Tyb. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the Injuries
That thou haſt done me, therefore turn and draw.

Rom.

Rom. I do proteſt, I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canſt deviſe;
'Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my love.
And ſo, good *Capulet*, whoſe name I tender
As dearly as my own, be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calm, diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion!
Ah! *la Stoccata* carries it away.
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldſt thou have with me?

Mer. Good King of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal; and as you ſhall uſe me hereafter, dry-beat the reſt of the eight. [9] Will you pluck your ſword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haſte, leſt mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your paſſado.
[Mercutio *and* Tybalt *fight.*

Rom. Draw, *Benvolio*,—beat down their weapons—
Gentlemen—for ſhame, forbear this outrage——
Tybalt—*Mercutio*—the Prince expreſly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* ſtreets.
Hold, *Tybalt*,——good *Mercutio*. [*Exit* Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt——
A plague on both the houſes! I am ſped.
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a ſcratch, a ſcratch; marry, 'tis enough.
Where is my page? go, villain, fetch a ſurgeon.

Rom. Courage, man. The hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not ſo deep as a well, nor ſo wide as a church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill ſerve. Aſk for

[9] *Will you pluck your ſword out of his* PILCHER *by the ears?*] We ſhould read PILCHE, which ſignifies a cloke or coat of ſkins, meaning the ſcabbard. WARBURTON.

me to-morrow, and you ſhall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world. A plague on both your houſes! What? a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat, to ſcratch a man to death? a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick? Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Help me into ſome houſe, *Benvolio*,
Or I ſhall faint. A plague on both your houſes!
They have made worm's meat of me.
I have it, and ſoundly too. Plague o' your houſes!
[*Exeunt* Mercutio *and* Benvolio.

SCENE II.

Rom. This Gentleman, the Prince's near allie,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation ſtain'd
With *Tybalt*'s ſlander; *Tybalt*, that an hour
Hath been my couſin. O ſweet *Juliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned valour's ſteel.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio*'s dead:
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did ſcorn the earth.

Rom. [1] This day's black fate on more days does depend;
This but begins the woe, others muſt end.

[1] *This day's black fate on more days does depend;*] This day's unhappy deſtiny *hangs over* the days yet to come. There will yet be more miſchief.

Enter

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.
Rom. Alive? in Triumph? and *Mercutio* ſlain?
Away to heav'n, reſpective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!
Now, *Tybalt*, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'ſt me; for *Mercutio*'s ſoul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Or thou or I, or both, muſt go with him.
Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This ſhall determine that.
[*They fight*, Tybalt *falls*.
Ben. Romeo, away. Begone:
The citizens are up, and *Tybalt* ſlain——
Stand not amaz'd. The Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken. Hence. Begone. Away.
Rom. [a] Oh! I am fortune's fool.
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay? [*Exit* Romeo.

SCENE III.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd *Mercutio?*
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.

[a] *Oh! I am fortune's fool.*] I am always running in the way of evil fortune, *like* the fool in a *play. Thou art death's fool:* in *Meaſure for Meaſure.* See Dr. *Warburton*'s Note.

Cit. Up, Sir. Go with me.
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, Montague, Capulet, *their Wives*, &c.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble Prince, I can diſcover all
Th' unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.
There lies the man, ſlain by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kinſman, brave *Mercutio*.
La. Cap. Tybalt, my couſin! O my brother's child!——
Prince, O—couſin—huſband—O—the blood is ſpill'd
Of my dear kinſman. Prince, [3] as thou art true,
For blood of ours, ſhed blood of *Montague*.
O! couſin, couſin.
Prin. Benvolio, who began this fray?
Ben. Tybalt, here ſlain, whom *Romeo*'s hand did ſlay;
Romeo, that ſpoke him fair, bid him bethink
[4] How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high diſpleaſure; all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly ſpleen
Of *Tybalt*, deaf to peace; but that he tilts
With piercing ſteel at bold *Mercutio*'s breaſt;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with a martial ſcorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to *Tybalt*, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it. *Romeo* he cries aloud,

[3] *as thou art true*,] As thou art *juſt* and *upright*.

[4] *How nice the quarrel*—] How *ſlight*, how *unimportant*, how *petty*. So in the laſt Act.

The letter was not nice, *but full of charge*
Of dear import.

Hold, friends! friends, part! and, ſwifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them ruſhes; underneath whoſe arm
An envious thruſt from *Tybalt* hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled;
But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning; for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tybalt* ſlain;
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn to fly.
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* die.

La. Cap. He is a kinſman to the *Montagues*,
[5] Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for juſtice, which thou, Prince, muſt give;
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* muſt not live.

Prin. Romeo ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

La. Mont. Not *Romeo*, Prince, he was *Mercutio*'s friend;
His fault concludes but what the law ſhould end,
The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
[6] I have an intereſt in your hearts' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But

[5] *Affection makes him* falſe.] The charge of falſhood on *Benvolio*, though produced at hazard, is very juſt. The authour, who ſeems to intend the character of *Benvolio* as good, meant perhaps to ſhew, how the beſt minds, in a ſtate of faction and diſcord, are detorted to criminal partiality.

[6] *I have an intereſt in your hearts' proceeding*,] Sir *Th. Hanmer* ſaw that this line gave no ſenſe, and therefore put, by a very eaſy change,

I have an intereſt in your heart's proceeding,

Which is undoubtedly better than the old reading which Dr. *Warburton* has followed; but the ſenſe

But I'll amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſs of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuſes,
Nor tears nor prayers ſhall purchaſe out abuſes;
Therefore uſe none; let *Romeo* hence in haſte,
Elſe, when he's found, that hour is his laſt.
Bear hence his body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to an Apartment in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Juliet *alone.*

Jul. GALLOP apace, you fiery-footed ſteeds,
Tow'rds *Phœbus'* manſion; ſuch a waggoner,
As *Phaeton*, would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
[7] Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing night,
That Run-aways eyes may wink; and *Romeo*

Leap

ſenſe yet ſeems to be weak, and perhaps a more licentious correction is neceſſary. I read therefore.

I had no *intereſt in your* heat's preceding.

This, ſays the Prince, *is no quarrel of mine*, I had no intereſt in your former diſcord; *I ſuffer merely by your private animoſity.*

[7] *Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing Night,*
That runaways *eyes may wink*;]

What runaways are theſe, whoſe eyes *Juliet* is wiſhing to have ſtopt? *Macbeth*, we may remember, makes an invocation to Night much in the ſame ſtrain,

———*Come, feeling Night,*
Scarf *up the tender* eye *of pitiful* day, &c.

So *Juliet* would have Night's darkneſs obſcure the great eye of the day, the *Sun*; whom conſidering in a poetical light as *Phœbus*, drawn in his carr with *fiery-footed* ſteeds, and *poſting* thro' the heavens, ſhe very probably calls him,

Leap to theſe arms, untalkt of and unſeen.
Lovers can ſee to do their am'rous rites
By their own beauties, or, if love be blind,
It beſt agrees with night. [8] Come, civil night,
Thou ſober-ſuited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to loſe a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of ſtainleſs maidenheads.
Hood my [9] unmann'd blood baiting in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; 'till ſtrange love, grown bold,
Thinks true love acted, ſimple modeſty.
Come, night; come, *Romeo!* come, thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than ſnow upon a raven's back:
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night!
Give me my *Romeo*, and, when he ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtars,
And he will make the face of heaven ſo fine,
That all the world ſhall be in love with night,
And pay no worſhip to [1] the gairiſh ſun.
O, I have bought the manſion of a love,
But not poſſeſs'd it; and though I am ſold,
Not yet enjoy'd; ſo tedious is this day,

him, with regard to the ſwiftneſs of his courſe, the *Runaway*. In the like manner our Poet ſpeaks of the *Night* in the *Merchant of Venice*;

For the cloſe Night doth play the Runaway. WARB.

I am not ſatisfied with this emendation, yet have nothing better to propoſe.

[8] *Come, civil night,*] *Civil* is *grave, decently ſolemn.*

[9] *—unmann'd blood—*] Blood yet unacquainted with man.

[1] *The gairiſh ſun.*] *Milton* had this ſpeech in his thoughts when he wrote *Il Penſeroſo*.

Civil night,
Thou ſober-ſuited matron. Shakeſpeare.
Till civil-ſuited morn appear. Milton.
Pay no worſhip to the gairiſh ſun. Shakeſpeare.
Hide me from Day's gairiſh eye. Milton.

As is the night before ſome feſtival,
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurſe!

Enter Nurſe with cords.

And ſhe brings news; and every tongue, that ſpeaks
But *Romeo*'s name, ſpeaks heavenly eloquence;
Now, nurſe, what news? what haſt thou there?
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
Nurſe. Ay, ay, the cords.
Jul. Ah me, what news?
Why doſt thou wring thy hands?
Nurſe. Ah welladay, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone.——
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.
Jul. Can heaven be ſo envious?
Nurſe. Romeo can,
Though heav'n cannot. O *Romeo! Romeo!*
Who ever would have thought it, *Romeo?*
Jul. What devil art thou, that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmal hell,
Hath *Romeo* ſlain himſelf? ſay thou but, I;
[a] And that bare vowel, I, ſhall poiſon more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

Nurſe.

[a] *And that bare vowel,* ay, *ſhall poiſon more*
Than the death darting eye of cockatrice.] I queſtion much whether the grammarians will take this new *vowel* on truſt from Mr. *Pope*, without ſuſpecting it rather for a *diphthong*. In ſhort, we muſt reſtore the ſpelling of the old books, or we loſe the Poet's conceit. At his time of day, the affirmative adverb *ay* was generally written, *I:* and by this means it both becomes a *vowel*, and anſwers in ſound to *eye*, upon which the conceit turns in the ſecond line. THEOB.
——*death-darting eye of cockatrice.*] The ſtrange lines that follow here in the common books

Nurſe. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,
(God ſave the mark,) here on his manly breaſt.
A piteous coarſe, a bloody piteous coarſe;
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood. I ſwooned at the ſight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To priſon, eyes! ne'er look on liberty;
Vile earth to earth reſign, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſs one heavy bier!

Nurſe. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beſt friend I had:
O courteous *Tybalt*, honeſt gentleman,
That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee dead!

Jul. What ſtorm is this, that blows ſo contrary!
Is *Romeo* ſlaughter'd? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dear-lov'd couſin, and my dearer Lord?
Then let the trumpet ſound the general Doom,
For who is living, if thoſe two are gone?

Nurſe. *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is baniſhed.

Jul. O God! did *Romeo*'s hand ſhed *Tybalt*'s blood?

Nurſe. It did, it did. Alas, the day! it did.

Jul. O ſerpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep ſo fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!

books are not in the old edition. POPE.

The ſtrange lines are theſe:

I am not I, if there be ſuch an I,
Or thoſe eyes ſhot, that makes thee anſwer I;
If he be ſlain, ſay I; or if not, No;
Brief ſounds determine of my weal or woe.

Theſe lines hardly deſerve emendation, yet it may be proper to obſerve, that their meanneſs has not placed them below the malice of fortune, the two firſt of them being evidently tranſpoſed: we ſhould read,

That one vowel, I, ſhall poiſon more,
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice,
Or thoſe eyes ſhot that make thee anſwer, I.
I am not I, &c.

[s] Dove-feather'd raven! wolviſh rav'ning Lamb!
Deſpiſed ſubſtance, of divineſt ſhow!
Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeem'ſt,
A damned Saint, an honourable villain!
O nature! what hadſt thou to do in hell,
When thou didſt bower the Spirit of a fiend
In mortal Paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was ever book, containing ſuch vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous palace!

Nurſe. There's no truſt,
No faith, no honeſty, in men; all perjur'd;
All, all forſworn; all naught; and all diſſemblers.
Ah, where's my man? Give me ſome *Aqua vitæ*—
Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old!
Shame come to *Romeo!*

Jul. Bliſter'd be thy tongue,
For ſuch a wiſh! he was not born to ſhame;
Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the univerſal earth.
O, what a beaſt was I to chide him ſo?

Nurſe. Will you ſpeak well of him, that kill'd your couſin?

Jul. Shall I ſpeak ill of him, that is my huſband?

[s] In old editions.

Ravenous Dove, feather'd Raven, &c.] The four following lines not in the firſt edition, as well as ſome others which I have omitted. POPE.

Ravenous Dove, feather'd Raven,
Wolviſh ravening Lamb!] This paſſage Mr. *Pope* has thrown out of the text, becauſe theſe two noble *hexaſtichs* are inharmonious: But is there no ſuch thing as a crutch for a labouring, halting verſe? I'll venture to reſtore to the Poet a line that is in his own mode of thinking, and truly worthy of him. *Ravenous* was blunderingly coin'd out of *raven* and *ravening*; and, if we only throw it out, we gain at once an harmonious verſe, and a proper contraſt of epithets and images.

Dove feather'd Raven! wolviſh-rav'ning Lamb!

THEOBALD.

Ah,

Ah, poor my Lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours-wife, have mangled it!
But, wherefore, villain, didſt thou kill my couſin?
That villain couſin would have kill'd my huſband.
Back, fooliſh tears, back to your native ſpring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, miſtaking, offer up to joy.
My huſband lives, that *Tybalt* would have ſlain;
And *Tybalt*'s dead, that would have kill'd my huſband;
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worſer than *Tybalt*'s death,
That murder'd me; I would forget it, fain;
But, oh! it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to ſinners' minds.
Tybalt *is dead, and* Romeo *baniſhed!*
That *baniſhed*, that one word *baniſhed*,
[4] Hath ſlain ten thouſand *Tybalts*. *Tybalt*'s death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there;
Or if ſou'r woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when ſhe ſaid *Tybalt*'s *dead*,
Thy *Father* or thy *Mother*, nay, or *both?*
[5] Which modern lamentation might have mov'd:
But with a rear-ward following *Tybalt*'s death,
Romeo *is baniſhed*——to ſpeak that word,
Is, father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
All ſlain, all dead!——Romeo *is baniſhed!*
There is no end, no limit, meaſure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe found.

4 *Hath ſlain ten thouſand* Tybalts.] Hath put *Tybalt* out of my mind as if out of being.

5 *Which modern lamentation*, &c.] This line is left out of the later editions, I ſuppoſe becauſe the editors did not remember that *Shakeſpeare* uſes *modern* for *common*, or *ſlight*: I believe it was in his time confounded in colloquial language with *moderate*.

Where

Where is my father, and my mother, nurſe?
Nurſe. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalt*'s coarſe,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Waſh they his wounds with tears? mine ſhall be ſpent,
When theirs are dry, for *Romeo*'s baniſhment.
Take up thoſe Cords;——poor Ropes, you are beguil'd;
Both you and I; for *Romeo* is exil'd.
He made you for a high-way to my bed:
But I, a maid, die Maiden widowed.
Come, Cord; come, nurſe; I'll to my wedding-Bed:
And Death, not *Romeo*, take my Maidenhead!
Nurſe. Hie to your chamber, I'll find *Romeo*
To comfort you. I wot well, where he is.
Hark ye. Your *Romeo* will be here at night,
I'll to him, he is hid at *Lawrence*' cell.
Jul. Oh find him, give this ring to my true knight
And bid him come, to take his laſt farewel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Monaſtery.

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Romeo.

Fri. ROMEO, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man.
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
Rom. Father, what news? what is the Prince's doom?
What ſorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri.

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear ſon with ſuch ſou'r company.
I bring the tidings of the Prince's doom?
Rom. What leſs than dooms-day is the Prince's doom?
Fri. A gentler judgment vaniſh'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's baniſhment.
Rom. Ha, baniſhment! be merciful, ſay, death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not ſay, baniſhment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou baniſhed.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without *Verona*'s walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itſelf.
Hence baniſhed, is baniſh'd from the world;
And world-exil'd, is death. That baniſhment
Is death miſ-term'd; calling death baniſhment,
Thou cut'ſt my head off with a golden ax,
And ſmil'ſt upon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly ſin! O rude unthankfulneſs!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath ruſht aſide the law,
And turn'd that black word death to baniſhment.
This is dear mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy. Heav'n is here,
Where *Juliet* lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouſe, every unworthy thing,
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her;
But *Romeo* may not. [6] More validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip lives
In carrion flies, than *Romeo*; they may ſeize

[6] ——*More validity,*
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo.—] *Validity* ſeems here to mean, *worth*, or *dignity*; and *courtſhip* the ſtate of a *courtier* permitted to approach the higheſt preſence.

On

On the white wonder of dear *Juliet*'s hand,
And ſteal immortal bleſſings from her lips;
Which ev'n in pure and veſtal modeſty
Still bluſh, as thinking her own kiſſes ſin.
This may flies do, when I from this muſt fly;
And ſay'ſt thou yet, that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not;——he is baniſhed.
Hadſt thou no Poiſon mixt, no ſharp-ground knife,
No ſudden mean of death, tho' ne'er ſo mean,
But baniſhed to kill me? baniſhed?
O Friar, the Damned uſe that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how haſt thou the heart,
Being a Divine, a ghoſtly Confeſſor,
A ſin-abſolver, and my friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word, baniſhment?

Fri. Fond mad-man, hear me ſpeak.——

Rom. O, thou wilt ſpeak again of baniſhment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word,
Adverſity's ſweet milk, philoſophy,
To comfort thee, tho' thou art baniſhed.

Rom. Yet, baniſhed? hang up philoſophy:
Unleſs philoſophy can make a *Juliet*,
Diſplant a town, reverſe a Prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more——

Fri. O, then I ſee that mad men have no ears.

Rom. How ſhould they, when that wiſe men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.

Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,
An hour but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doating like me, and like me baniſhed;
Then might'ſt thou ſpeak, then might'ſt thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.

[*Throwing himſelf on the ground.*

Fri.

Fri. Ariſe, one knocks. Good *Romeo*, hide thyſelf. [*Knock within.*

Rom. Not I, unleſs the breath of heart-ſick Groans,
Miſt-like, infold me from the Search of Eyes.
[*Knock.*

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—(who's there?)—
Romeo, ariſe.
Thou wilt be taken—(ſtay a while)—ſtand up:
[*Knocks.*
Run to my Study—(By and by)—God's will!
What wilfulneſs is this?—I come, I come. [*Knock.*
Who knocks ſo hard; whence come you? what's your will?

Nurſe. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you ſhall know my errand:
I come from Lady *Juliet*.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. O holy Friar, oh, tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my lady's Lord? where's *Romeo?*

Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurſe. O he is even in my miſtreſs' caſe,
Juſt in her caſe, O woful ſympathy!
Piteous predicament! ev'n ſo lies ſhe,
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, ſtand up;——Stand, an' you be a Man:
For *Juliet*'s Sake, for her Sake, riſe and ſtand.
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an——

Rom. Oh, Nurſe!——

Nurſe. Ah Sir! ah Sir!——Death is the end of all.

7 So *Hanmer*. The other editions read,
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an oh?

Rom.

Rom. Speak'ſt thou of *Juliet?* how is it with her?
Doth not ſhe think me an old murderer,
Now I have ſtain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood, remov'd but little from her own?
Where is ſhe? and how does ſhe? and what ſays
My conceal'd lady to our [8] cancell'd love?

Nurſe. O, ſhe ſays nothing, Sir; but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed, and then ſtarts up;
And *Tybalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calls,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's curſed hand
Murder'd her kinſman.——Tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may ſack
The hateful manſion. [*Drawing his ſword.*

Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand.
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art.
Thy tears are womaniſh, thy wild acts denote
Th' unreaſonable fury of a beaſt.
[9] Unſeemly Woman in a ſeeming Man!
And ill-beſeeming Beaſt in ſeeming both!
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy Order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.

[8] —*cancell'd love?*] The folio reads *conceal'd* love.

[9] *Unſeemly Woman*, &c.] This ſtrange nonſenſe Mr. *Pope* threw out of his edition for deſperate. But it is eaſily reſtored as *Shakeſpear* wrote it into good pertinent ſenſe.

Unſeemly Woman in a ſeeming Man!
AN *ill-beſeeming Beaſt in ſeeming* GROTH!

i. e. you have the *ill-beſeeming* paſſions of a brute beaſt in the well-ſeeming ſhape of a rational creature. For having in the *firſt* line ſaid, he was a woman in the ſhape of a man, he aggravates the thought in the *ſecond*, and ſays, he was even a brute in the ſhape of a rational creature. *Seeming* is uſed in both places, for *ſeemly*. WARBURTON.

The old reading is probable. *Thou art a beaſt of ill qualities, under the appearance both of a woman and a man.*

Haſt

Haſt thou ſlain *Tybalt*? wilt thou ſlay thyſelf?
And ſlay thy lady, that in thy life lives,
By doing damned Hate upon thyſelf?
[1] Why rail'ſt thou on thy Birth, the Heav'n, and Earth,
Since Birth, and Heav'n, and Earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldſt loſe?
Fy, fy! thou ſham'ſt thy Shape, thy Love, thy Wit,
Which, like an Uſurer, abound'ſt in all,
And uſeſt none in that true uſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedeck thy Shape, thy Love, thy Wit.
Thy noble Shape is but a Form of Wax,
Digreſſing from the Valour of a Man;
Thy dear Love ſworn, but hollow Perjury,
Killing that Love, which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh.
Thy Wit, that Ornament to Shape and Love,
Miſ-ſhapen in the Conduct of them both,
Like Powder in a ſkill-leſs Soldier's Flaſk,
Is ſet on Fire by thine own Ignorance,
[2] And thou diſmember'd with thine own Defenſe.
What, rouſe thee, man, thy *Juliet* is alive,

[1] *Why rail'ſt thou*, &c.] Theſe were again thrown out by Mr. *Pope*, and for the ſame reaſon: But they are eaſily ſet right. We ſhould read,

Since Birth, and Heav'n, and Earth, all three ſo *meet*,
In thee ATONE; *which then at once would loſe.*

i. e. Why rail you at your *Birth* and at *Heaven*, and *Earth*, which are all *ſo meet*, or auſpicious to you: And all three your friends, [*all three in thee atone*] and yet you would loſe them all by one raſh ſtroke. Why he ſaid,—— *Birth, Heaven, and Earth, all three atone*——was becauſe *Romeo* was of noble birth, of virtuous diſpoſitions, and heir to a large patrimony. But by ſuicide he would diſgrace the firſt, offend the ſecond, and forego the enjoyment of the third. *Atone* is frequently uſed by *Shakeſpear* in the ſenſe of, *to agree*, be *friendly together*, &c. So in, *As you like it*,

Then is there mirth in Heav'n
When earthly things made even
ATONE *together.* WARB.

The alteration makes no improvement. The meaning is the ſame in the common reading better expreſſed.

[2] *And thou diſmember'd with thine own defence.*] And thou torn to pieces with thy own weapons.

For

For whoſe dear ſake thou waſt but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſlew'ſt *Tybalt*; there thou'rt happy too.
The law, that threatned death, became thy friend,
And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy;
A pack of bleſſings light upon thy back,
Happineſs courts thee in her beſt array,
But, like a miſbehav'd and ſullen wench,
Thou pout'ſt upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for ſuch die miſerable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But, look, thou ſtay not 'till the watch be ſet;
For then thou canſt not paſs to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt live, 'till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thouſand times more joy,
Than thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurſe. Commend me to thy lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heavy ſorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

Nurſe. O Lord, I could have ſtaid here all night long,
To hear good counſel. Oh, what Learning is!
My Lord, I'll tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do ſo, and bid my Sweet prepare to chide.

Nurſe. Here, Sir, a ring ſhe bid me give you, Sir:
Hie you, make haſte, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. [3] Go hence. Good night. And [4] here ſtands all your ſtate;
Either begone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the break of day, diſguis'd from hence.

[3] *Go hence. Good night,* &c.] Theſe three lines are omitted in all the modern editions.

[4] —*here ſtands all your ſtate*;] The whole of your fortune depends on this.

Sojourn

Sojourn in *Mantua*; I'll find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here.
Give me thy hand, 'Tis late. Farewell. Good night.
Rom. But that a joy, paſt joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief, ſo brief to part with thee. [*Exeunt.*

[5] SCENE VI.

Changes to Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *and* Paris.

Cap. THINGS have fallen out, Sir, ſo unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, ſhe lov'd her kinſman *Tybalt* dearly,
And ſo did I.——Well, we were born to die.——
'Tis very late, ſhe'll not come down to-night.
I promiſe you, but for your Company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.
Par. Theſe times of woe afford no time to wooe.
Madam, good night. Commend me to your daughter.
La. Cap. I will, and know her Mind early to-morrow;
To-night ſhe's mew'd up to her heavineſs.
Cap. [6] Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my child's love. I think, ſhe will be rul'd
In

[5] SCENE VI.] Some few neceſſary verſes are omitted in this ſcene according to the oldeſt editions. POPE.

[6] *Sir* Paris, *I will make a* DESPERATE *tender*
Of my child's love.—] This was but an indifferent compliment both to Sir *Paris* and his Daughter: As if there were ſmall hopes of her ever proving good for any thing. For he could not call the *tender*, *deſperate* on the little proſpect there was of his performing his engagement, becauſe he is ſure, he ſays, that his daughter

In all reſpects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here with my ſon *Paris'* love,
And bid her, mark you me, on *Wedneſday* next,——
But, ſoft; what day is this?

Par. *Monday*, my Lord.

Cap. *Monday?* Ha! ha! well, *Wedneſday* is too ſoon,
On *Thurſday* let it be. O' *Thurſday*, tell her,
She ſhall be married to this noble Earl.
—Will you be ready? Do you like this Haſte?
We'll keep no great a do——a friend or two——
For, hark you, *Tybalt* being ſlain ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly,
Being our kinſman, if we revel much;
Therefore we'll have ſome half a dozen friends,
And there's an end. But what ſay you to *Thurſday?*

Par. My Lord, I would that *Thurſday* were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone——on *Thurſday* be it then.
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed. [*To Lady* Cap.
Prepare her, wife, againſt this wedding-day.
Farewel, my Lord——Light to my chamber, hoa!
'Fore me.——It is ſo late, that we may call
It early by and by. Good night. [*Exeunt.*

daughter will be ruled in all reſpects by him. We ſhould read,

Sir Paris, *I will make a* SEPARATE *tender.*

i. e. I will venture *ſeparately* on my own head, to make you a tender of my daughter's love without conſulting her. For Sir *Paris* was impatient, and the mother had ſaid,

Things have fall'n out, Sir, ſo unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.

WARBURTON.

Deſperate means only *bold, adventurous*, as if he had ſaid in the vulgar phraſe, *I will ſpeak a* bold *word*, and venture *to promiſe you my daughter.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Juliet's *Chamber looking to the Garden.*

Enter Romeo *and* Juliet, *above at a window; a ladder of ropes ſet.*

Jul. WILT thou be gone? it is not yet near day;
It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly ſhe ſings on yon pomgranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the Lark, the herald of the morn,
No Nightingale. Look, love, what envious ſtreaks
Do lace the ſevering clouds in yonder eaſt;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the miſty mountains' tops.
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it,
It is ſome meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*;
Then ſtay a while, thou ſhalt not go ſo ſoon.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death,
I am content, if thou wilt have it ſo.
I'll ſay, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but [7] the pale reflex of *Cynthia*'s brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whoſe notes do beat
The vaulty heav'ns ſo high above our heads.
[8] I have more care to ſtay, than will to go.
Come death, and welcome; *Juliet* wills it ſo.

[7] —— *the pale reflex*—] The appearance of a cloud oppoſed to the moon.

[8] *I have more care to ſtay, than will to go.*] Would it be better thus,
I have more will to ſtay, than care to go?

How is't, my Soul? let's talk, it is not day.
Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away.
It is the lark that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh diſcords, and unpleaſing ſharps.
Some ſay, the lark makes ſweet diviſion;
This doth not ſo: for ſhe divideth us.
Some ſay, the lark and loathed toad chang'd eyes;
[9] O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
[1] Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee up with huntſup to the day.
O now be gone, more light and light it grows.
Rom. More light and light?——More dark and dark our Woes.

9 *O, now I* WOULD *they had chang'd voices too!*] The *toad* having very fine eyes, and the lark very ugly ones, was the occaſion of a common ſaying amongſt the people, that *the toad and lark had chang'd eyes.* To this the ſpeaker alludes. But ſure ſhe need not have *wiſhed* that *they had changed voices too.* The lark appear'd to her untunable enough in all conſcience: As appears by what ſhe ſaid juſt before,

It is the lark that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh diſcords *and* unpleaſing ſharps.

This directs us to the right reading. For how natural was it for her after this to add,

Some ſay the lark and loathed toad change eyes.
O, now I WOT *they have chang'd voices too.*

i. e. the lark ſings ſo harſhly that I now perceive the toad and ſhe have changed *voices* as well as *eyes.* WARBURTON.

This tradition of the toad and lark I have heard expreſſed in a ruſtick rhyme,

—— *To heav'n I'd fly,*
But the Toad beguil'd me of my eye.

1 *Since arm from arm,* &c.] Theſe two lines are omitted in the modern editions, and do not deſerve to be replaced, but as they may ſhew the danger of critical temerity. Dr. *Warburton*'s change of *I would* to *I wot* was ſpecious enough, yet it is evidently erroneous. The ſenſe is this, *The lark, they ſay, has loſt her eyes to the toad, and now* I would *the toad had her voice too, ſince ſhe uſes it to the diſturbance of lovers.*

Enter

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe Madam,——
Jul. Nurſe?
Nurſe. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke, be wary, look about.
[*Exit* Nurſe.
Jul. Then, Window, let Day in, and let Life out.
Rom. Farewel, farewel; one Kiſs, and I'll deſcend.
[Romeo *deſcends.*
Jul. Art thou gone ſo? love! lord! ah huſband! friend!
I muſt hear from thee ev'ry day in th' hour,
For in a minute there are many days.
O' by this count I ſhall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my *Romeo.*
Rom. Farewel: I will omit no opportunity,
Than may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
Jul. O think'ſt thou, we ſhall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not; and all theſe woes ſhall ſerve
For ſweet diſcourſes, in our time to come.
Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining ſoul.
Methinks, I ſee thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eye-ſight fails, or thou look'ſt pale.
Rom. And truſt me, love, in mine eye ſo do you:
Dry Sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu.
[*Exit* Romeo.

SCENE VIII.

Jul. Oh fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renown'd for faith; be fickle, fortune:

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But ſend him back.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho, daughter, are you up?
Jul. Who is't that calls? Is is my lady mother?
Is ſhe not down ſo late, or up ſo early?
What unaccuſtom'd cauſe [2] procures her hither?
La. Cap. Why, how now, *Juliet?*
Jul. Madam, I am not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your couſin's death?
What, wilt thou waſh him from his Grave with tears?
An' if thou couldſt, thou couldſt not make him live;
Therefore, have done. Some Grief ſhews much of Love;
But much of Grief ſhews ſtill ſome want of Wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for ſuch a feeling loſs.
La. Cap. So ſhall you feel the Loſs, but not the Friend
Which you do weep for.
Jul. Feeling ſo the Loſs,
I cannot chuſe but ever weep the Friend.
La. Cap Well, girl, thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the villain lives which ſlaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, Madam?
La. Cap. That ſame villain, *Romeo.*
Jul [*Aſide.*] Villain and he are many miles aſunder.
God pardon him! I do with all my Heart:
And, yet, no Man like he doth grieve my Heart.
La. Cap. That is, becauſe the Traitor lives.
Jul. [3] I, Madam, from the Reach of theſe my hands———
Would, none but I might venge my Couſin's Death!

[2] ———procures *her hither?*] *Procures*, for Doings. WARB.

[3] *I, Madam, from*—] *Juliet's* equivocations are rather too artful for a mind diſturbed by the loſs of a new lover.

La.

La. Cap. We will have Vengeance for it, fear thou not.
Then weep no more. I'll ſend to one in *Mantua*,
Where that ſame baniſh'd Runagate doth live,
Shall give him ſuch an [4] unaccuſtom'd Dram,
That he ſhall ſoon keep *Tybalt* Company.
And then, I hope, thou wilt be ſatisfy'd.
Jul. Indeed, I never ſhall be ſatisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him, dead——
Is my poor heart ſo for a Kinſman vext?
Madam, if you could find out but a Man
To bear a poiſon, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* ſhould upon Receipt thereof
Soon ſleep in Quiet.——O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him——
To wreak the Love I bore my Couſin,
Upon his body that hath ſlaughter'd him.
La. Cap. Find thou the Means, and I'll find ſuch a Man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful Tidings, Girl.
Jul. And joy comes well in ſuch a needful time.
What are they, I beſeech your ladyſhip?
La. Cap. Well, well, thou haſt a careful father, child,
One, who, to put thee from thy heavineſs,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of joy,
That thou expect'ſt not, nor I look'd not for.
Jul. Madam, [5] in happy time, what day is this?
La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next *Thurſday* morn,
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The County *Paris*, at St. *Peter*'s church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

[4] ——*unaccuſtom'd Dram.*] In vulgar language, Shall give him a *Dram* which he is *not uſed* to. Though I have, if I miſtake not, obſerved, that in old books *unaccuſtomed* ſignifies *powerful, efficacious.*

[5] —*in happy time,*] *A la bonne heure.* This phraſe was interjected, when the hearer was not quite ſo well pleaſed as the ſpeaker.

Jul. Now, by St. *Peter*'s church, and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haſte, that I muſt wed
Ere he, that muſt be huſband, comes to wooe.
I pray you, tell my Lord and father, Madam,
I will not marry yet: and when I do,
It ſhall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
Rather than *Paris*.——Theſe are news, indeed!
La. Cap. Here comes your father, tell him ſo yourſelf,
And ſee, how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet, *and Nurſe.*

Cap. When the Sun ſets, the Air doth drizzle Dew;
But for the Sunſet of my Brother's Son
It rains downright.——
How now? a conduit, girl? what, ſtill in tears?
Evermore ſhow'ring? in one little body
Thou counterfeit'ſt a bark, a ſea, a wind;
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this ſalt flood; the winds thy ſighs,
Which, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a ſudden calm will overſet
Thy tempeſt-toſſed body——How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?
La. Cap. Ay, Sir; but ſhe will none, ſhe gives you thanks.
I would, the fool were married to her Grave!
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How, will ſhe none? Doth ſhe not give us thanks?
Is ſhe not proud, doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
Unworthy as ſhe is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul.

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.
Cap. How now! how now! Chop Logick? What is This?
Proud! and I thank you! and I thank you not!
And yet not proud!—Why, Miſtreſs Minion, You,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But ſettle your fine joints 'gainſt *Thurſday* next,
To go with *Paris* to St. *Peter*'s church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-ſickneſs carrion! Out, you baggage!
You Tallow-face!
La. Cap. Fy, fy, what, are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience, but to ſpeak a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! diſobedient wretch!
I tell thee what, get thee to church o' *Thurſday*,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not anſwer me.
My fingers itch. Wife, we ſcarce thought us bleſt,
That God hath ſent us but this only child;
But now I ſee this One is one too much,
And that we have a Curſe in having her:
Out on her, hilding!———
Nurſe. God in heaven bleſs her!
You are to blame, my Lord, to rate her ſo.
Cap. And why? my lady Wiſdom hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, ſmatter with your goſſips, go.
Nurſe. I ſpeak no treaſon—O, god-ye-good-den—
May not one ſpeak?
Cap. Peace, peace, you mumbling fool;
Utter your gravity o'er a goſſip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. It makes me mad: day, night, hour, tide, work, play,
Alone, in company, ſtill my care hath been,
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demeſns, youthful, and nobly-allied,
Stuff'd, as they ſay, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wiſh a man:
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's Tender,
To anſwer, I'll not wed,——I cannot love,———
I am too young,——I pray you, pardon me———
But, if you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not uſe to jeſt.
Thurſday is near; lay hand on heart, adviſe;
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend:
If you be not, hang, beg, ſtarve, die i' th' ſtreets;
For, by my ſoul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall ever do thee good.
Truſt to't, bethink you, I'll not be forſworn. [*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity ſitting in the clouds,
That ſees into the bottom of my grief?
O, ſweet my mother, caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dun monument where *Tybalt* lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not ſpeak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

Jul. O God!—O Nurſe, how ſhall this be prevented?
My Huſband is on Earth; my Faith in Heav'n;
How ſhall that Faith return again to Earth,
Unleſs that Huſband ſend it me from Heav'n,
By leaving Earth?——Comfort me, counſel me.
Alack,

Alack, alack, that heav'n ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Upon ſo ſoft a ſubject as myſelf!
What ſay'ſt thou? haſt thou not a word of Joy?
Some Comfort, Nurſe.——

Nurſe. Faith, here it is:
Romeo is baniſh'd; all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands, as now it doth.
I think it beſt, you married with the Count.
Oh, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a diſh-clout to him; an eagle, Madam,
Hath not [6] ſo keen, ſo quick, ſo fair an eye
As *Paris* hath. Beſhrew my very heart,
I think you happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt; or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
[7] As living here, and you no uſe of him.

Jul. Speak'ſt thou from thy heart?

Nurſe. And from my Soul too,
Or elſe beſhrew them both.

Jul. Amen.

Nurſe. What?

Jul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marvellous much;
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having diſpleas'd my father, to *Lawrence*' cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolv'd.

Nurſe. Marry, I will; and this is wiſely done.
[*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient Damnation! O moſt wicked Fiend!
Is it more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworn,

[6] —*ſo keen,*] *Hanmer.* In the other editions, ſo *green.*

[7] *As living here,*] Sir *T. Hanmer* reads, *as living* hence; that is at a diſtance, in baniſhment, but *here* may ſignify, *in this world.*

Or

Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame tongue
Which ſhe hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thouſand times? Go, Counſellor,
Thou and my boſom henceforth ſhall be twain:
I'll to the Friar, to know his remedy;
If all elſe fail, myſelf have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The MONASTERY.

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Paris.

FRIAR.

ON *Thurſday*, Sir? The time is very ſhort.

Par. My father *Capulet* will have it ſo,
[a] And I am nothing ſlow to ſlack his haſte.

Fri. You ſay, you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is this courſe, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately ſhe weeps for *Tybalt*'s death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of tears.
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That ſhe ſhould give her ſorrow ſo much ſway;
And, in his wiſdom, haſtes our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herſelf alone,
May be put from her by ſociety.
Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte?

Fri. I would, I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd. [*Aſide.*
Look, Sir, here comes the lady tow'rds my cell.

[a] *And I am*, &c.] *His haſte ſhall not be abated by my ſlowneſs.* It might be read,
And I am nothing ſlow to back *his haſte.*
That is, I am diligent to *abet* and *enforce* his haſte.

Enter

Enter Juliet.

Par. Welcome, my love, [9] my lady and my wife!
Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, muſt be, Love, on *Thurſday* next.
Jul. What muſt be, ſhall be.
Fri. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this father?
Jul. To anſwer that, I ſhould confeſs to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
Jul. I will confeſs to you, that I love him.
Par. So will ye, I am ſure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do ſo, it will be of more price
Being ſpoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor ſoul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got ſmall victory by that:
For it was bad enough before their ſpight.
Par. Thou wrong'ſt it, more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no ſlander, Sir, which is but truth,
And what I ſpeak, I ſpeak it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hath ſlander'd it.
Jul. It may be ſo, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leiſure, holy father, now,
Or ſhall I come to you at evening maſs?
Fri. My leiſure ſerves me, penſive daughter, now.
My Lord, I muſt intreat the time alone.
Par. God ſhield, I ſhould diſturb devotion.
Juliet, on *Thurſday* early will I rouze you;
'Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiſs.
[*Exit* Paris.
Jul. Go, ſhut the door, and when thou haſt done ſo.
Come weep with me, paſt hope, paſt cure, paſt help.

[9] *my lady and my wife!*] As theſe four firſt lines ſeem intended to rhyme, perhaps the author wrote thus,
—*my lady and my life!*

Fri.

Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy grief,
It ſtrains me paſt the Compaſs of my Wits.
I hear, you muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,
On *Thurſday* next be married to this County.

Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou heard'ſt of this,
Unleſs thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If in thy wiſdom thou canſt give no help,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife I'll help it preſently.
God join'd my heart and *Romeo*'s; thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo*'s ſeal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this ſhall ſlay them both.
Therefore out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me ſome preſent counſel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extreams and me this bloody knife
[1] Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that,
Which the [2] commiſſion of thy years and art
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring.
Be not ſo long to ſpeak; I long to die,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt ſpeak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter, I do 'ſpy a kind of hope,
Which craves as deſperate an execution,
As that is deſp'rate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County *Paris*,
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſlay thyſelf,
Then it is likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That cop'ſt with death himſelf, to 'ſcape from it:
And if thou dar'ſt, I'll give the remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;

[1] *Shall play the umpire*;] That is, this knife ſhall decide the ſtruggle between me and my diſtreſſes.

[2] —*commiſſion of thy years and art*] *Commiſſion* is for *authority* or *power*.

Or

[z] Or chain me to ſome ſteepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and ſavage lions roam;
Or ſhut me nightly in a charnel houſe,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead mens' rattling bones,
With reeky ſhanks, and yellow chapleſs ſkulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made Grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his ſhroud;
Things, that to hear them nam'd, have made me tremble,
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unſtain'd wife to my ſweet love.

Fri. Hold, then, go home, be merry, give conſent
To marry *Paris*; *Wedneſday* is to-morrow;
To-morrow Night, look, that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurſe lie with thee in thy chamber.
Take thou this phial, being then in Bed,
And this diſtilled liquor drink thou off;
When preſently through all thy veins ſhall run
A cold and drowſy humour, which ſhall ſeize
Each vital ſpirit; for no Pulſe ſhall keep
His nat'ral progreſs, but ſurceaſe to beat.
No warmth, no breath, ſhall teſtify thou liv'ſt;
The roſes in thy lips and cheeks ſhall fade
To paly aſhes: thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he ſhuts up the day of life;
Each Part, depriv'd of ſupple Government,
Shall ſtiff, and ſtark, and cold appear, like Death:
And in this borrowed likeneſs of ſhrunk death
Thou ſhalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake, as from a pleaſant ſleep.

[z] *Or chain me*, &c.]
Or walk in thievish ways, or
bid me lurk
Where ſerpents are, chain me
with roaring bears,
Or hide me nightly, &c.
It is thus the editions vary.
POPE.

My edition has the words which Mr. *Pope* has omitted; but the old copy ſeems in this place preferable, only perhaps we might better read,
Where ſavage *bears and* roaring
lions roam.

Now

Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.
Then, as the manner of our Country is,
In thy beſt robes uncover'd on the bier,
Be borne to burial in thy kindred's Grave,
Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie.
In the mean time, againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come; [4] and he and I
Will watch thy Waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*;
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent Shame,
[5] If no unconſtant toy, nor womaniſh fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, oh give me. Tell me not of fear.
[*Taking the phial.*

Fri. Hold, get you gone. Be ſtrong and proſperous
In this Reſolve; I'll ſend a Friar with ſpeed
To *Mantua*, with my letters to thy Lord.

Jul. Love, give me ſtrength, and ſtrength ſhall help afford.
Farewel, dear father!—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *Nurſe, and two or three Servants.*

Cap. SO many gueſts invite, as here are writ;
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Serv. You ſhall have none ill, Sir, for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

[4] ——— *and he and I*
Will watch thy waking.] Theſe words are not in the folio.

[5] *If no unconſtant toy,*—] If no *fickle freak*, no *light caprice*, no *change of fancy*, hinder the performance.

Cap.

Cap. How canſt thou try them ſo?

Serv. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers; therefore he that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.
We ſhall be much unfurniſhed for this time.
—What, is my daughter gone to Friar *Lawrence?*

Nurſe. Ay, forſooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do ſome good on her:
A peeviſh ſelf-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurſe. See, where ſhe comes from Shrift with merry Look.

Cap. How now, my head-ſtrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition
To you and your Behiſts; and am enjoin'd
By holy *Lawrence* to fall proſtrate here, [*She kneels.*
And beg your pardon. Pardon, I beſeech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County, go, tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful Lord at *Lawrence'* cell,
And gave him what becoming love I might,
Not ſtepping o'er the bounds of Modeſty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't, this is well, ſtand up;
This is as't ſhould be.——Let me ſee the County;
Ay, marry——Go, I ſay, and fetch him hither.
Now, afore God, this reverend holy Friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurſe, will you go with me into my cloſet,
To help me ſort ſuch needful ornaments
As you think fit to furniſh me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not 'till *Thurſday*, there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurſe, go with her. We'll to Church to-morrow. [*Exeunt* Juliet *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. [6] We ſhall be ſhort in our proviſion;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tuſh, I will ſtir about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee, wife.
Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her,
I'll not to bed to-night. Let me alone;
I'll play the houſewife for this once.—What ho!
They are all forth; well, I will walk myſelf
To County *Paris*, to prepare him up
Againſt to-morrow. My heart's wondrous light,
Since this ſame way-ward girl is ſo reclaim'd.
[*Exeunt* Capulet *and lady* Capulet.

SCENE III.

Changes to Juliet's *Chamber.*

Enter Juliet *and Nurſe.*

Jul. AY, thoſe attires are beſt. But, gentle nurſe,
I pray thee, leave me to myſelf to-night;
[7] For I have need of many Oriſons
To move the heav'ns to ſmile upon my State,
Which, well thou know'ſt, is croſs, and full of Sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you buſy? do you need my help?

Jul. No, Madam, we have cull'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoveful for our ſtate to-morrow.
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurſe this night ſit up with you;

[6] *We ſhall be ſhort*—] That is, We ſhall be *defective*.

[7] *For I have need*, &c.] *Juliet* plays moſt of her pranks under the appearance of religion: perhaps *Shakeſpeare* meant to puniſh her hypocriſy.

For,

For, I am ſure, you have your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſs.
La. Cap. Good-night,
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need. [*Exeunt.*
Jul. Farewel——God knows, when we ſhall meet again!
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almoſt freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurſe! What ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmal ſcene I needs muſt act alone:
Come, phial——what if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I of force be married to the Count?
No, no, this ſhall forbid it. Lie thou there——
[*Laying down a dagger.*
——What if it be a poiſon, which the Friar
Subtly hath miniſtred, to have me dead,
Leſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo?*
I fear, it is; and yet, methinks, it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill been tried a holy man.
——How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the vault,
To whoſe foul mouth no healthſom air breathes in,
And there be ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a vault, an antient receptacle,
Where, for theſe many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried Anceſtors are packt;
Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but green in earth,
Lies feſtring in his ſhroud; where, as they ſay,
At ſome hours in the night ſpirits reſort.

Alas, alas! [8] is it not like, that I
So early waking, what with loathſom ſmells,
And ſhrieks, like mandrake's torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad.
Or, if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
Invironed with all theſe hideous fears,
And madly play with my fore fathers' joints.
And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his ſhroud?
And in this rage, with ſome great kinſman's bone,
As with a club, daſh out my deſp'rate brains?
O look! methinks, I ſee my couſin's ghoſt
Seeking out *Romeo*, that did ſpit his Body
Upon a Rapier's Point. Stay, *Tybalt*, ſtay!
Romeo, here's drink! *Romeo*, I drink to thee.
[*She throws herſelf on the bed.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Capulet's *Hall.*

Enter Lady Capulet *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. HOLD, take theſe keys and fetch more ſpices, nurſe.

Nurſe. They call for dates and quinces in the paſtry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir, the ſecond cock hath crow'd,
[9] The curfeu bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:
Look to the bak'd Meats, good *Angelica.*
Spare not for Coſt.

[8] ——*is it not like, that I.*] This ſpeech is confuſed and inconſequential, according to the diſorder of *Juliet*'s mind.

[9] *The curfeu bell*——] I know not that the morning bell is called the *curfeu* in any other place.

Nurſe.

Nurſe. Go, go, you cot-quean, go.
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be ſick to-morrow,
For this night's watching.
Cap. No, not a whit: what, I have watch'd ere now
All night for a leſs cauſe, and ne'er been ſick.
La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouſe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you, from ſuch watching, now.
[*Exeunt Lady* Capulet *and Nurſe.*
Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood.
Now fellow, what's there?

Enter three or four with ſpits, and logs, and baſkets.

Serv. Things for the cook, Sir, but I know not what.
Cap. Make haſte, make haſte. Sirrah, fetch drier logs,
Call *Peter*, he will ſhew thee where they are.
Serv. I have a head, Sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Cap. 'Maſs, and well ſaid, a merry whoreſon, ha!
Thou ſhalt be logger-head.——Good faith, 'tis day.
The County will be here with muſick ſtraight,
[*Play muſick.*
For ſo, he ſaid, he would. I hear him near.
Nurſe,—wife,—what, ho! what nurſe, I ſay?

Enter Nurſe.

Go, waken *Juliet*, go and trim her up,
I'll go and chat with *Paris*. Hie, make haſte,
Make haſte, the Bride-groom he is come already.
Make haſte, I ſay,
[*Exeunt* Capulet *and Nurſe, ſeverally.*

SCENE V.

Changes to Juliet's *Chamber*, Juliet *on a bed.*

Re-enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. MIſtreſs,—what, miſtreſs? *Juliet*—Faſt, I warrant her.
Why, lamb—why, Lady—Fy, you ſlug-a-bed——
Why, love, I ſay——Madam—Sweet-heart—why? Bride——
What, not a word!—You take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County *Paris* hath ſet up his Reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little——God forgive me——
Marry, and amen!——How ſound is ſhe aſleep?
I muſt needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam,
Ay, let the County take you in your bed.
He'll fright you up, i'faith. Will it not be?
What dreſt, and in your cloaths——and down again!
I muſt needs wake you: Lady, lady, lady——
Alas! alas! help! help! my lady's dead,
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!
Some *Aqua-vitæ*. Ho! my Lord, my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noiſe is here?
Nurſe. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What's the matter?
Nurſe. Look,——oh heavy day!
La. Cap. Oh me, oh me, my child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee;
Help, help! call help.

Enter

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For ſhame, bring *Juliet* forth. Her Lord is come.
Nurſe. She's dead, deceas'd, ſhe's dead. Alack the day!
Cap. Ha! let me ſee her. Out, alas! ſhe's cold;
Her blood is ſettled, and her joints are ſtiff;
Life and theſe lips have long been ſeparated;
Death lies on her, like an untimely froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt flow'r of all the field.
Accurſed time! unfortunate old man!
Nurſe. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woeful Time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my Tongue, and will not let me ſpeak.

Enter Friar Lawrence, *and* Paris *with Muſicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
O ſon, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. See, there ſhe lies,
Flow'r as ſhe was, deflowered now by him.
Death is my ſon-in-law.———
Par. Have I thought long to ſee this morning's face,
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this!
La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Moſt miſerable hour, that Time e'er ſaw
In laſting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and ſolace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my ſight.

Nurſe. [1] O woe! oh woful, woful, woful, day!
Moſt lamentable day! moſt woful day!
That ever, ever, I did yet behold.
Oh day! oh day! oh day! oh hateful day!
Never was ſeen ſo black a day as this.
Oh woful day, oh woful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlain,
Moſt deteſtable Death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown:——
O Love, O Life,—not Life, but Love in Death!—

Cap. Deſpis'd, diſtreſſed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd,
Uncomfortable Time! why cam'ſt thou now
To murder, murder our Solemnity?
O Child! O Child! My Soul, and not my Child!
Dead art thou! dead; alack! my Child is dead;
And, with my Child, my Joys are buried.

Fri. [2] Peace, ho, for Shame! Confuſion's Cure lives not
In theſe Confuſions: Heaven and yourſelf
Had part in this fair Maid; now Heav'n hath all;
And all the better is it for the Maid.
Your part in her you could not keep from Death;
But Heav'n keeps his part in eternal Life.

[1] *O woe! oh woful,* &c.] This ſpeech of exclamations is not in the edition above cited. Several other parts, unneceſſary or tautology, are not to be found in the ſaid edition; which occaſions the variation in this from the common books. POPE.

[2] In former editions,
Peace, ho, for ſhame, confuſions: Care *lives not*
In theſe confuſions:] This ſpeech, though it contains good Chriſtian doctrine, though it is perfectly in character for the Friar, Mr. *Pope* has curtail'd to little or nothing, becauſe it has not the ſanction of the firſt old copy. But there was another reaſon: Certain corruptions ſtarted, which ſhould have required the *indulging* his *private ſenſe* to make them intelligible, and this was an unreaſonable labour. As I have reformed the paſſage above quoted, I dare warrant, I have reſtored our poet's text; and a fine ſenſible reproof it contains againſt immoderate grief. THEOB.

The moſt, you ſought, was her Promotion;
For 'twas your Heaven, ſhe ſhould be advanc'd:
And weep you now, ſeeing ſhe is advanc'd,
Above the Clouds, as high as Heav'n himſelf?
Oh, in this Love you love your Child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing, that ſhe is well.
She's not well married, that lives married long;
But ſhe's beſt married, that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and ſtick your Roſemary
On this fair Coarſe; and, as the Cuſtom is,
And in her beſt Array, bear her to Church.
[3] For tho' fond Nature bids us all lament,
Yet Nature's Tears are Reaſon's Merriment.

Cap. All Things, that we ordained feſtival,
Turn from their Office to black Funeral;
Our Inſtruments to melancholy Bells,
Our wedding Chear to a ſad Funeral Feaſt;
Our ſolemn Hymns to ſullen Dirges change,
Our bridal Flow'rs ſerve for a buried Coarſe;
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in, and, Madam, go with him;
And go, Sir *Paris*; ev'ry one prepare
To follow this fair Coarſe unto her Grave.
The Heav'ns do low'r upon you, for ſome Ill;
Move them no more, by croſſing their high Will.

[*Exeunt* Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, Paris, *and* Friar.

[3] *For tho'* ſome *Nature bid us all lament,*] *Some* Nature? Sure, it is the *general* rule of Nature, or ſhe could not bid us *all* lament. I have ventured to ſubſtitute an epithet, which, I ſuſpect, was loſt in the idle, corrupted word, *ſome:* and which admirably quadrates with the verſe ſucceeding this. THEOB.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Manent Muſicians, and Nurſe.

Muſ. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurſe. Honeſt good fellows, ah, put up, put up; For, well you know, this is a pitiful caſe.

[*Exit Nurſe.*

Muſ. Ay, by my troth, the caſe may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Muſicians, oh muſicians, ***heart's eaſe, heart's eaſe:*** Oh, an you will have me live, why, play ***heart's eaſe.***

Muſ. Why, ***heart's eaſe?***

Pet. O muſicians, becauſe my heart itſelf plays, ***my heart itſelf is full of woe.*** [4] O, play me ſome merry dump, to comfort me!

Muſ. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Muſ. No.

Pet. I will then give it you ſoundly.

Muſ. What will you give us?

Pet. No mony, on my faith, but the gleek. I will give you the Minſtrel.

Muſ. Then will I give you the Serving Creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the Serving Creature's Dagger on your Pate. I will carry no Crotchets. I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you, do you note me?

Muſ. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Muſ.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

[4] *O, play me ſome merry dump, to comfort me!*] This is not in the folio, but the anſwer plainly requires it.

Pet.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit: I will dry-beat you with an iron Wit, and put up my iron dagger:——anſwer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
Then muſick with her ſilver ſound——

Why, *ſilver ſound!* why *muſick with her ſilver ſound?* What ſay you, *Simon Catling?*

1 *Muſ.* Marry, Sir, becauſe ſilver hath a ſweet ſound.

Pet. Prateſt! What ſay you, *Hugh Rebeck?*

2 *Muſ.* I ſay, ſilver ſound, becauſe muſicians ſound for ſilver.

Pet. Prateſt too! What ſay you, *Samuel Sound-Board?*

3 *Muſ.* 'Faith, I know not what to ſay.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy, you are the *ſinger*, I will *ſay* for you. It is muſick with her ſilver ſound, becauſe muſicians have no gold for ſounding.

Then muſick with her ſilver ſound
With ſpeedy help doth lend redreſs. [*Exit ſinging.*

Muſ. What a peſtilent knave is this ſame?

2 *Muſ.* Hang him.—*Jack*, come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and ſtay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

[5]ACT V. SCENE I.

MANTUA.

Enter ROMEO.

"IF I may truſt the flattering Truth of ſleep,
My dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:

[5] The acts are here properly enough divided, nor did any better diſtribution than the editors have already made, occur to me in the peruſal of this play; yet it may not be improper to remark, that in the firſt folio, and I ſuppoſe the foregoing editions are in the ſame ſtate, there is no diviſion of the acts, and therefore ſome future editor may try, whether any improvement can be made, by reducing them to a length more equal, or interrupting the action at more proper intervals.

[6] *If I may truſt the flattering* TRUTH *of ſleep,*] This man was of an odd compoſition to be able to make it a queſtion, whether he ſhould believe what he confeſſed to be *true*. Tho' if he thought *Truth* capable of *Flattery*, he might indeed ſuppoſe her to be turn'd apoſtate. But none of this nonſenſe came from *Shakeſpear*. He wrote,

If I may truſt the flattering RUTH *of ſleep,*

i. e. Pity. The compaſſionate advertiſement of ſleep. This was a reaſonable queſtion; and the epithet given to *Ruth* ſuits its nature. But, above all, the character which the poet always gives us of *Sleep* is here well deſcribed in this reading; that it is pitiful, compaſſionate, the

Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's ſecond courſe,
Chief nouriſher of life's feaſt.—

But becauſe I had corrected it,

—*the flattering Ruth of ſleep,*

the *Oxford Editor* would be even with me, and reads it,

—*the flattery of ſleep*;

And he has done it. For tho' a reaſonable man might make it a queſtion, whether he ſhould believe a compaſſionate advertiſement, yet who would heſitate whether he ſhould believe a flatterer. WARBURTON.

This ſeems to be a favourite correction, but it is not neceſſary. The ſenſe is, *If I may only truſt the* honeſty *of ſleep*, which I know however not to be ſo nice as not often to practiſe *flattery*.

My

[9] My boſom's Lord ſits lightly on his throne,
And, all this day, an unaccuſtom'd ſpirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead,
Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.
Ah me! how ſweet is love itſelf poſſeſt,
When but love's ſhadows are ſo rich in joy?

Enter Balthaſar.

News from *Verona*——How now, *Balthaſar?*
Doſt thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my Lady? is my father well?
How doth my *Juliet?* That I aſk again;
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.

Balth. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body ſleeps in *Capulet*'s monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I ſaw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And preſently took poſt to tell it you.
O, pardon me for bringing theſe ill news,
Since you did leave it for my Office, Sir.

Rom. Is it even ſo? then I defy you, Stars!
Thou know'ſt my lodging,—get me ink and paper,
And hire poſt-horſes. I will hence to-night.

Balth. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some miſadventure.

[9] *My boſom's Lord*—] Theſe three lines are very gay and pleaſing. But why does *Shakeſpeare* give *Romeo* this involuntary cheerfulneſs juſt before the extremity of unhappineſs? Perhaps to ſhew the vanity of truſting to thoſe uncertain and caſual exaltations or depreſſions, which many conſider as certain foretokens of good and evil.

Rom.

Rom. Tuſh, thou art deceiv'd.
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Haſt thou no letters to me from the Friar?
Balth. No, my good Lord.
Rom. No matter. Get thee gone,
And hire thoſe horſes; I'll be with thee ſtraight.
[*Exit* Balthaſar.
Well, *Juliet*, I will lie with thee to-night;
Let's ſee for means——O miſchief! thou art ſwift
To enter in the thought of deſperate men!
I do remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of ſimples; meager were his looks;
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy ſhop a tortoiſe hung,
An alligator ſtuft, and other ſkins
Of ill-ſhap'd fiſhes; and about his ſhelves
[1] A beggarly account of empty boxes;
Green earthen pots, bladders, and muſty ſeeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roſes
Were thinly ſcatter'd to make up a ſhow.
Noting this penury, to myſelf, I ſaid,
An if a man did need a poiſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in *Mantua*,

[1] *A* BEGGARLY *account of empty boxes*;] Though the boxes were empty, yet their titles, or the accounts of their contents, if like thoſe in the ſhops of other apothecaries, we may be ſure, were magnificent enough. I ſuſpect therefore that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

A BRAGGARTLY *account of empty boxes*;

Which is ſomewhat confirmed by the reading of the old *Quarto* of 1597:

——*whoſe needy ſhop is* ſtufft
With beggarly accounts *of empty boxes*;

Not but *account* may ſignify *number* as well as *contents*; if the firſt, the common reading is right.
WARBURTON.

Beggarly is probably right; if the *boxes* were *empty*, the *account* was more *beggarly*, as it was more pompous.

Here lives a caitiff wretch would ſell it him.
Oh, this ſame thought did but fore-run my need,
And this ſame needy man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe.
Being holy-day, the beggar's ſhop is ſhut.
—What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls ſo loud?
Rom. Come hither, man. I ſee, that thou art poor.
Hold. There is forty ducats. Let me have
A dram of poiſon, ſuch ſoon-ſpeeding geer,
As will diſperſe itſelf thro' all the veins,
That the life-weary Taker may fall dead;
And that the Trunk may be diſcharg'd of breath,
As violently, as haſty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but *Mantua*'s law
Is death to any he that utters them.
Rom. Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchedneſs,
And fear'ſt to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppreſſion ſtare within thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich,
Then be not poor, but break it and take this.
Ap. My poverty, but not my will, conſents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.
Rom. There is thy gold; worſe poiſon to men's ſouls,
Doing more murders in this loathſome world,
Than theſe poor compounds that thou may'ſt not ſell.
I ſell thee poiſon, thou haſt ſold me none.——
Farewel,

Farewel, buy food, and get thee into fleſh.
Come, cordial, and not poiſon; go with me
To *Juliet*'s grave, for there muſt I uſe thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Monaſtery at Verona.

Enter Friar John.

John. HOLY *Franciſcan* Friar! brother! ho!

Enter Friar Lawrence *to him.*

Law. This ſame ſhould be the voice of Friar *John.*—
Welcome from *Mantua*; what ſays *Romeo?*
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our Order, to aſſociate me,
Here in this city viſiting the ſick;
And finding him, the Searchers of the town,
Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe
Where the infectious peſtilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtaid.

Law. Who bore my letter then to *Romeo?*

John. I could not ſend it; here it is again;
Nor get a Meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune! by my Brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar *John*, go hence,
Get me an iron Crow, and bring it ſtraight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Law.

Law. Now muſt I to the Monument alone,
Within theſe three hours will fair *Juliet* wake;
She will beſhrew me much, that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents.
But I will write again to *Mantua*,
And keep her at my cell 'till *Romeo* come.
Poor living coarſe, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Changes to a Church-yard; in it, a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris, *and his Page, with a light.*

Par. GIVE me thy torch, boy; hence and ſtand aloof;
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Laying thy ear cloſe to the hollow ground,
So ſhall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
Being looſe, unfirm, with digging up of Graves,
But thou ſhalt hear it: whiſtle then to me,
As ſignal that thou hear'ſt ſomething approach.
Give me thoſe flow'rs. Do as I bid thee. Go.

Page. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure. [*Exit.*

Par. Sweet flow'r! with flow'rs thy bridle bed I ſtrew [*Strewing flowers.*
Fair *Juliet*, that with angels doſt remain,

[a] *Fair* Juliet, *that with angels*, &c.] Theſe four lines from the old edition. POPE.

Mr. *Pope* has followed the beſt copy. The folio has theſe lines;

Sweet flow'r, with flow'rs thy bridal bed I ſtrew:
O woe! thy canopy is duſt and ſtone,
Which with ſweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that, with tears diſtill'd by moans.
The obſequies which I for thee will keep,
Nightly ſhall be to ſtrew thy grave, and weep.

Accept this lateſt favour at my hand;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With fun'ral obſequies adorn thy tomb.
[*The boy whiſtles.*
——The boy gives warning, ſomething doth approach. ——
What curſed foot wanders this way to-night.
To croſs my Obſequies, and true love's rite?
What, with a torch? Muffle me, night, a while.

SCENE IV.

Enter Romeo *and* Balthaſar *with a light.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my Lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'ſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face;
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I muſt uſe
In [3] dear employment. Therefore hence. Be gone:
But if thou, jealous, doſt return to pry
On what I further ſhall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And ſtrew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are ſavage, wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tygers, or the roaring ſea.

[3] ——*dear employment.*] That is, *action of importance.* Gem. were ſuppoſed to have great powers and virtues.

Balth.

Balth. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.
Rom. So ſhalt thou ſhew me Friendſhip.——Take thou that.
Live and be proſp'rous, and farewel, good fellow.
Balth. For all this ſame, I'll hide me hereabout.
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Exit* Balth.
Rom. Thou deteſtable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſel of the earth,
Thus I inforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking up the Monument.*
And in deſpight I'll cram thee with more food.
Par. This is that baniſh'd haughty *Montague*,
That murder'd my love's couſin; with which grief,
It is ſuppoſed, the fair Creature dy'd,
And here is come to do ſome villainous ſhame
To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile *Montague*,
Can vengeance be purſu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee;
Obey, and go with me, for thou muſt die.
Rom. I muſt, indeed, and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſp'rate man;
Fly hence and leave me. Think upon theſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee, youth,
Pull not another ſin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. O be gone!
By heav'n, I love thee better than myſelf;
For I come hither arm'd againſt myſelf.
Stay not, be gone. Live, and hereafter ſay,
A madman's Mercy bade thee run away.
Par. I do defy thy commiſeration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy. [*They fight*, Paris *falls.*
Page. Oh Lord, they fight! I will go call the Watch.
Par. Oh, I am ſlain; if thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with *Juliet*. [*Dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruſe this face
Mercutio's kinſman; Noble County *Paris!*
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, *Paris* ſhould have married *Juliet.*
Said he not ſo? or did I dream it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of *Juliet,*
To think it was ſo? Oh give me thy hand,
One writ with me in ſour Misfortune's book,
I'll bury thee in a triumphant Grave.
A Grave? O, no; a Lanthorn, ſlaughter'd Youth;
For here lies *Juliet*; and her beauty makes
This vault a feaſting [4] Preſence full of Light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
[*Laying* Paris *in the Monument.*
How oft, when Men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry? which their Keepers call
A Lightning before Death. [5] O, how may I
Call this a Lightning!—Oh my love, my wife!
Death, that hath ſuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty,
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's enſign yet
Is crimſon in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, ly'ſt thou there in thy bloody ſheet?
Oh, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand, that cut thy youth in twain,
To ſunder his, that was thy enemy?
Forgive me, couſin.——Ah dear *Juliet*,
Why art thou yet ſo fair? ſhall I believe
That unſubſtantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monſter keeps
Thee here in dark, to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I ſtill will ſtay with thee;

[4] ——*Preſence*——] A *preſence* is a *publick room.*

[5] —*O, how may I Call this a lightning!*] I think we ſhould read,
——*O, now may I Call this a lightning!*——

And

[6] And never from this Palace of dim night
Depart again: Here, here will I remain,
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; oh here
Will I ſet up my everlaſting Reſt;
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtars
From this world-weary'd fleſh. Eyes, look your laſt!
Arms, take your laſt embrace! and lips, oh you
The doors of breath, ſeal with a righteous kiſs
A dateleſs bargain to engroſſing death.
Come, bitter conduct! come unſav'ry guide!
Thou deſp'rate pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing rocks my ſea-ſick, weary, bark.
Here's to my love? Oh, true apothecary!
[*Drinks the poiſon.*
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiſs I die. [*Dies.*

[6] *And never from this Palace of dim night*
Depart again. (Come lie thou in my Arms:
Here's to thy Health. O true Apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick)] Mr. *Pope*'s, and ſome other of the worſer editions acknowledge abſurdly the lines which I have put into *parentheſis* here; and which I have expung'd from the text, for this reaſon: *Romeo* is made to confeſs the effect of the poiſon before ever he has taſted it. I ſuppoſe, it hardly was ſo ſavoury that the patient ſhould chuſe to make two draughts of it. And, eight lines after theſe, we find him taking the poiſon in his hands, and making an *apoſtrophe* to it; inviting it to perform its office at once; and then, and not 'till then, does he clap it to his lips, or can with any probability ſpeak of its inſtant force and effects. Beſides, *Shakeſpeare* would hardly have made *Romeo* drink to the *health* of his *dead* Miſtreſs. Though the firſt *quarto* in 1599, and the two old *folios* acknowledge this abſurd ſtuff, I find it left out in ſeveral later *quarto* impreſſions. I ought to take notice, that tho' Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to ſtick to the old copies in this addition, yet he is no fair tranſcriber; for he has ſunk upon us an hemiſtich of moſt profound abſurdity, which poſſeſſes all thoſe copies,

—*Come, lie thou in my Arms;*
Here's to thy Health, wherе-e'er thou tumbleſt in.
O true Apothecary! &c.

THEOBALD.

I have no edition but the folio, which has all the paſſage here mentioned. I have followed Mr. *Theobald.*

Enter Friar Lawrence *with lanthorn, crow, and ſpade.*

Fri. St. *Francis* be my ſpeed! How oft to-night
Have my old feet ſtumbled at graves?—Who's there?

Enter Balthaſar.

Balth. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Bliſs be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſs ſculls? as I diſcern,
It burneth in the *Capulets'* Monument.

Balth. It doth ſo, holy Sir,—and there's my maſter,
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Balth. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Balth. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Balth. I dare not, Sir.
My maſter knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear ſome ill unlucky thing.

Balth. As I did ſleep under this yew tree here,
I dreamt, my maſter and another fought,
And that my maſter ſlew him.

Fri. Romeo!
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which ſtains
The ſtony entrance of this ſepulchre?
What mean theſe maſterleſs and goary ſwords,
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo! oh pale! Who elſe? what *Paris* too?
And ſteep'd in blood? ah, what an unkind hour

Is

Is guilty of this lamentable chance?
The lady ſtirs.

Jul. [*waking.*] Oh comfortable Friar, where is my Lord?
I do remember well, where I ſhould be;
And there I am. Where is my *Romeo*?

Fri. I hear ſome noiſe! Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and unnatural ſleep;
A greater Power, than we can contradict,
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away;
Thy huſband in thy boſom there lies dead,
And *Paris* too—Come, I'll diſpoſe of thee
Among a ſiſterhood of holy Nuns.
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is coming.
Come, go, good *Juliet*. I dare no longer ſtay. [*Exit.*

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poiſon, I ſee, hath been his timeleſs end.
O churl, drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiſs thy lips,
Haply, ſome poiſon yet doth hang on them;
To make me die with a Reſtorative.
Thy lips are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead, boy. Which way?

Jul. Yea, noiſe?
Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!
[*Finding a dagger.*
This is thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me die.
[*Kills herſelf.*

Boy. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody. Search about the church-yard;
Go, ſome of you, whom e'er you find, attach.

Pitiful ſight! here lies the County ſlain,
And *Juliet* bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain theſe two days buried.
Go tell the Prince. Run to the *Capulets*;
7 Raiſe up the *Montagues*. Some others: ſearch—
We ſee the Ground whereon theſe Woes do lie:
But the true ground of all theſe piteous Woes
We cannot without Circumſtance deſcry.

Enter ſome of the Watch, with Balthaſar.

2 *Watch.* Here's *Romeo*'s man, we found him in the church-yard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in ſafety, 'till the Prince comes hither.

Enter another Watchman with Friar Lawrence.

3 *Watch.* Here is a Friar that trembles, ſighs and weeps.
We took this mattock and this ſpade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard ſide.

1 *Watch.* A great ſuſpicion. Stay the Friar too.

SCENE V.

Enter the Prince, and attendants.

Prince. What miſadventure is ſo early up,
That calls our perſon from our morning's Reſt?

7 *Raiſe up the* Montagues. *Some others; ſearch*—] Here ſeems to be a rhyme intended, which may be eaſily reſtored; *Raiſe up the* Montagues. *Some others*, go.

We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes do lie,
But the true ground of all this *piteous* woe
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.

Enter

Enter Capulet *and lady* Capulet.

Cap. What ſhould it be, that they ſo ſhriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the ſtreet cry, *Romeo?* Some, *Juliet*; and ſome, *Paris*; and all run With open out-cry tow'rd our Monument.

Prince. [8] What fear is this, which ſtartles in your ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County *Paris* ſlain, And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet*, dead before, Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, ſeek, and know, how this foul murder comes.

Watch. Here is a Friar, and ſlaughter'd *Romeo*'s man, With inſtruments upon them, fit to open Theſe dead men's tombs.

Cap. Oh, heav'n! oh, wife! look how our daughter bleeds. This dagger hath miſta'en; for, [9] lo! the ſheath Lies empty on the back of *Montague*, The point miſ-ſheathed in my daughter's boſom.

La. Cap. Oh me, this ſight of death is as a bell, That warns my old age to a ſepulchre.

Enter Montague.

Prince. Come, *Montague*, for thou art early up, To ſee thy ſon and heir now early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night; Grief of my ſon's exile hath ſtopt her breath. What further woe conſpires againſt my age?

Prince. Look, and thou ſhalt ſee.

[8] *What fear is this, which ſtartles in your ears?*] Read, *What fear is this, which ſtartles in our ears?*

[9] ——*lo! the ſheath Lies empty*——] The folio, ——*For, lo!* his houſe *Is empty on the back, &c.*

Mon. Oh, thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To preſs before thy father to a Grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
'Till we can clear theſe ambiguities,
And know their ſpring, their head, their true deſcent;
And then will I be General of your woes,
And lead you ev'n to Death. Mean time forbear,
And let miſchance be ſlave to patience.
—Bring forth the parties of ſuſpicion.

Fri. I am the greateſt, able to do leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected; as the time and place
Doth make againſt me, of this direful murder;
And here I ſtand both to impeach and purge
Myſelf condemned, and myſelf excus'd.

Prince. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this.

[1] *Fri.* I will be brief, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was huſband to that *Juliet*;
And ſhe, there dead, that *Romeo*'s faithful wife:
I married them; and their ſtolen marriage-day
Was *Tybalt*'s dooms-day, whoſe untimely death
Baniſh'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for *Tybalt*, *Juliet* pined.
You, to remove that ſiege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
To County *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me deviſe ſome means
To rid her from this ſecond marriage;
Or, in my Cell, there would ſhe kill herſelf.
Then gave I her, ſo tutor'd by my art,
A ſleeping potion, which ſo took effect
As I intended; for it wrought on her
The form of death. Mean time I writ to *Romeo*,
That he ſhould hither come, as this dire night,

[1] *Friar.*] It is much to be lamented that the Poet did not conclude the dialogue with the action, and avoid a narrative of events which the audience already knew.

To

To help to take her from her borrowed Grave,
Being the time the potion's force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my letter, Friar *John*,
Was ſtaid by accident; and yeſternight
Return'd my letter back; then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her awaking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's Vault;
Meaning to keep her cloſely at my Cell,
'Till I conveniently could ſend to *Romeo*.
But when I came, (ſome minute ere the time
Of her awaking) here untimely lay
The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I intreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heav'n with patience:
But then a noiſe did ſcare me from the tomb,
And ſhe, too deſp'rate, would not go with me:
But, as it ſeems, did violence on herſelf.
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her nurſe is privy; but if aught in this
Miſcarried by my fault, let my old life
Be ſacrific'd, ſome hour before the time,
Unto the rigour of ſevereſt law.

Prince. We ſtill have known thee for an holy man.
Where's *Romeo*'s man? what can he ſay to this?

Balth. I brought my maſter news of *Juliet*'s death,
And then in poſt he came from *Mantua*
To this ſame place, to this ſame Monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threatned me with death, going to the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the County's page, that rais'd the Watch?
—Sirrah, what made your maſter in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to ſtrew his lady's Grave,
And bid me ſtand aloof, and ſo I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And, by and by, my maſter drew on him;

And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the Friar's words,
Their courſe of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a poiſon
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with *Juliet.*
Where be theſe enemies? *Capulet! Montague!*
See, what a ſcourge is laid upon your hate,
That heav'n finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your diſputes too,
Have loſt a brace of kinſmen. All are puniſh'd!

Cap. O brother *Montague*, give me thy hand,
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more,
For I will raiſe her Statue in pure gold;
That, while *Verona* by that name is known,
There ſhall no figure at that rate be ſet,
As that of true and faithful *Juliet.*

Cap. As rich ſhall *Romeo*'s by his lady lye;
Poor ſacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A gloomy Peace this morning with it brings,
The Sun for Sorrow will not ſhew his head;
Go hence to have more talk of theſe ſad things;
Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed.
For never was a ſtory of more woe,
Than this of *Juliet*, and her *Romeo.* [*Exeunt omnes.*

This play is one of the moſt pleaſing of our Author's performances. The ſcenes are buſy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the cataſtrophe irreſiſtably affecting, and the proceſs of the action carried on with ſuch probability, at leaſt with ſuch congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of *Shakeſpeare* to exhibit the converſation of gentlemen, to repreſent the airy ſprightlineſs of juvenile elegance. Mr. *Dryden* mentions a tradition, which might

might eaſily reach his time, of a declaration made by *Shakeſpeare*, that *he was obliged to kill* Mercutio *in the third act, leſt he ſhould have been killed by him.* Yet he thinks him *no ſuch formidable perſon, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed*, without danger to a poet. *Dryden* well knew, had he been in queſt of truth, that, in a pointed ſentence, more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very ſeldom to be rigorouſly underſtood. *Mercutio*'s wit, gaiety and courage, will always procure him friends that with him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the conſtruction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of *Shakeſpeare* to have continued his exiſtence, though ſome of his ſallies are perhaps out of the reach of *Dryden*; whoſe genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehenſive, and ſublime.

The Nurſe is one of the characters in which the Authour delighted: he has, with great ſubtility of diſtinction, drawn her at once loquacious and ſecret, obſequious and inſolent, truſty and diſhoneſt.

His comick ſcenes are happily wrought, but his pathetick ſtrains are always polluted with ſome unexpected depravations. His perſons, however diſtreſſed, *have a conceit left them in their miſery, a miſerable conceit.*

HAMLET,

HAMLET,

PRINCE *of* DENMARK.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

CLAUDIUS, *King of* Denmark.
Fortinbras, *Prince of* Norway.
Hamlet, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the preſent King.*
Polonius, *Lord Chamberlain.*
Horatio, *Friend to* Hamlet.
Laertes, *Son to* Polonius.
Voltimand, Cornelius, Roſencrantz, Guildenſtern, } *Courtiers.*
Oſrick, *a Fop.*
Marcellus, *an Officer.*
Bernardo, Franciſco, } *two Soldiers.*
Reynoldo, *Servant to* Polonius.
Ghoſt of Hamlet's *Father.*

Gertrude, *Queen of* Denmark, and *Mother to* Hamlet.
Ophelia, *Daughter to* Polonius.
Ladies attending on the Queen.

Players, Grave-makers, Sailors, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *ELSINOOR.*

The Story is taken from the Daniſh *Hiſtory of* Saxo Grammaticus.

Of this Play the Editions are,

1. Quarto, 1605. J. R. for N. L.
2. 1611. W. S. for John Smethwicke.
3. 1637. R. Young, for John Smethwicke.
4. No date. W. S. for John Smethwicke.

*** I have only the third Quarto and Folio.

HAMLET,

PRINCE *of* DENMARK.

*ACT I. SCENE I.

A Platform before the Palace.

Enter Bernardo *and* Franciſco, *two Centinels.*

BERNARDO.

WHO's there!

Fran. Nay, anſwer me. Stand, and unfold yourſelf.

Ber. Long live the King!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come moſt carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now ſtruck twelve. Get thee to bed, *Franciſco.*

Fran. For this relief, much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am ſick at heart.

* This Play is printed both in the folio of 1623, and in the quarto of 1637, more correctly, than almoſt any other of the works of *Shakeſpeare.*

Ber. Have you had quiet Guard?
Fran. Not a mouſe ſtirring.
Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
[1] The rivals of my Watch, bid them make haſte.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Fran. I think, I hear them. Stand, ho! Who is there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liege-men to the *Dane*.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. Oh, farewel, honeſt ſoldier. Who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. *Bernardo* has my place. Give you good night. [*Exit* Franciſco.
Mar. Holla! *Bernardo*.
Ber. Say, what, is *Horatio* there?
[2] *Hor.* A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, *Horatio*; welcome, good *Marcellus*.
Mar. What, has this thing appeared again to night?
Ber. I have ſeen nothing.
Mar. *Horatio* ſays, 'tis but our phantaſy,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreadful ſight, twice ſeen of us;
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night,

[1] *The* rivals *of my Watch*,—] *Rivals*, for partners. WARB.
By *Rivals of the Watch* are meant thoſe who were to watch on the next adjoining ground. *Rivals*, in the original ſenſe of the word, were proprietors of neighbouring lands, parted only by a brook, which belonged equally to both. HANMER.
[2] Hor. A piece *of him*.] But why a *piece*? He ſays this as he gives his hand. Which direction ſhould be marked. WARB.

That

That if again this apparition come,
He may [3] approve our eyes, and ſpeak to it.
Hor. Tuſh! tuſh! 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down a while,
And let us once again aſſail your ears,
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
[4] What we two nights have ſeen.——
Hor. Well, ſit we down,
And let us hear *Bernardo* ſpeak of this.
Ber. Laſt night of all,
When yon ſame ſtar, that's weſtward from the pole,
Had made his courſe t'illume that part of heav'n
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and myſelf,
The bell then beating one,——
Mar. Peace, break thee off;

Enter the Ghoſt.

Look, where it comes again.
Ber. In the ſame figure; like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a ſcholar; ſpeak to it, *Horatio.*
Ber. Looks it not like the King? Mark it, *Horatio.*
Hor. Moſt like. It harrows me with fear and wonder.
Ber. It would be ſpoke to.
Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio.*
Hor. What art thou, that uſurp'ſt this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the Majeſty of buried *Denmark*
Did ſometime march? By Heav'n, I charge thee, ſpeak.
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See! it ſtalks away.

[3] ——*approve our eyes,*] Add a new teſtimony to that of our eyes.

[4] *What we two nights have ſeen.*] This line is by *Hanmer* given to *Marcellus*, but without neceſſity.

Hor. Stay; ſpeak; I charge thee, ſpeak.
[*Exit Ghoſt.*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not anſwer.

Ber. How now, *Horatio?* you tremble and look pale,
Is not this ſomething more than phantaſy?
What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the ſenſible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thyſelf.
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
[5] He ſmote the ſleaded *Polack* on the ice.
'Tis ſtrange——

Mar. Thus twice before, [6] and juſt at this dead hour,
With martial ſtalk, he hath gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not,

[5] *He ſmote the ſleaded* Polack *on the ice.*] *Pole-ax* in the common editions. He ſpeaks of a Prince of *Poland* whom he ſlew in battle. He uſes the word *Polack* again, *Act* 2. *Scene* 4. POPE.

Polack was, in that age, the term for an inhabitant of *Poland: Polaque*, French. As in a tranſlation of *Paſſeratius*'s epitaph on *Henry* III. of *France*, publiſhed by *Camden:*

Whether thy chance or choice thee hither brings,
Stay, paſſenger, and wail the beſt of kings,
This little ſtone a great king's heart doth hold,
Who rul'd the fickle French and Polacks *bold:*
So frail are even the higheſt earthly things.
Go, paſſenger, and wail the hap of kings.

[6] ——*and* JUST *at this dead hour,*] The old quarto reads JUMPE: but the following editions diſcarded it for a more faſhionable word. WARB.

The old reading is, *jump at this ſame hour*; *ſame* is a kind of correlative to *jump*; *juſt* is in the oldeſt folio. The correction was probably made by the authour.

But,

But, in the groſs ſcope of my opinion,
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our State.
Mar. Good now ſit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſervant Watch
So nightly toils the Subjects of the Land?
And why ſuch daily caſt of brazen Cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?
Why ſuch impreſs of ſhipwrights, whoſe ſore taſk
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this ſweaty haſte
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day,
Who is't, that can inform me?
Hor. That can I;
At leaſt, the whiſper goes ſo. Our laſt King,
Whoſe image but even now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a moſt emulate pride,
Dar'd to the fight: In which our valiant *Hamlet*
(For ſo this ſide of our known world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbras*, [7] who by ſeal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did

7 —— *who by ſeal'd compact, Well ratified by law* AND *heraldry*,] The ſubject ſpoken of is a duel between two monarchs, who fought for a wager, and entered into articles for the juſt performance of the terms agreed upon. Two ſorts of law then were neceſſary to regulate the deciſion of the affair; the *Civil Law*, and the *Law of Arms*; as, had there been a wager without a duel, it had been the *civil law only*; or a duel without a wager, the *law of arms only*. Let us ſee now how our author is made to expreſs this ſenſe.

——*a ſeal'd compact, Well ratified by law* AND *heraldry*.

Now *law*, as diſtinguiſhed from *heraldry*, ſignifying the *civil law*; and this ſeal'd compact being a *civil law* act, it is as much as to ſay, *An act of law well ratified by law*, which is abſurd. For the nature of *ratification* requires that which ratifies, and that which is ratified, ſhould not be one and the ſame, but different. For theſe reaſons I con-

Did forfeit, with his life, all thoſe his Lands,
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd of, to the Conqueror;
Againſt the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King; which had return'd
To the inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he been vanquiſher; [8] as by that cov'nant,
And carriage of the articles deſign'd,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now young *Fortinbras*,
[1] Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the ſkirts of *Norway*, here and there,
Shark'd up a liſt of landleſs reſolutes,
For food and diet, to ſome enterprize
[2] That hath a ſtomach in't; which is no other,
As it doth well appear unto our State,
But to recover of us by ſtrong hand,
[3] And terms compulſative, thoſe foreſaid Lands
So by his father loſt: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The ſource of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this poſt-haſte and romage in the Land.

I conclude *Shakeſpear* wrote,

——*who by* ſeal'd compact
Will ratified *by law* OF *heraldry*.

i. e. the execution of the civil compact was ratified by the law of arms; which in our author's time, was called the *law of heraldry*. So the beſt and exacteſt ſpeaker of that age: *In the third kind*, [*i. e.* of the *Jus gentium*] *the* LAW OF HERALDRY *in war is poſitive*, &c. *Hooker's Eccleſiaſtical Polity*. WARB.

[8] *——as by* THAT COV'NANT, *And carriage of the articles deſign'd*,] The old quarto reads,

——*as by the ſame* COMART;

and this is right. *Comart* ſignifies a bargain, and *Carriage of the articles*, the *covenants* entered into to confirm that bargain. Hence we ſee the common reading makes a tautology. WARB.

[9] *And carriage of the articles deſign'd.*] *Carriage*, is *import: deſigned*, is *formed, drawn up between them.*

[1] *Of* unimproved *mettle*——] *Unimproved*, for unrefined. WAR. *Full of unimproved mettle*, is full of ſpirit not regulated or guided by knowledge or experience.

[2] *That hath a ſtomach in't:*——] *Stomach*, in the time of our authour, was uſed for *conſtancy, reſolution.*

[3] *And terms* compulſative,——] The old quarto, better, *compulſatory*. WARBURTON.

Ber-

Ber. * *I think, it be no other; but even ſo*
Well may it ſort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch ſo like the King,
That was, and is, the queſtion of theſe wars.
Hor. *A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.*
In the moſt high and [4] *palmy State of* Rome,
A little ere the mightieſt Julius *fell,*
The Graves ſtood tenantleſs; and the ſheeted Dead
Did ſqueak and gibber in the Roman *ſtreets;*
Stars ſhone with trains of fire, Dews of blood fell;
[5] *Diſaſters veil'd the Sun; and the moiſt Star,*
Upon whoſe influence Neptune's *Empire ſtands,*
Was ſick almoſt to dooms-day with eclipſe.
And even the like [6] *precurſe of fierce events,*
As harbingers preceding ſtill the fates,
[7] *And prologue to the omen'd coming on,*
Have heav'n and earth together demonſtrated
Unto our climatures and country-men.

Enter Ghoſt again.

But ſoft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll croſs it, though it blaſt me. Stay, illuſion!
[*Spreading his Arms.*

* Theſe, and all other lines printed in the *Italick* letter, throughout this play, are omitted in the folio edition of 1623. The omiſſions leave the play ſometimes better and ſometimes worſe, and ſeem made only for the ſake of abbreviation.

[4] ——palmy *State of* Rome,] *Palmy*, for victorious; in the other editions, *flouriſhing*. POPE.

[5] Diſaſters *veil'd the Sun*;——] *Diſaſters* is here finely uſed in its original ſignification of evil conjunction of ſtars. WARB.

[6] —*precurſe of* fierce *events*,] *Fierce*, for terrible. WARB.

[7] *And prologue to the* omen *coming on.*] But *prologue* and *omen* are merely ſynonymous here. The Poet means, that theſe ſtrange *Phænomena* are prologues and fore-runners of the events *preſag'd*: And ſuch ſenſe the ſlight alteration, which I have ventured to make, by changing *omen* to *omen'd*, very aptly gives. THEOBALD.

Omen, for fate. WARB.
Hanmer follows *Theobald*.

[8] If thou haſt any ſound, or uſe of voice,
Speak to me.
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me,
Speak to me.
If thou art privy to thy Country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
Oh ſpeak!——
Or, if thou haſt uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treaſure in the womb of earth,
For which, they ſay, you Spirits oft walk in death,
[*Cock crows.*
Speak of it. Stay, and ſpeak—Stop it, *Marcellus*—
Mar. Shall I ſtrike it with my partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not ſtand.
Ber. 'Tis here——
Hor. 'Tis here——
Mar. 'Tis gone. [*Exit Ghoſt.*
We do it wrong, being ſo majeſtical,
To offer it the ſhew of violence;
For it is as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows, malicious mockery.
Ber. It was about to ſpeak when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful Summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding throat
Awake the God of day; and, at his warning,
[9] Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or air,

Th'

[8] If *thou haſt any* ſound,] The ſpeech of *Horatio* to the ſpectre is very elegant and noble, and congruous to the common traditions of the cauſes of apparitions.

[9] According to the pneumatology of that time, every element was inhabited by its peculiar order of ſpirits, who had diſpoſitions different, according to their various places of abode. The meaning therefore is, that all *ſpirits extravagant*, wandering out

[1] Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hies
To his Confine: And of the truth herein
This preſent object made probation.
Mer. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some ſay, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of Dawning ſingeth all night long:
And then, they ſay, no Spirit [2] can walk abroad,
The nights are wholeſome, then no planets ſtrike,
[3] No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and ſo gracious is the time.
Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn, in ruſſet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon [4] high eaſtern hill.
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have ſeen to night
Unto young *Hamlet*; for, upon my life,
This Spirit, dumb to us, will ſpeak to him:
Do you conſent, we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?
Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we ſhall find him moſt conveniently. [*Exeunt.*

out of their element, whether aerial ſpirits viſiting earth, or earthly ſpirits ranging the air, return to their ſtation, to their proper limits in which they are *confined*. We might read,

——*And at his warning*
Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hies
To his Confine, whether in ſea or air,
Or earth, or fire. And of, &c.

But this change, tho' it would ſmooth the conſtruction, is not neceſſary, and being unneceſſary, ſhould not be made againſt authority.

[1] *Th' extravagant*——] *i. e.* got out of its bounds. WARB.

[2] Dares ſtir abroad. *Quarto.*

[3] *No fairy takes,*——] No fairy ſtrikes, with lameneſs or diſeaſes. This ſenſe of *take* is frequent in this authour.

[4] —*high* eaſtern *hill*—] The old quarto has it better *eaſt-ward*. WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to the palace.

Enter Claudius *King of* Denmark, Gertrude *the Queen*, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, *Lords and Attendants.*

King. THough yet of *Hamlet* our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole Kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet ſo far hath Diſcretion fought with Nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of our ſelves.
Therefore our ſometime ſiſter, now our Queen,
T' imperial jointreſs of this warlike State,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
With one auſpicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal ſcale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife.———Nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wiſdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weak ſuppoſal of our worth;
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our State to be disjoint and out of frame;
[5] Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to peſter us with meſſage

[5] Colleagued *with this dream of his advantage,*] The meaning is, He goes to war ſo indiſcreetly, and unprepared, that he has no allies to ſupport him but a *Dream*, with which he is *colleagued* or confederated. WARBURTON.

Importing

Importing the ſurrender of thoſe Lands
Loſt by his father, by all bands of law,
To our moſt valiant brother.——So much for him.
Now for ourſelf, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the buſineſs is. We have here writ
To *Norway*, uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
Who, impotent and bed-rid, ſcarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpoſe, to ſuppreſs
His further gate herein; in that the Levies,
The Liſts, and full Proportions are all made
Out of his Subjects; and we here diſpatch
You, good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltimand*,
For bearers of this Greeting to old *Norway*;
Giving to you no further perſonal power
To buſineſs with the King, more than the ſcope
Of theſe dilated articles allows.
Farewel, and let you haſte commend your duty.

Vol. In that, and all things, will we ſhew our duty.

King. We doubt in nothing. Heartily farewel.
[*Exeunt* Voltimand *and* Cornelius.
And now, *Laertes*, what's the news with you?
You told us of ſome ſuit. What is't, *Laertes?*
You cannot ſpeak of Reaſon to the *Dane*,
And loſe your voice. What would'ſt thou beg, *Laertes*,
That ſhall not be my offer, not thy aſking?
* The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more inſtrumental to the mouth,
Than to the throne of *Denmark* is thy father.
What wouldſt thou have, *Laertes?*

Laer. My

* *The* HEAD *is not more native to the heart,*
The hand more inſtrumental to the mouth,
Than is the Throne of Denmark *to thy father.*] This is a flagrant inſtance of the firſt Editor's ſtupidity, in preferring ſound to ſenſe. But *head*, *heart* and *hand*, he thought muſt needs go together where an honeſt man was the ſubject of the encomium;

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to *France*;
From whence, though willingly I came to *Denmark*
To ſhew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I muſt confeſs, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend again tow'rd *France:*
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? what ſays *Polonius?*

Pol. He hath, my lord, *by labourſome petition,*
Wrung from me my ſlow leave; and, at the laſt,
Upon his will I ſeal'd my hard conſent.
I do beſeech you, give him leave to go.

King. [7] Take thy fair hour, *Laertes*, time be thine;
And thy beſt Graces ſpend it at thy Will.

But

um; tho' what he could mean by the *head's being* NATIVE *to the heart*, I cannot conceive. The mouth indeed of an honeſt man might, perhaps, in ſome ſenſe, be ſaid to be *native*, that is, allied to the heart. But the ſpeaker is here talking not of a *moral*, but a *phyſical* alliance. And the force of what is ſaid is ſupported only by that diſtinction. I ſuppoſe, then, that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

The BLOOD *is not more* native
to the heart,——
Than to the Throne of Denmark *is thy father.*

This makes the ſentiment juſt and pertinent. As the blood is formed and ſuſtained by the labour of the heart, the mouth ſupplied by the office of the hand, ſo is the throne of *Denmark* by your father, &c. The expreſſion too of the *blood*'s being *native of the heart*, is extremely fine. For the heart is the laboratory where that vital liquor is digeſted, diſtributed, and (when weakened and debilitated) again reſtored to the vigour neceſſary for the diſcharge of its functions.

WARBURTON.

Part of this emendation I have received, but cannot diſcern why the *head* is not as much *native to the heart*, as the *blood*, that is, *natural* and *congenial* to it, *born with it*, and co-operating with it. The relation is likewiſe by this reading better preſerved, the *Counſellor* being to the *King* as the *head* to the *heart*.

[7] *Take thy fair hour, Laertes, time be thine,*
And thy fair graces; ſpend it at thy will.] This is the pointing in both Mr. *Pope*'s editions; but the Poet's meaning is loſt by it, and the cloſe of the ſentence miſerably flatten'd. The pointing, I have reſtored, is that of the beſt copies; and the ſenſe, this: "You have my leave to "go,

But now, my couſin *Hamlet*, and my ſon———

Ham. [8] A little more than kin, and leſs than kind.

[*Aſide.*

King. How is it, that the clouds ſtill hang on you?

Ham. Not ſo, my lord, I am [9] too much i' th' Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet*, caſt thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on *Denmark*.
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the duſt;
Thou know'ſt, 'tis common: all, that live, muſt die;
Paſſing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.

" go, *Laertes*; make the faireſt
" uſe you pleaſe of your time,
" and ſpend it at your will with
" the faireſt graces you are maſ-
" ter of." THEOBALD.

I rather think this line is in want of emendation. I read,

——*Time is thine,*
And my *beſt graces*; *ſpend it at thy will.*

[8] Ham. *A little more than kin, and leſs than kind.*] The *King* had called him, *couſin* Hamlet, therefore *Hamlet* replies,

A little more than kin,———

i. e. A little more than couſin; becauſe, by marrying his mother, he was become the King's ſon-in-law; So far is eaſy. But what means the latter part,

———*and leſs than kind?*

The King, in the preſent reading, gives no occaſion for this reflection, which is ſufficient to ſhew it to be faulty, and that we ſhould read and point the firſt line thus,

But now, my couſin Hamlet.—
KIND *my ſon*———

i. e. But now let us turn to you, couſin *Hamlet*. *Kind my ſon*, (or as we now ſay, Good my ſon) lay aſide this clouded look. For thus he was going to expoſtulate gently with him for his melancholy, when *Hamlet* cut him ſhort by reflecting on the titles he gave him;

A little more than kin, *and leſs than* kind,

which we now ſee is a pertinent reply. WARBURTON.

A little more than kin, and leſs than kind.] It is not unreaſonable to ſuppoſe that this was a proverbial expreſſion, known in former times for a relation ſo confuſed and blended, that it was hard to define it. HANMER.

Kind is the Teutonick word for *Child*. *Hamlet* therefore anſwers with propriety, to the titles of *couſin* and *ſon*, which the King had given him, that he was ſomewhat more than *couſin*, and leſs than *ſon*.

[9] ——*too much i' th' Sun.*] He perhaps alludes to the proverb, *Out of heaven's bleſſing into the warm ſun.*

Queen.

Queen. If it be,
Why ſeems it ſo particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, Madam? nay, it is; I know not *ſeems:*
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn Black,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the viſage,
Together with all forms, moods, ſhews of grief,
That can denote me truly. Theſe indeed *ſeem*,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have That within, which paſſeth ſhew:
Theſe, but the trappings, and the ſuits of woe.
King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable in your nature, *Hamlet*,
To give theſe mourning duties to your father:
But you muſt know, [1] your father loſt a father;
That father loſt, loſt his; and the ſurvivor bound
In filial obligation, for ſome term,
To do [2] obſequious ſorrow. But to perſevere
[3] In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe

[1] —*your father loſt a father*;
That father, his; *and the ſurvivor bound.*] Thus Mr. *Pope* judiciouſly corrected the faulty copies. On which the editor Mr. *Theobald* thus diſcants; *This ſuppoſed refinement is from Mr.* Pope, *but all the editions elſe, that I have met with, old and modern, read,*
That father loſt, loſt *his*;——*The reduplication of which word here gives an energy and an elegance* WHICH IS MUCH EASIER TO BE CONCEIVED THAN EXPLAINED IN TERMS. I believe ſo: For when *explained in terms* it comes to this; That father after he had loſt himſelf, loſt his father. But the reading is *ex fide Codicis*, and that is enough.
WARBURTON.

I do not admire the repetition of the word, but it has ſo much of our authour's manner, that I find no temptation to recede from the old copies.

[2] —*obſequious ſorrow.*] *Obſequious* is here from *obſequies*, or *funeral ceremonies.*

[3] *In obſtinate* condolement.—] *Condolement*, for ſorrow; becauſe *ſorrow* is uſed to be *condoled.*
WARBURTON.

Of

Of impious ſtubbornneſs, unmanly grief.
It ſhews [4] a will moſt incorrect to heav'n,
A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
An underſtanding ſimple, and unſchool'd;
For, what we know muſt be, and is as common
An any the moſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
Why ſhould we, in our peeviſh oppoſition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heav'n,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
[5] To Reaſon moſt abſurd; whoſe common theam
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cry'd,
From the firſt coarſe, 'till he that died to day,
" This muſt be ſo." We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the moſt immediate to our Throne;
[6] And with no leſs nobility of love,
Than that which deareſt father bears his ſon,
[7] Do I impart tow'rd you. For your intent
In going back to ſchool to *Wittenberg*,
It is moſt retrograde to our deſire;
And we beſeech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeſt courtier, couſin, and our ſon.

Queen. Let not thy mother loſe her prayers, *Hamlet*;
I pr'ythee, ſtay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obey you, Madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving, and a fair reply;

[4] ——*a will moſt* incorrect—] *Incorrect*, for untutor'd. WARBURTON.

[5] *To* Reaſon *moſt abſurd*;—] *Reaſon*, for experience. WARB. *Reaſon* is here uſed in its common ſenſe, for the *faculty by* which we form concluſions from arguments.

[6] *And with no leſs* nobility of *love*,] *Nobility*, for Magnitude. WARBURTON. *Nobility* is rather *generoſity*.

[7] *Do I* impart *tow'rd you*—] *Impart*, for profeſs. WARB. I believe *impart* is, *impart myſelf*, *communicate* whatever I can beſtow.

Be

Be as ourſelf in *Denmark*. Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart, in grace whereof
[8] No jocund health, that *Denmark* drinks to day,
But the great Cannon to the clouds ſhall tell,
And the King's rowſe the heav'n ſhall bruit again,
Re-ſpeaking earthly thunder. Come, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh, that this too too ſolid fleſh would melt,
Thaw, and reſolve itſelf into a dew!
[9] Or that the Everlaſting had not fixt
His cannon 'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter! O God! O God;
How weary ſtale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uſes of this world!
Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to ſeed; things rank, and groſs in nature,
Poſſeſs it merely. That it ſhould come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not ſo much; nor two——
[1] So excellent a King, that was, to this,
Hyperion

[8] *No jocund health.*] The King's intemperance is very ſtrongly impreſſed; every thing that happens to him gives him occaſion to drink.

[9] *Or that the Everlaſting had not fix'd*
His cannon *'gainſt ſelf ſlaughter!*] The generality of the editions read thus, as if the Poet's thought were, Or *that the Almighty had not planted his* artillery, *or* arms *of* vengeance, *againſt ſelf-murder.* But the word, which I reſtored, (and which was eſpous'd by the accurate Mr. *Hughes*, who gave an edition of this Play;) is the true reading, i. e. *That he had not reſtrain'd ſuicide by his* expreſs law, *and* peremptory exhibition.

THEOBALD.

[1] *So excellent a King, that was, to this,*
Hyperion *to a Satyr:*—] This ſimilitude at firſt ſight ſeems to be

Hyperion to a Satyr; ſo loving to my mother,
[a] That he might not let e'en the winds of heav'n
Viſit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
Muſt I remember? ——— why, ſhe would hang on
him,
As if Increaſe of Appetite had grown
By what it fed on; yet, within a month, ———
Let me not think—Frailty, thy name is Woman!
A little month! or ere thoſe ſhoes were old,
With which ſhe followed my poor father's body,
Like *Niobe*, all tears—Why ſhe, ev'n ſhe,——
O heav'n! [b] a beaſt, that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer——, married with mine
uncle
My father's brother; but no more like my father,

be a little far-fetch'd; but it has an exquiſite beauty. By the *Satyr* is meant *Pan*, as by *Hyperion*, *Apollo*. *Pan* and *Apollo* were brothers, and the alluſion is to the contention between thoſe two Gods for the preference in muſick.

WARBURTON.

[a] In former editions,

That he permitted not *the winds of heav'n*] This is a ſophiſtical reading, copied from the players in ſome of the modern editions, for want of underſtanding the Poet, whoſe text is corrupt in the old impreſſions: All of which that I have had the fortune to ſee, concur in reading;

——— *So loving to my mother,*
That he might not beteene *the winds of heav'n*
Viſit her face too roughly.

Beteene is a corruption without doubt, but not ſo inveterate a one, but that, by the change of a ſingle letter, and the ſeparation of two words miſtakenly jumbled together, I am verily perſuaded, I have retrieved the Poet's reading.—*That he might not* let e'en *the winds of heav'n*, &c. THEOBALD.

[b] ——*a beaſt, that wants* diſcourſe of reaſon.] This is finely expreſſed, and with a philoſophical exactneſs. Beaſts want not *reaſon*, but the *diſcourſe of reaſon*: i. e. the regular inferring one thing from another by the aſſiſtance of univerſals.

WARBURTON.

Diſcourſe of reaſon, as the *logicians* name the third operation of the mind, is indeed a philoſophical term, but it is *fine* no otherwiſe than as it is proper; it coſt the authour nothing, being the common language of his time. Of finding ſuch beauties in any poet there is no end.

Than I to *Hercules*. Within a month!——
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes,
She married.—Oh, moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to Good.
But break, my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

SCENE IV.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, *and* Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your Lordſhip!
Ham. I am glad to ſee you well;
Horatio,——or I do forget my ſelf?
Hor. The ſame, my lord, and your poor ſervant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you;
And [4] what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio?* *Marcellus!*
Mar. My good lord ——
Ham. I am very glad to ſee you; [5] good even, Sir.
But what, in faith, make you from *Wittenberg?*
Hor. A truant diſpoſition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not hear your enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it Truſter of your own report
Againſt yourſelf. I know, you are no truant;

[4] —*what make you*—] A familiar phraſe for *what are you doing*.

[5] ——*good even, Sir.*] So the copies. Sir *Th. Hanmer* and Dr. *Warburton* put it, *good morning*. The alteration is of no importance, but all licence is dangerous. There is no need of any change. Between the firſt and eighth ſcene of this act it is apparent that a natural day muſt paſs, and how much of it is already over, there is nothing that can determine. The King has held a council. It may now as well be *evening* as *morning*.

But what is your affair in *Elſinoor?*
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to ſee your father's funeral.
Ham. I pr'ythee, do not mock me, fellow-ſtudent;
I think, it was to ſee my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift; *Horatio*; the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage-tables.
'Would, I had met my [6] deareſt foe in heav'n,
Or ever I had ſeen that day, *Horatio!*
My father——methinks, I ſee my father.
Hor. Oh where, my lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, *Horatio.*
Hor. I ſaw him once, he was a goodly King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think, I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. Saw! whom?——
Hor. My lord, the King your father.
Ham. The King my father!
Hor. [7] Seaſon your admiration but a while,
With an attentive ear; 'till I deliver,
Upon the witneſs of theſe gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had theſe gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead vaſt and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap-à-pé*,
Appears before them, and with ſolemn march
Goes ſlow and ſtately by them; thrice he walk'd,
By their oppreſt and fear-ſurpriſed eyes,

[6] *Deareſt*, for *direſt*, moſt dreadful, moſt dangerous.

[7] *Seaſon your admiration*——] That is, *temper* it.

Within his truncheon's length; whilſt they, diſtill'd
Almoſt to jelly [8] with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and ſpeak not to him. This to me
In dreadful ſecreſy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your father:
Theſe hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the Platform where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not ſpeak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;
But anſwer made it none; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did addreſs
Itſelf to motion, like as it would ſpeak;
But even then the morning cock crew loud;
And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſte away,
And vaniſh'd from our ſight.

Ham. 'Tis very ſtrange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

[8] —*with the* ACT *of fear,*] *Shakeſpear* could never write ſo improperly, as to call the *paſſion of fear*, the *act of fear*. Without doubt the true reading is,

——*with* TH' EFFECT *of fear.*

WARBURTON.

Here is an affectation of ſubtilty without accuracy. *Fear* is every day conſidered as an *agent*. *Fear laid hold on him*; *fear drove him away*. If it were proper to be rigorous in examining trifles, it might be replied, that *Shakeſpeare* would write more erroneouſly, if he wrote by the direction of this critick; they were not *diſtilled*, whatever the word may mean, *by the effect of fear*; for that *diſtillation* was itſelf *the effect*; *fear* was the cauſe, the active cauſe, that *diſtilled* them by that force of operation which we ſtrictly call *act* in voluntary, and *power* in involuntary agents, but popularly call *act* in both. But of this too much.

Ham. In-

Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?
Both. We do, my lord.
Ham. Arm'd, ſay you?
Both. Arm'd, my lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Both. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then ſaw you not his face?
Hor. Oh, yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.
Ham. What look'd, he frowningly?
Hor. A count'nance more in ſorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?
Hor. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would, I had been there!
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like. Staid it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haſte might tell a hundred.
Both. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I ſaw't.
Ham. His beard was griſly?
Hor. It was, as I have ſeen it in his life,
A ſable ſilver'd.
Ham. I'll watch to night; perchance, 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant you, it will.
Ham. If it aſſume my noble father's perſon,
I'll ſpeak to it, though hell itſelf ſhould gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this ſight,
[9] Let it be treble in your ſilence ſtill:

[9] *Let it be* treble *in your ſilence ſtill:*] If treble be right, in propriety it ſhould be read, *Let it be treble in your ſilence now,* But the old quarto reads, *Let it be* TENABLE *in your ſilence ſtill.* And this is right. WARB.

And whatſoever ſhall befal to-night,
Give it an underſtanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves; ſo fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll viſit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour. [*Exeunt.*

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you, Farewel.
My father's Spirit in arms! all is not well.
I doubt ſome foul play. Would, the night were come!
'Till then ſit ſtill, my ſoul. Foul deeds will riſe,
Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to an Apartment in Polonius's *Houſe.*

Enter Laertes *and* Ophelia.

Laer. MY neceſſaries are imbark'd, farewel.
And, ſiſter, as the winds give benefit,
And Convoy is aſſiſtant, do not ſleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a faſhion and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, tho' ſweet, not laſting:
[1] The perfume, and ſuppliance of a minute:
No more.——

Oph.

[1] *The perfume, and ſuppliance of a minute:*] Thus the quarto; the folio has it,

——*Sweet, not laſting,*
The ſuppliance of a minute.

It is plain that *perfume* is neceſſary to exemplify the idea of *ſweet, not laſting.* With the word *ſuppliance* I am not ſatisfied, and yet dare hardly offer what I imagine

Oph. No more but ſo?

Laer. Think it no more:
For Nature, creſcent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this Temple waxes,
The inward ſervice of the mind and ſoul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
[a] And now no ſoil, nor cautel, doth beſmerch
The virtue of his will: but you muſt fear,
His Greatneſs weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himſelf is ſubject to his Birth;
He may not, as unvalued perſons do,
Carve for himſelf; for on his choice depends
[b] The ſanity and health of the whole State:
And therefore muſt his choice be circumſcrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he's dead. Then, if he ſays, he loves you,
It fits your wiſdom ſo far to believe it,
As he in his peculiar act and place
May give his Saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.

imagine to be right. I ſuſpect that *ſoffiance*, or ſome ſuch word, formed from the Italian, was then uſed for the act of fumigating with ſweet ſcents.

[a] *And now no ſoil,* NOR cautel,——] From *cautela*, which ſignifies only a *prudent foreſight* or caution; but paſſing thro' *French* hands, it loſt its innocence, and now ſignifies *fraud, deceit.* And ſo he uſes the adjective in *Julius Cæſar*,

Swear prieſts and cowards and men cautelous.

But I believe *Shakeſpear* wrote,

And now no ſoil OR *cautel*——

which the following words confirm,

——*doth* beſmerch
The virtue *of his will:*——

For by *virtue* is meant the *ſimplicity* of his will, not *virtuous will:* and both this and *beſmerch* refer only to *ſoil*, and to the ſoil of craft and inſincerity. WARB.

Virtue ſeems here to compriſe both *excellence* and *power*, and may be explained the *pure effect*.

[b] *The* SANCTITY *and health of the whole State:*] What has the *ſanctity* of the ſtate to do with the prince's diſproportioned marriage? We ſhould read with the old quarto SAFETY.

WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads very rightly, *ſanity*. *Sanctity* is elſewhere printed for *ſanity*, in the old edition of this play.

Then weigh, what loſs your Honour may ſuſtain,
If with too credent ear you liſt his ſongs;
Or loſe your heart, or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſter'd importunity.
Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear ſiſter;
And [4] keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
The charieſt maid is prodigal enough,
If ſhe unmaſk her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itſelf 'ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes;
The canker galls the Infants of the Spring,
Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in fear;
Youth to itſelf rebels, though none elſe near.

Oph. I ſhall th' effects of this good leſſon keep
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as ſome ungracious paſtors do,
Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heav'n;
[5] Whilſt, like a puft and careleſs libertine,
Himſelf

[4] —*keep within the rear*, &c.] That is, do not advance ſo far as your affection would lead you.

[5] *Whilſt*, LIKE *a puft and careleſs libertine.*] This reading gives us a ſenſe to this effect, Do not you be *like* an ungracious preacher, who is *like* a careleſs libertine. And there we find, that he who is ſo *like* a careleſs libertine, is the careleſs libertine himſelf. This could not come from *Shakeſpear*. The old quarto reads,

Whiles a *puft and* reckleſs *libertine*,

which directs us to the right reading,

Whilſt HE, *a puft and* reckleſs *libertine*.

The firſt impreſſion of theſe plays being taken from the play-houſe copies, and thoſe, for the better direction of the actors, being written as they were pronounced, theſe circumſtances have occaſioned innumerable errors. So *a* for *he* every where.

——'a *was a goodly King*,
'A *was a man take him for all in all.*
—— *I* warn't *it will*,

for *I warrant*. This ſhould be well attended to in correcting *Shakeſpear*. WARBURTON.

The emendation is not amiſs, but the reaſon for it is very inconcluſive;

Himſelf the primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And [6] recks not his own read.
Laer. Oh, fear me not.

SCENE. VI.

Enter Polonius.

I ſtay too long;——but here my father comes:
A double bleſſing is a double grace;
Occaſion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.
Pol. Yet here, *Laertes!* aboard, aboard for ſhame;
The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſail,
And you are ſtaid for. There;——
My Bleſſing with you;
[*Laying his hand on* Laertes's *head.*
And theſe few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou haſt, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteel,
[7] But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of Entrance to a quarrel, but being in,

concluſive; we uſe the ſame mode of ſpeaking on many occaſions. When I ſay of one, *he ſquanders like a ſpendthrift*, of another, *he robbed me like a thief*, the phraſe produces no ambiguity; it is underſtood that the one is a *ſpendthrift*, and the other a *thief*.

[6] ——*recks not his own read.*] That is, heeds not his own leſſons. POPE.

[7] *But do not dull thy palm with entertainment*
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.] The literal ſenſe is, *Do not make thy palm callous by ſhaking every man by the hand.* The figurative meaning may be, *Do not by promiſcuous converſation make thy mind inſenſible to the difference of characters.*

Bear't

Bear't that th' oppoſer may beware of thee.
Give ev'ry man thine ear; but few thy voice.
Take each man's cenſure; but reſerve thy judgment.
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſt in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in *France* of the beſt rank and ſtation
Are moſt ſelect and generous, chief in That.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For Loan oft loſes both itſelf and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of Huſbandry.
This above all; to thine own ſelf be true;
[8] And it muſt follow, as the night the day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.

[8] *And it muſt follow, as the* NIGHT *the Day.*] The ſenſe here requires, that the ſimilitude ſhould give an image not of two *effects of different natures*, that follow one another alternately, but of a *cauſe and effect*, where the effect follows the cauſe by a *phyſical neceſſity*. For the aſſertion is. Be true to thyſelf, and then thou muſt *neceſſarily* be true to others. Truth to himſelf then was the *cauſe*, truth to others, the *effect*. To illuſtrate this neceſſity, the ſpeaker employs a ſimilitude: But no ſimilitude can illuſtrate it but what preſents an image of a *cauſe* and *effect*; and ſuch a cauſe as that, where the effect follows by a *phyſical*, not a *moral* neceſſity: for if only, by a *moral* neceſſity the thing *illuſtrating* would not be more certain than the thing *illuſtrated*; which would be a great abſurdity. This being premiſed, let us ſee what the text ſays,

And it muſt follow as the night *the Day,*

In this we are ſo far from being preſented with an *effect* following a *cauſe* by a phyſical neceſſity, that there is no cauſe at all: but only two different effects, proceeding from two different cauſes, and ſucceeding one another alternately. *Shakeſpear*, therefore, without queſtion wrote,

And it muſt follow as the LIGHT *the Day.*

As much as to ſay, Truth to thy ſelf, and truth to others, are inſeparable, the latter depending neceſſarily on the former, as *light depends upon the day!* where it is to be obſerved, that *day* is uſed figuratively for the *Sun*. The ignorance of which, I ſuppoſe, contributed to miſlead the editors. WARBURTON.

Farewel;

Farewel; [9] my Bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee!

Laer. Moſt humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. [1] The time invites you; go, your ſervants tend.

Laer. Farewel, *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have ſaid.

Oph. 'Tis in my mem'ry lock't,
And you [2] yourſelf ſhall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewel. [*Exit* Laer.

Pol. What is't, *Ophelia*, he hath ſaid to you?

Oph. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marry, well bethought!
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourſelf
Have of your audience been moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, as ſo 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I muſt tell you,
You do not underſtand yourſelf ſo clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you? Give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my Lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his Affection to me.

Pol. Affection! puh! you ſpeak like a green girl,

[9] —*my Bleſſing* ſeaſon *this in thee!*] *Seaſon*, for infuſe. WARBURTON.

It is more than to *infuſe*, it is to infix it in ſuch a manner as that it never may wear out.

[1] *The time* invites *you*;] This reading is as old as the firſt *folio*; however I ſuſpect it to have been ſubſtituted by the players, who did not underſtand the term which poſſeſſes the elder *quarto's*: *The time* inveſts *you*; i. e. beſieges, preſſes upon you on every ſide. To *inveſt a town*, is the *military* phraſe from which our author borrowed his *metaphor*. THEOBALD.

[2] —*yourſelf ſhall keep the key of it.*] That is, By thinking on you, I ſhall think on your leſſons.

Unſifted

[3] Unſifted in ſuch perilous circumſtance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my Lord, what I ſhould think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you. Think yourſelf a baby,
That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling. [4] Tender yourſelf more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe,
Wronging it thus) you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable faſhion.

Pol. Ay, [5] faſhion you may call't: Go to, go to.

Oph. And hath giv'n count'nance to his ſpeech, my Lord,
With almoſt all the holy vows of heav'n.

Pol. Ay, ſpringes to catch woodcocks. I do know,

[3] Unſifted *in ſuch perilous circumſtance.*] *Unſifted*, for untried. *Untried* ſignifies either not *tempted*, or not *refined*; *unſifted*, ſignifies the *latter* only, though the ſenſe requires the *former*. WARBURTON.

[4] *—Tender yourſelf more dearly;*
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe)
Wronging *it thus, you'll tender me a fool.*] The *parentheſis* is clos'd at the wrong place; and we muſt make likewiſe a ſlight correction in the laſt verſe. *Polonius* is racking and playing on the word *tender*, 'till he thinks proper to correct himſelf for the licence; and then he would ſay —not farther to crack the wind of the phraſe, by *twiſting* and *contorting* it, as I have done. WARBURTON.

I believe the word *wronging* has reference, not to the phraſe, but to *Ophelia*; if you go on *wronging it thus*, that is, *if you continue to go on thus wrong*. This is a mode of ſpeaking perhaps not very grammatical, but very common, nor have the beſt writers refuſed it.

To ſinner it or ſaint it,
is in *Pope*. And *Rowe*,
——Thus to coy it,
To one who knows you too.
The folio has it,
—roaming it thus,—
That is, *letting yourſelf looſe to ſuch improper liberty*. But *wronging* ſeems to be more proper.

[5] faſhion *you may call it:—*] She uſes *faſhion* for *manner*, and he for a *tranſient practice*.

When

When the blood burns, how prodigal the ſoul
Lends the tongue vows. Theſe blazes, oh my daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Ev'n in their promiſe as it is a making,
You muſt not take for fire. From this time,
Be ſomewhat ſcanter of thy maiden-preſence,
[6] Set your intreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Believe ſo much in him, that he is young;
And with a [7] larger tether he may walk,
Than may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
Not of that Die which their inveſtments ſhew,
But mere implorers of unholy ſuits,
[8] Breathing like ſanctified and pious Bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
[9] I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have

6 *Set your intreatments*——] *Intreatments* here means *company, converſation*, from the French *entrétien*.

7 ——*larger* tether——] A ſtring to tye horſes. POPE.

8 *Breathing like ſanctified and pious Bonds.*] On which the editor Mr. *Theobald* remarks, *Tho' all the editions have ſwallowed this reading implicitly, it is certainly corrupt; and I have been ſurpriſed how men of genius and learning could let it paſs without ſome ſuſpicion. What ideas can we frame to ourſelves of a breathing bond, or of its being ſanctified and pious*, &c. But he was too haſty in *framing ideas* before he underſtood thoſe already framed by the poet, and expreſſed in very plain words. Do not believe (ſays *Polonius* to his Daughter) *Hamlet*'s amorous vows made *to you*; which pretend religion in them, *(the better to beguile,)* like thoſe ſanctified and pious vows [*or bonds*] made *to heaven*. And why ſhould not this *paſs without ſuſpicion?* WARBURTON.

Theobald for *bonds* ſubſtitutes *bawds*.

9 *I would not*, in plain terms, *from this time forth*,
Have you ſo ſlander any moment's leiſure,] The humour of this is fine. The ſpeaker's character is all affectation. At laſt he ſays he will *ſpeak plain*, and yet cannot for his life; his plain ſpeech of *ſlandering a moment's*

Have you ſo ſlander any moment's leiſure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord *Hamlet*.
Look to't, I charge you. Come your way.
Oph. I ſhall obey, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Platform before the Palace.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, *and* Marcellus.

Ham. THE Air bites ſhrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is ſtruck.
Hor. I heard it not. It then draws near the ſeaſon,
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walk.
[*Noiſe of warlike muſick within.*
What does this mean, my Lord?
Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his rouſe,
Keeps waſſel, and [1] the ſwagg'ring up-ſpring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rheniſh down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a cuſtom?
Hamlet. Ay, marry, is't:

ment's leiſure being of the like fuſtian ſtuff with the reſt.
WARBURTON.

Here is another *fine* paſſage, of which I take the beauty to be only imaginary. *Polonius* ſays, *in plain terms*, that is, not in language leſs elevated or embelliſhed than before, but *in terms that cannot be miſunderſtood: I would not have you ſo diſgrace your moſt idle moments, as not to find better employment for them than Lord* Hamlet's *converſation.*

1—*the ſwagg'ring up-ſpring*—] The bluſtering upſtart.

But,

But, to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a cuſtom
More honour'd in the breach, than the obſervance.
[1] *This heavy-headed revel, eaſt and weſt,*
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
[3] *The pith and marrow of our attribute.*
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuſe his origin,
By the o'ergrowth of ſome [4] *complexion,*
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reaſon;
Or by ſome habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plauſive manners; that theſe men
Carrying, I ſay, the ſtamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or [5] *fortune's ſcar,*
Their virtues elſe, be they as pure as grace,
[6] *As infinite as man may undergo,*
Shall in the general cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault.——[7] *The dram of Baſe*
Doth

[1] *This* heavy-headed *revel eaſt and weſt,*] *i. e.* This reveling that obſerves no hours, but continues from morning to night, *&c.* WARB.

I ſhould not have ſuſpected this paſſage of ambiguity or obſcurity, had I not found my opinion of it differing from that of the learned critick. I conſtrue it thus, *This, heavy-headed revel makes us traduced eaſt and weſt, and taxed of other nations.*

[3] *The pith and marrow of our attribute.*] The beſt and moſt valuable part of the praiſe that would be otherwiſe attributed to us.

[4] ——complexion,] *i. e.* humour; as ſanguine, melancholy, phlegmatic, *&c.* WARB.

[5] *—fortune's ſcar,*] In the old quarto of 1637, it is

——fortune's ſtar:

But I think *ſcar* is proper.

[6] *As infinite as man may undergo,*] As large as can be accumulated upon man.

[7] *—The dram of* Baſe
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of a Doubt
To his own ſcandal.] I do not remember

Doth all the noble ſubſtance of Worth out,
To his own ſcandal.

Enter Ghoſt.

Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a [8] queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royal *Dane:* oh! anſwer me;
Let me not burſt in ignorance; but [9] tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in death,

Have

remember a paſſage throughout all our poet's works, more intricate and deprav'd in the text, of leſs meaning to outward appearance, or more likely to baffle the attempts of criticiſm in its aid. It is certain, there is neither ſenſe nor grammar as it now ſtands: yet with a ſlight alteration, I'll endeavour to cure thoſe defects, and give a ſentiment too, that ſhall make the poet's thought cloſe nobly. The dram of *Baſe* (as I have corrected the text) means the leaſt alloy or baſeneſs or vice. It is very frequent with our poet to uſe the *adjective* of *quality* inſtead of the ſubſtantive ſignifying the thing. Beſides, I have obſerved, that elſewhere, ſpeaking of *worth*, he delights to conſider it as a quality that adds *weight* to a perſon, and connects the word with that idea.

THEOBALD.

[8] —*queſtionable ſhape,*] By *queſtionable* is meant provoking queſtion. HANMER.

So in *Macbeth*,

Live you, or are you aught
That man may queſtion.

[9] ——*tell,*
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in DEATH,
Have burſt their cearments?] *Hamlet* here ſpeaks with wonder, that he who was dead ſhould riſe again and walk. But this, according to the vulgar ſuperſtition here followed, was no wonder. Their only wonder was, that one who had the *rites of ſepulture* performed to him, ſhould walk; the want of which was ſuppoſed to be the reaſon of walking ghoſts. *Hamlet*'s wonder then ſhould have been placed here: And ſo *Shakeſpear* placed it, as we ſhall ſee preſently. For *hearſed* is uſed figuratively to ſignify

Have burſt their cearments? Why the ſepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To caſt thee up again? What may this mean,
That

nify *repoſited*, therefore the place *where* ſhould be deſigned: but *death* being no *place*, but a *privation* only, *hearſed in death* is nonſenſe. We ſhould read,

——*tell,*
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearſed in EARTH
Have burſt their cearments.

It appears, for the two reaſons given above, that *earth* is the true reading. It will further appear for theſe two other reaſons. Firſt, From the words, *canoniz'd bones*; by which is not meant (as one would imagine) a compliment, for, *made holy* or *ſainted*; but for *bones* to which the rites of ſepulture have been performed; or which were buried according to the canon. For we are told he was murder'd with all his ſins freſh upon him, and therefore in no way to be ſainted. But if this licentious uſe of the word *canonized* be allowed, then *earth* muſt be the true reading, for inhuming bodies was one of the eſſential parts of ſepulchral rites. Secondly, From the words, *have burſt their cearments*, which imply the preceding mention of *inhuming*, but no mention is made of it in the common reading. This enabled the *Oxford Editor* to improve upon the emendation; ſo, he reads,

Why thy bones hears'd in canonized earth.

I ſuppoſe for the ſake of harmony, not of ſenſe. For tho' the rites of ſepulture *performed* canonizes the body *buried*; yet it does not canonize the earth in which it is laid, unleſs every funeral ſervice be a new conſecration. WARBURTON.

It were too long to examine this note period by period, tho' almoſt every period ſeems to me to contain ſomething reprehenſible. The critick, in his zeal for change, writes with ſo little conſideration, as to ſay, that *Hamlet* cannot call his father *canonized*, becauſe *we are told he was murdered with all his ſins freſh upon him*. He was not then told it, and had ſo little the power of knowing it, that he was to be told it by an apparition. The long ſucceſſion of reaſons upon reaſons prove nothing, but what every reader diſcovers, that the King had been buried, which is implied by ſo many adjuncts of burial, that the direct mention of *earth* is not neceſſary, *Hamlet*, amazed at an apparition, which, though in all ages credited, has in all ages been conſidered as the moſt wonderful and moſt dreadful operation of ſupernatural agency, enquires of the ſpectre, in the moſt emphatick terms, why he breaks the order of nature, by returning from the dead; this he aſks in a very confuſed circumlocution,

That thou, dead corſe, again, in compleat ſteel,
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
Making night hideous, and [1] us fools of nature
So horribly [2] to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?
Say, why is this? Wherefore? What ſhould we do?
[*Ghoſt beckons* Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you off to a removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. [*Holding* Hamlet.

Ham. It will not ſpeak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my Lord.

Ham. Why, what ſhould be the fear?
I do not ſet my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my ſoul, what can it do to that,

cumlocution, confounding in his fright the ſoul and body. Why, ſays he, have *thy bones*, which with due ceremonies have been intombed *in death*, in the common ſtate of departed mortals, *burſt* the folds in which they were embalmed? Why has the tomb in which we ſaw thee quietly laid, opened his mouth, that mouth which, by its weight and ſtability, ſeemed cloſed for ever? The whole ſentence is this: *Why doſt thou appear, whom we know to be dead?*

Had the change of the word removed any obſcurity, or added any beauty, it might have been worth a ſtruggle, but either reading leaves the ſenſe the ſame.

If there be any aſperity in this controverſial note, it muſt be imputed to the contagion of peeviſhneſs, or ſome reſentment of the incivility ſhown to the *Oxford Editor*, who is repreſented as ſuppoſing the ground *canonized* by a funeral, when he only meant to ſay, That the *body* was depoſited in *holy ground*, in ground conſecrated according to the *canon*.

[1] —*us* fools of nature] The expreſſion is fine, as intimating we were only kept (as formerly, fools in a great family) to make ſport for nature, who lay hid only to mock and laugh at us, for our vain ſearches into her myſteries. WARBURTON.

[2] —*to ſhake our* diſpoſition.] *Diſpoſition*, for frame. WARBURTON.

Being a thing immortal as itſelf?
It waves me forth again.——I'll follow it——
Hor. What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my Lord?
Or to the dreadful ſummit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his Baſe into the ſea,
And there aſſume ſome other horrible form,
Which might [3] deprive your ſov'reignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſs? think of it.
[4] *The very place* [5] *puts toys of deſperation,*
Without more motive, into ev'ry brain,
That looks ſo many fathoms to the ſea;
And hears it roar beneath.
Ham. It waves me ſtill.—Go on, I'll follow thee.
Mar. You ſhall not go, my Lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Mar. Be rul'd, you ſhall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the *Nemean* lion's nerve.
Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen——
[*Breaking from them.*
By heav'n, I'll make a Ghoſt of him that lets me——

[3] ——DEPRIVE *your ſov'reigne-ty of reaſon,*] *i. e.* deprive your ſov'reignty of its reaſon. Nonſenſe. *Sov'reignty of reaſon* is the ſame as ſovereign or ſupreme reaſon: Reaſon which governs man. And thus it was uſed by the beſt writers of thoſe times. *Sidney* ſays, *It is time for us both to let reaſon enjoy its due ſoveraignitie.* Arcad. And King *Charles*, *at once to betray the* ſoveraignty of reaſon *in my ſoul.* Εικὼν Βασιλικὴ. It is evident that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

——DEPRAVE *your ſov'reignty of reaſon.*

i. e. diſorder your underſtanding *and draw you into madneſs.* So afterwards. Now ſee that noble and moſt *ſovereign reaſon* like ſweet bells jangled out of tune. WARBURTON.

I believe *deprive* in this place ſignifies ſimply to *take away.*

[4] *The very place*] The four following lines added from the firſt edition. POPE.

[5] ——*puts* toys *of deſperation,*] *Toys*, for whims. WARB.

I ſay, away.——Go on.——I'll follow thee——

[*Exeunt Ghoſt and* Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes deſp'rate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow! 'Tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after.——To what iſſue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of *Denmark.*

Hor. Heav'n will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

A more remote Part of the Platform.

Re-enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.

Ham. WHERE wilt thou lead me? ſpeak, I'll go no further.

Ghoſt. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghoſt. My hour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up myſelf.

Ham. Alas, poor Ghoſt!

Ghoſt. Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghoſt. So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghoſt. I am thy father's Spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, [6] confin'd to faſt in fires;

[6] —*confin'd* TO *faſt in fires*;] We ſhould read,

——TOO *faſt in fires.*

i. e. very cloſely confined. The particle *too* is uſed frequently for the ſuperlative *moſt*, or very. WARBURTON.

I am rather inclined to read, *confin'd to* laſting *fires*, to fires *unremitted* and *unconſumed.* The change is ſlight.

'Till

'Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,
I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like ſtars, ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to ſtand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood. Liſt, liſt, oh liſt!
If thou did'ſt ever thy dear father love——

Ham. O heav'n!

Ghoſt. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder?

Ghoſt. Murder moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haſte me to know it, that I, with wings as ſwift
[7] As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May ſweep to my revenge.

Ghoſt. I find thee apt;
[8] And duller ſhouldſt thou be than the fat weed
That

[7] *As meditation or the thoughts of love,*] This ſimilitude is extremely beautiful. The word, *meditation*, is conſecrated, by the *myſtics*, to ſignify that ſtretch and flight of mind which aſpires to the enjoyment of the ſupreme good. So that *Hamlet*, conſidering with what to compare the ſwiftneſs of his revenge, chooſes two of the moſt rapid things in nature, the ardency of divine and human paſſion, in an *enthuſiaſt* and a *lover*. WARBURTON.

The comment on the word *meditation* is ſo ingenious, that I hope it is juſt.

[8] *And duller ſhouldſt thou be, than the fat weed*
That roots itſelf in eaſe on Lethe's *wharf*, &c.] *Shakeſpear*, apparently through ignorance, makes *Roman Catholicks* of theſe pagan *Danes*; and here gives a deſcription of purgatory: But yet mixes it with the pagan fable of *Lethe's* wharf. Whether he did it to inſinuate, to the

That roots itſelf in eaſe on *Lethe*'s wharf,
Wouldſt thou not ſtir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear.
'Tis given out, that, ſleeping in my orchard,
A ſerpent ſtung me. So the whole ear of *Denmark*
Is by a forged proceſs of my death
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble Youth,
The ſerpent, that did ſting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. Oh, my prophetick ſoul! my uncle?

Ghoſt. Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to ſeduce! won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming-virtuous Queen.
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there!
From me, whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand ev'n with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whoſe natural gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of heav'n;
So luſt, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will ſate itſelf in a celeſtial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, ſoft! methinks, I ſcent the morning air——
Brief let me be; Sleeping within mine orchard,
My cuſtom always of the afternoon,
Upon my ſecret hour thy uncle ſtole
With juice of curſed hebenon in a viol,

zealous *Proteſtants* of his time, that the pagan and popiſh purgatory ſtood both upon the ſame footing of credibility; or whether it was by the ſame kind of licentious inadvertence that *Michael Angelo* brought *Charon*'s bark into his picture of the laſt judgment, is not eaſy to decide. WARBURTON.

And

And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That ſwift as quick-ſilver it courſes through
The nat'ral gates and allies of the body;
And, with a ſudden vigour, it doth poſſet
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholeſome blood: ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant tetter bark'd about,
Moſt lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt
All my ſmooth body.———
Thus was I, ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of Crown, of Queen, at [9] once diſpatcht;
Cut off ev'n in the bloſſoms of my ſin,
[1] Unhouſel'd, [2] diſappointed, [3] unaneal'd:

No

9 —*at once* diſpatcht;] *Diſpatcht*, for bereft. WARB.

1 *Unhouſel'd,*] Without the ſacrament being taken. POPE.

2 *Unanointed,*] Without extreme unction. POPE.

3 *Unaneal'd:*] No knell rung. POPE.

In other editions,

Unhouzzeled, unanointed, unaneal'd;

The Ghoſt, having recounted the proceſs of his murder, proceeds to exaggerate the inhumanity and unnaturalneſs of the fact, from the circumſtances in which he was ſurpriſed. But theſe, I find, have been ſtumbling blocks to our editors; and therefore I muſt amend and explain theſe three compound adjectives in their order. Inſtead of *unhouzzel'd*, we muſt reſtore, *unhouſel'd*, i. e. *without the ſacrament taken*; from the old *Saxon* word for the ſacrament, *houſel*. In the next place, *unanointed* is a ſophiſtication of the text: the old copies concur in reading, *diſappointed*. I correct,

Unhouſel'd, unappointed,— i. e. no confeſſion of ſins made, no reconciliation to heaven, no appointment of penance by the church. *Unaneal'd* I agree to be the poet's genuine word; but I muſt take the liberty to diſpute Mr. *Pope*'s explication of it, *viz.* No *knell* rung. The adjective formed from *knell*, muſt have been *unknell'd*, or *unknell'd*. There is no rule in orthography for ſinking the *k* in the deflection of any verb or compound formed from *knell*, and melting it into a vowel. What ſenſe does *unaneal'd* then bear? SKINNER, in his *Lexicon* of old and obſolete *Engliſh* terms, tells us, that *aneal'd* is *unctus*; from the *Teutonick* propoſition *an*,

No reck'ning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Oh, horrible! oh, horrible! moſt horrible!
If thou haſt nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
A couch for luxury and damned inceſt.
But howſoever thou purſu'ſt this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm ſhews the Matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his [4] unaffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu; remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. Oh, all you hoſt of heav'n! oh earth! what elſe!
And ſhall I couple hell?——Oh, hold my heart,
And you, my ſinews, grow not inſtant old;

and *Ole*, i. e. *Oil:* ſo that *unaneal'd* muſt conſequently ſignify, *unanointed*, not having the *extream unction*. The poet's reading and explication being aſcertained, he very finely makes his *ghoſt* complain of theſe four dreadful hardſhips; that he had been diſpatch'd out of life without receiving the *hoſte*, or ſacrament; without being *reconcil'd* to heaven and *abſolv'd*; without the benefit of *extream unction*; or without ſo much as a *confeſſion* made of his ſins. The having no *knell* rung, I think, is not a point of equal conſequence to any of theſe; eſpecially, if we conſider, that the *Romiſh* church admits the efficacy *of praying* for the *dead*. THEOBALD.

This is a very difficult line. I think *Theobald*'s objection to the ſenſe of *unaneal'd*, for *notified by the bell*, muſt be owned to be very ſtrong. I have not yet by my enquiry ſatisfied myſelf. *Hanmer*'s explication of *unaneal'd* by *unprepared*, becauſe to *anneal* metals, is to *prepare* them in manufacture, is too general and vague; there is no reſemblance between any funeral ceremony and the practice of *annealing* metals.

Diſappointed is the ſame as *unappointed*, and may be properly explained *unprepared*; a man well furniſhed with things neceſſary for any enterpriſe, was ſaid to be well *appointed*.

[4] —*uneffectual fire.*] *i. e.* ſhining without heat. WARB.

But

But bear me ſtiffly up. Remember thee——
Ay, thou poor Ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted globe. Remember thee——
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All ſaws of books, all forms, all preſſures paſt,
That youth and obſervation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone ſhall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baſer matter. Yes, by heav'n.
O moſt pernicious woman!
Oh villain, villain, ſmiling damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is, I ſet it down,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villain;
At leaſt, I'm ſure, it may be ſo in *Denmark*. [*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is; Adieu, adieu, remember me.
I've ſworn it——

SCENE IX.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Hor. My Lord, my Lord,——
Mar. Lord *Hamlet*,——
Hor. Heav'n ſecure him!
Mar. So be it.
Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy. [5] Come, bird, come.
Mar. How is't, my noble Lord?
Hor. What news, my Lord?
Ham. Oh, wonderful!

[5] —*Come, bird, come.*] This is the call which falconers uſe to their hawk in the air when they would have him come down to them. *Oxford Editor.*

Hor.

Hor. Good, my Lord, tell it.
Ham. No, you'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my Lord, by heav'n.
Mar. Nor I, my Lord.
Ham. How ſay you then, would heart of man once think it?
But you'll be ſecret——
Both. Ay, by heav'n, my Lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all *Denmark*,
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no Ghoſt, my Lord, come from the Grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why right, you are i' th' right;
And ſo without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands, and part;
You, as your buſineſs and deſires ſhall point you;
For every man has buſineſs and deſire,
Such as it is; and, for my own poor part,
I will go pray.
Hor. Theſe are but wild and whirling words, my Lord.
Ham. I'm ſorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my Lord.
Ham. Yes, [6] by St. Patrick, but there is, my Lord,
And much offence too. Touching this viſion here,
It is an honeſt Ghoſt, that let me tell you:
For your deſire to know what is between us,
O'er-maſter it as you may. And now, good friends,

[6] *By St.* Patrick,—] How the poet comes to make *Hamlet* ſwear by St. *Patrick*, I know not. However at this time all the whole northern world had their learning from *Ireland*; to which place it had retired, and there flouriſhed under the auſpices of this Saint. But it was, I ſuppoſe, only ſaid at random; for he makes *Hamlet* a ſtudent of *Wittenberg*. WARBURTON.

As

As you are friends, ſcholars, and ſoldiers,
Give me one poor requeſt.

Hor. What is't, my Lord?

Ham. Never make known what you have ſeen to-night.

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but ſwear't.

Hor. In faith, my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my ſword.

Mar. We have ſworn, my Lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my ſword, indeed.

Ghoſt. Swear. [*Ghoſt cries under the Stage.*

Ham. Ah ha, boy, ſay'ſt thou ſo? art thou there, true-penny?
Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellarage.
Conſent to ſwear.

Hor. Propoſe the oath, my Lord.

Ham. Never to ſpeak of this that you have ſeen,
[7] Swear by my ſword.

Ghoſt. Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique?* then we'll ſhift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my ſword.
Never to ſpeak of this which you have heard,
Swear by my ſword.

Ghoſt. Swear by his ſword.

Ham. Well ſaid, old mole, can'ſt work i'th' ground ſo faſt!

7 *Swear by my ſword.*] Here the poet has preſerved the manners of the ancient *Danes*, with whom it was *religion* to ſwear upon their ſwords. See *Bartholine, De cauſis contemp. mort. apud Dan.* WARE.

I was once inclinable to this opinion, which is likewiſe well defended by Mr *Upton*, but Mr. *Garrick* produced me a paſſage, I think, in *Brantôme*, from which it appeared, that it was common to ſwear upon the ſword, that is, upon the croſs which the old ſwords always had upon the hilt.

A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. Oh day and night but this is wondrous ſtrange.

Ham. [8] And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heav'n and earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dreamt of in your philoſophy. But come,
Here, as before, never, (ſo help you mercy!)
How ſtrange or odd ſoe'er I bear myſelf,
As I, perchance, hereafter ſhall think meet
To put an antick diſpoſition on,
That you, at ſuch time ſeeing me, never ſhall,
With arms encumbred thus, or this head-ſhake,
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtful phraſe,
As, *well——we know*——or, *we could, and if we would*—
Or, *if we liſt to ſpeak*——or, *there be, and if there might*—
Or ſuch ambiguous giving out, denote
That you know aught of me; This do ye ſwear,
So grace and mercy at your moſt need help you!
Swear.

Ghoſt. Swear.

Ham. Reſt, reſt, perturbed Spirit. So, Gentlemen,
With all my love do I commend me to you;
And what ſo poor a man as *Hamlet* is
May do t'expreſs his love and friending to you,
God willing ſhall not lack. Let us go in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The Time is out of joint; oh, curſed ſpight!
That ever I was born to ſet it right.
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome.*] *i. e.* receive it to yourſelf; take it under your own roof: as much as to ſay, *Keep it ſecret.* Alluding to the laws of hoſpitality. WARBURTON.

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Polonius's *Houſe.*

Enter Polonius *and* Reynoldo.

POLONIUS.

GIVE him this mony, and theſe notes, *Reynoldo.*

Rey. I will, my Lord.

Pol. You ſhall do marvellous wiſely, good *Reynoldo,*
Before you viſit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well ſaid; very well ſaid. Look you, Sir,
Enquire me firſt what *Danſkers* are in *Paris*;
And how; and who; what means; and where they keep;
What company; at what expence; and finding,
By this encompaſſment and drift of queſtion,
That they do know my ſon, come you more near;
Then your particular demands will touch it.
Take you, as 'twere ſome diſtant knowledge of him.
As thus. I know his father and his friends,
And in part him—Do you mark this, *Reynoldo?*

Rey. Ay, very well, my Lord.

Pol. And in part him—but you may ſay—not well;
But if't be he, I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted ſo and ſo——and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe; marry, none ſo rank,
As may diſhonour him; take heed of that;
But, Sir, ſuch wanton, wild, and uſual ſlips,
As are companions noted and moſt known
To youth and liberty.

Rey.

Rey. As gaming, my Lord———

Pol. Ay, or [9] drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing——You may go ſo far.

Rey. My Lord, that would diſhonour him.

Pol. 'Faith no, as you may ſeaſon it in the Charge;
You muſt not put [1] an utter ſcandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeem the taints of liberty;
The flaſh and out-break of a fiery mind,
[2] A ſavageneſs in unreclaimed blood
[3] Of general aſſault.

Rey. But, my good Lord——

Pol. Wherefore ſhould you do this?

Rey. Ay, my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift;
And I believe it is a fetch of wit.
You, laying theſe ſlight ſullies on my ſon,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd i' th' working,
Mark you, your party in converſe, he you 'ld found,
Having ever ſeen in the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breathe of, guilty, be aſſur'd,
He cloſes with you in this conſequence;
[4] Good Sir, or ſo, or Friend, or Gentleman,
According to the phraſe or the addition
Of man and country.

Rey.

9 —*drinking* [*fencing,*] *ſwearing,*] *Fencing*, an interpolation. WARBURTON.

I ſuppoſe, by *fencing* is meant a too diligent frequentation of the fencing-ſchool, a reſort of violent and lawleſs young men.

1 ——*an utter*—] In former editions, *another*. The emendation is *Theobald*'s.

2 *A* ſavageneſs—] *Sava ineſs*, for wildneſs. WARB.

3 *Of general aſſault.*] *i. e.* ſuch as youth in general is liable to. WARBURTON.

4 *Good ſir, or* ſo, *or friend*, &c.] We ſhould read,

——*or* SIRE, *i. e.* father. WARBURTON.

I know not that *ſire* was ever

a

Rey. Very good, my Lord.

Pol. And then, Sir, does he this;
He does——what was I about to ſay?
I was about to ſay ſomething—where did I leave?—

Rey. At, cloſes in the conſequence.

Pol. At, cloſes in the conſequence—Ay, marry.
He cloſes thus;——I know the gentleman,
I ſaw him yeſterday, or t'other day,
Or then, with ſuch and ſuch; and, as you ſay,
There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's rowſe;
There falling out at tennis; or, perchance,
I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſale,
Videlicet, a brothel, or ſo forth.——See you now;
Your bait of falſhood takes this carp of truth;
And thus do we of wiſdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with aſſays of Byas,
By indirections find directions out;
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my ſon. You have me, have you not?

Rey. My Lord, I have.

Pol. God b'w' you. Fare you well.

Rey. Good my Lord——

Pol. Obſerve his inclination [6] in yourſelf.

Rey. I ſhall, my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his muſick. *Exit.*

Rey. Well, my Lord.

a general word of compliment as diſtinct from *ſir*; nor do I conceive why any alteration ſhould be made. It is a common mode of colloquial language to uſe, *or ſo*, as a ſlight intimation of more of the ſame, or a like kind, that might me mentioned. We might read,

Good Sir, Forſooth, *or Friend, or Gentleman.*

Forſooth, a term of which I do not well know the original meaning, was uſed to men as well as to women.

[5] ——*in yourſelf.*] *Hanmer* reads, *e'en* yourſelf, and is followed by Dr. *Warburton*; but perhaps *in* yourſelf means, *in your own perſon*, not by ſpies.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewel. How now, *Ophelia*, what's the matter?

Oph. Alas, my Lord, I have been ſo affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heav'n?

Oph. My Lord, as I was ſewing in my cloſet,
Lord *Hamlet*, with his Doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, [6] his ſtockings looſe,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ancle,
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look ſo piteous in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of hell,
To ſpeak of horrors; thus he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My Lord, I do not know:
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What ſaid he?

Oph. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand, thus o'er his brow,
He falls to ſuch peruſal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long time ſtaid he ſo;

[6] —*his ſtockings* foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and d own-gyved
to his ancle.] I have reſtored the reading of the elder *quarto's* ——*his ſtuckings* looſe.——The change, I ſuſpect, was firſt from the players, who ſaw a contradiction in his ſtockings being *looſe*, and yet *ſhackled* down at ancle. But they, in their ignorance, blunder'd away our author's word. becauſe they did not underſtand it;

Ungarter'd, and down-gyred, *i. e.* turn'd down. So, the oldeſt copies; and, ſo his ſtockings were properly looſe, as they were *ungarter'd* and *rowl'd down* to the ancle. THEOBALD.

At

At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a ſigh ſo piteous and profound,
That it did ſeem to ſhatter all his bulk,
And end his Being. Then he lets me go,
And, with his head over his ſhoulder turn'd,
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the laſt, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me, I will go ſeek the King.
This is the very ecſtacy of love,
Whoſe violent property foredoes itſelf,
And leads the Will to deſp'rate undertakings,
As oft as any paſſion under heav'n,
That does afflict our natures. I am ſorry;
What, have you giv'n him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His acceſs to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I'm ſorry, that with better ſpeed and judgment
[7] I had not quoted him. I fear'd, he trifl'd,
And meant to wreck thee; but beſhrew my jealouſy;
It ſeems, [8] it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond ourſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion. Come; go we to the King.

[7] *I had not* QUOTED *him.*—] The old quarto reads *coted*. It appears *Shakeſpear* wrote NOTED. *Quoted* is nonſenſe. WARB.

To *quote* is, I believe, to *reckon*, to take an account of, to take the *quotient* or reſult of a computation.

[8] —— *it is as proper to our age*
To caſt beyond ourſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion.——] This is not the remark of a weak man. The vice of age is too much ſuſpicion. Men long accuſtomed to the wiles of life *caſt* commonly *beyond themſelves*, let their cunning go further than reaſon can attend it. This is always the fault of a little mind, made artful by long commerce with the world.

[9] This muſt be known; which, being kept cloſe, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter, love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter King, Queen, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

King. WELCOME, dear *Roſincrantz*, and *Guildenſtern!*
Moreover that we much did long to ſee you,
The need, we have to uſe you did provoke
Our haſty ſending. Something you have heard
Of *Hamlet*'s transformation; ſo I call it,
Since not th' exterior nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was. What it ſhould be
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'underſtanding of himſelf,
I cannot dream of. I entreat you both,
That being of ſo young days brought up with him,
And ſince ſo neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchſafe your Reſt here in our Court
Some little time; ſo by your companies
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather,

[9] *This muſt be known; which, being kept cloſe, might move More grief to hide, than hate to utter, love.*] *i. e.* This muſt be made known to the King, for (being kept ſecret) the hiding *Hamlet*'s love might occaſion more miſchief to us from him and the Queen, than the uttering or revealing of it will occaſion hate and reſentment from *Hamlet*. The poet's ill and obſcure expreſſion ſeems to have been cauſed by his affectation of concluding the ſcene with a couplet. WARB.

Harmer reads,

More grief to hide hate, than *to utter love.*

So

So much as from occaſions you may glean,
If aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That open'd lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, ſure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleaſe you
[1] To ſhew us ſo much gentry and good-will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
[2] For the ſupply and profit of our hope,
Your viſitation ſhall receive ſuch thanks,
As fits a King's remembrance.

Roſ. Both your majeſties
Might, by the ſov'reign pow'r you have of us,
Put your dread pleaſures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up ourſelves, [3] in the full bent,
To lay our ſervice freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, *Roſincrantz*, and gentle *Guildenſtern.*

Queen. Thanks, *Guildenſtern*, and gentle *Roſincrantz.*
And, I beſeech you, inſtantly to viſit
My too much changed ſon. Go, ſome of ye,
And bring theſe gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heav'ns make our preſence and our practices
Pleaſant and helpful to him! [*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guil.

Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' ambaſſadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

[1] *To ſhew us ſo much gentry*——] *Gentry*, for complaiſance. WARBURTON.

[2] *For the ſupply*, &c.] That the hope which your arrival has raiſed may be completed by the deſired effect.

[3] ——*in the full* bent,] *Bent*, for endeavour, application. WARBURTON.

King. Thou ſtill haſt been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my Lord? aſſure you, my good Liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my ſoul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I do think, or elſe this brain of mine
Hunts not [4] the trail of policy ſo ſure
As I have us'd to do, that I have found
The very cauſe of *Hamlet*'s lunacy.

King. Oh, ſpeak of that, that I do long to hear.

Pol. Give firſt admittance to th' ambaſſadors.
My news ſhall be [5] the fruit of that great feaſt.

King. Thyſelf do grace to them, and bring them in. [*Exit* Pol.
He tells me, my ſweet Queen, that he hath found
The head and ſource of all your ſon's diſtemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main,
His father's death, and our o'er-haſty marriage.

SCENE IV.

Re-enter Polonius, *with* Voltimand, *and* Cornelius.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him.——Welcome, my good friends!
Say, *Voltimand*, what from our brother *Norway?*

Volt. Moſt fair return of Greetings, and Deſires.
Upon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſs
His Nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the *Polack*,
But, better look'd into, he truly found

[4] — *the trail of policy*---] The *trail* is the *curſe of an animal purſued by the ſcent.*

[5] —— *the fruit*——] The *deſſert* after the meat.

It

It was againſt your Highneſs: Whereat griev'd,
That ſo his ſickneſs, age, and impotence
Was falſely borne in hand, ſends out Arreſts
On *Fontinbras*; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from *Norway*; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give th' aſſay of arms againſt your Majeſty.
Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with joy,
[6] Gives him threeſcore thouſand crowns in annual fee;
And his Commiſſion to employ thoſe ſoldiers,
So levied as before, againſt the *Polack*:
With an entreaty, herein further ſhewn,
That it might pleaſe you to give quiet Paſs
Through your Dominions for this enterprize,
On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance,
As therein are ſet down.

King. It likes us well;
And at our more conſider'd time we'll read,
Anſwer, and think upon this buſineſs.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour.
Go to your Reſt; [7] at night we'll feaſt together.
Moſt welcome home! [*Exeunt Ambaſ.*

Pol. This buſineſs is well ended.
[8] My liege, and Madam, [9] to expoſtulate
What

[6] *Gives him* three *thouſand crowns in annual fee*;] This reading firſt obtain'd in the edition put out by the players. But all the old *quarto*'s (from 1605, downwards) read, as I have reform'd the text. THEOB.

[7] — *at night we'll feaſt* ——] The King's intemperance is never ſuffered to be forgotten.

[8] *My Liege, and Madam, to expoſtulate*] The ſtrokes of humour in this ſpeech are admirable. *Polonius*'s character is that of a weak, pedant, miniſter of ſtate. His declamation is a fine ſatire on the impertinent oratory then in vogue, which placed reaſon in the formality of method, and wit in the gingle and play of words. With what art is he made to pride himſelf in his *wit*:

That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true; A fooliſh figure;
But farewel it ——

What Majeſty ſhould be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were

And how exquiſitely does the poet ridicule the *reaſoning in faſhion*, where he makes *Polonius* remark on *Hamlet*'s madneſs;

Though this be madneſs, *yet there's* method *in't:*

As if method, which the wits of that age thought the moſt eſſential quality of a good diſcourſe, would make amends for the madneſs. It was *madneſs* indeed, yet *Polonius* could comfort himſelf with this reflection, that at leaſt it was *method*. It is certain *Shakeſpear* excels in nothing more than in the preſervation of his characters; *To this life and variety of character* (ſays our great poet in his admirable preface to *Shakeſpear*) *we muſt add the wonderful preſervation of it.* We have ſaid what is the character of *Polonius*; and it is allowed on all hands to be drawn with wonderful life and ſpirit, yet the *unity* of it has been thought by ſome to be groſly violated in the excellent *precepts* and *inſtructions* which *Shakeſpear* makes his ſtateſman give to his ſon and ſervant in the middle of the *firſt*, and beginning of the *ſecond act*. But I will venture to ſay, theſe criticks have not entered into the poet's art and addreſs in this particular. He had a mind to ornament his ſcenes with thoſe fine leſſons of ſocial life; but his *Polonius* was too weak to be the author of them, tho' he was pedant enough to have met with them in his reading, and fop enough to get them by heart, and retail them for his own. And this the poet has finely ſhewn us was the caſe, where, in the middle of *Polonius*'s inſtructions to his ſervant, he makes him, tho' without having received any interruption, forget his leſſon, and ſay,

And then, Sir, does he this;
He does——what was I about to ſay?
I was about to ſay ſomething?
——where did I leave?——

The ſervant replies,

At, cloſes in the conſequence.

This ſets *Polonius* right, and he goes on,

At, cloſes in the conſequence.
——Ah marry,
He cloſes thus;——I know the gentleman, *&c.*

which ſhews they were words got by heart which he was repeating. Otherwiſe *cloſes in the conſequence*, which conveys no particular idea of the ſubject he was upon, could never have made him recollect where he broke off. This is an extraordinary inſtance of the poet's art, and attention to the preſervation of Character. WARB.

This account of the character of *Polonius* though it ſufficiently reconciles the ſeeming inconſiſtency of ſo much wiſdom with ſo much folly, does not perhaps correſpond exactly to the ideas of our authour. The commentator makes the character of *Polonius*, a character only of manners, diſcriminated by properties ſuperficial, accidental, and acquired.

The

Were nothing but to waſte night, day, and time.
Therefore, ſince brevity's the ſoul of wit,
And tediouſneſs the limbs and outward flouriſhes,
I will be brief; you noble ſon is mad;
Mad, call I it; for, to define true madneſs,
What is't, but to be nothing elſe but mad?
But let that go———

Queen. More matter, with leſs art.

Pol. Madam, I ſwear, I uſe no art at all.——
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true. A fooliſh figure,
But farewel it; for I will uſe no art.
Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
That we find out the cauſe of this effect,
Or rather ſay, the cauſe of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cauſe;
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.—Perpend.--
I have a daughter; have, whilſt ſhe is mine;

The poet intended a nobler delineation of a mixed character of manners and of nature. *Polonius* is a man bred in courts, exerciſed in buſineſs, ſtored with obſervation, confident of his knowledge, proud of his eloquence, and declining into dotage. His mode of oratory is truly repreſented as deſigned to ridicule the practice of thoſe times, of prefaces that made no introduction, and of method that embarraſſed rather than explained. This part of his character is accidental, the reſt is natural. Such a man is poſitive and confident, becauſe he knows that his mind was once ſtrong, and knows not that it is become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in the particular application. He is knowing in retroſpect, and ignorant in foreſight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his repoſitories of knowledge, he utters weighty ſentences, and gives uſeful counſel; but as the mind in its enfeebled ſtate cannot be kept long buſy and intent, the old man is ſubject to ſudden dereliction of his faculties, he loſes the order of his ideas, and entangles himſelf in his own thoughts, till he recovers the leading principle, and falls again into his former train. This idea of dotage encroaching upon wiſdom, will ſolve all the phænomena of the character of *Polonius*.

9 ——— *to* expoſtulate] To *expoſtulate*, for to enquire or diſcuſs. WARB.

Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this; now gather, and ſurmiſe.

[*He opens a letter, and reads.*]

1 *To the celeſtial, and my ſoul's idol, the moſt beautified* Ophelia ——— That's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe: *beautified* is a vile phraſe; but you ſhall hear——*Theſe to her excellent white boſom, theſe.*———

Queen. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

Pol. Good Madam, ſtay a while. I will be faithful.

Doubt thou, the ſtars are fire, [Reading.
Doubt, that the Sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt, I love.

Oh, dear Ophelia, *I am ill at theſe numbers; I have*

1 *To the celeſtial, and my ſoul's idol, the moſt* beautified Ophelia.] I have ventur'd at an emendation here, againſt the authority of all the copies; but, I hope, upon examination it will appear probable and reaſonable. The word *beautified* may carry two diſtinct ideas, either as applied to a woman made up of artificial beauties, or to one rich in native charms. As *Shakeſpeare* has therefore choſe to uſe it in the latter acceptation, to expreſs natural comelineſs; I cannot imagine, that here, he would make *Polonius* except to the phraſe, and call it a *vile one*. But a ſtronger objection ſtill, in my mind, lies againſt it. As *celeſtial* and *ſoul's idol* are the introductory characteriſtics of *Ophelia*, what a dreadful *anticlimax* is it to deſcend to ſuch an epithet as *beautified*? On the other had, *beatified*, as I have conjectur'd, raiſes the image: but *Polonius* might very well, as a *Roman* Catholick, call it a *vile* phraſe, *i. e.* ſavouring of profanation; ſince the epithet is peculiarly made an adjunct to the Virgin *Mary*'s honour, and therefore ought not to be employed in the praiſe of a meer mortal. THEOBALD.

Both Sir *T. Hanmer* and Dr. *Warburton* have followed *Theobald*, but I am in doubt whether *beautified*, though, as *Polonius* calls it, a *vile phraſe*, be not the proper word. *Beautified* ſeems to be a *vile phraſe*, for the ambiguity of its meaning.

not

not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee beſt, oh moſt beſt, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, moſt dear Lady, whilſt this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in obedience hath my daughter ſhewn me,
And, [a] more above, hath his ſolicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath ſhe receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove ſo. But what might you think
When I had ſeen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I muſt tell you that,
Before my daughter told me:) what might you,
Or my dear Majeſty your Queen here, think
[b] If I had play'd the deſk or table-book,
Or giv'n my heart a working, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle ſight?
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young miſtreſs thus I did beſpeak;
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy ſphere,

[a] *More above,* —— is, *moreover, beſides.*

[b] *If I had play'd the deſk or table-book,*
Or giv'n my heart a working mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle ſight;
What might you think?—] *i. e.* If either I had conveyed intelligence between them, and been the confident of their amours, [*play'd the deſk or table-book,*] or had connived at it, only obſerved them in ſecret without acquainting my daughter with my diſcovery, [*given my heart a mute and dumb working,*] or laſtly, had been negligent in obſerving the intrigue, and over-looked it, [*look'd upon this love with idle ſight;*] what would you have thought of me? WARB.

This

This muſt not be; and then, I precepts gave her,
That ſhe ſhould lock herſelf from his reſort,
Admit no meſſengers, receive no tokens:
[4] Which done, ſhe took the fruits of my advice;
And he repulſed, [5] a ſhort tale to make,
Fell to a ſadneſs, then into a faſt,
Thence to a watching, thence into a weakneſs,
Thence to a lightneſs, and, by this declenſion,
Into the madneſs wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

King. Do you think this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been ſuch a time, I'd fain know that,
That I have poſitively ſaid, 'tis ſo,
When it prov'd otherwiſe?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwiſe.
[*Pointing to his Head and Shoulder.*
If circumſtances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed

[4] *Which done,* SHE TOOK *the fruits of my advice;*
AND *he repulſed,*—] *The fruits* of advice are the effects of advice. But how could ſhe be ſaid to take them? the reading is corrupt. *Shakeſpear* wrote,
Which done, SEE TOO *the fruits of my advice;*
FOR, *he repulſed,*———
WARBURTON.
She took the *fruits* of advice when ſhe obeyed advice, the advice was then made *fruitful.*

[5] — *a ſhort tale to make,*
Fell to a ſadneſs, then into a faſt, &c.] The ridicule of this character is here admirably ſuſtained. He would not only be thought to have diſcovered this intrigue by his own ſagacity, but to have remarked all the ſtages of *Hamlet*'s diſorder, from his ſadneſs to his raving, as regularly as his phyſician could have done; when all the while the madneſs was only feigned. The humour of this is exquiſite from a man who tell us, with a confidence peculiar to ſmall politicians, that he could find
Where truth was hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre. WARB.

Within

Within the center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, ſometimes he walks four hours together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At ſuch a time I'll looſe my daughter to him;
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Mark the encounter; If he love her not,
And be not from his reaſon fall'n thereon,
Let me be no aſſiſtant for a State,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

SCENE V.

Enter Hamlet *reading.*

Queen. But, look, where, ſadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beſeech you, both away.
I'll board him preſently. [*Exeunt King and Queen.*
Oh, give me leave.——How does my good Lord *Hamlet?*

Ham. Well, God o' mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fiſhmonger.

Pol. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.

Pol. Honeſt, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir; to be honeſt, as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thouſand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham.

Ham. 'For if the ſun breed maggots in a dead dog,
Being a God, kiſſing carrion———
Have you a daughter?

Pol.

'*For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dog,*
Being a GOOD *kiſſing carrion—*
Have you a daughter?] The editors ſeeing *Hamlet* counterfeit madneſs, thought they might ſafely put any nonſenſe into his mouth. But this ſtrange paſſage when ſet right, will be ſeen to contain as great and ſublime a reflexion as any the poet puts into his Hero's mouth throughout the whole play. We ſhall firſt give the true reading, which is this,

For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dog,
Being a God, *kiſſing carrion—*

As to the ſenſe we may obſerve, that the illative particle [for] ſhews the ſpeaker to be reaſoning from ſomething he had ſaid before: What that was we learn in theſe words, *to be honeſt, as this world goes, is to be one picked out of ten thouſand.* Having ſaid this, the chain of ideas led him to reflect upon the argument which libertines bring againſt Providence from the circumſtance of abounding *Evil.* In the next ſpeech therefore he endeavours to anſwer that objection, and vindicate Providence, even on a ſuppoſition of the fact, that almoſt all men were wicked. His argument in the two lines in queſtion is to this purpoſe, *But why need we wonder at this abounding of evil? for if the Sun breed maggots in dead dog, which tho' a God, yet ſhedding its heat and influence upon carrion*——Here he ſtops ſhort, leſt talking too conſequentially the hearer ſhould ſuſpect his madneſs to be feigned; and ſo turns him off from the ſubject, by enquiring of his daughter. But the inference which he intended to make, was a very noble one, and to this purpoſe, If this (ſays he) be the caſe, that the effect follows the thing operated upon [*carrion*] and not the thing operating [a *God*;] why need we wonder, that the ſupreme cauſe of all things diffuſing its bleſſings on mankind, who is, as it were, a dead carrion, dead in original ſin, man, inſtead of a proper return of duty, ſhould breed only corruption and vices? This is the argument at length; and is as noble a one in behalf of providence as could come from the ſchools of divinity. But this wonderful man had an art not only of acquainting the audience with what his actors *ſay*, but with what they *think*. The ſentiment too is altogether in character, for *Hamlet* is perpetually moralizing, and his circumſtances make this reflexion very natural. The ſame *thought*, ſomething diverſified, as on a different occaſion, he uſes again in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, which will ſerve to confirm theſe obſervations:

The

Pol. I have, my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' th' Sun; conception is a bleſſing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.

Pol. How ſay you by that? Still harping on my daughter?——

Yet he knew me not at firſt; he ſaid, I was a fiſh-monger.

He is far gone; and, truly, in my youth, [*Aſide.*
I ſuffered much extremity for love;
Very near this.——I'll ſpeak to him again.
——What do you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my Lord.

Ham. [7] Slanders, Sir: for the ſatirical ſlave ſays here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit; together with moſt weak hams. All which,

The tempter or the tempted, who ſins moſt?
Not ſhe; nor doth ſhe tempt; but it is I
That lying by the violet in the ſun
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt by virtuous ſeaſon.—

And the ſame kind of *expreſſion* in *Cymbeline*,

Common-kiſſing Titan. WARB.

This is a noble emendation, which almoſt ſets the critick on a level with the authour.

[7] *Slanders, Sir: for the ſatyrical ſlave ſays here, that old men*, &c.] By the *ſatyrical ſlave* he means *Juvenal* in his tenth ſatire:

Da ſpatium vitæ, multos da Jupiter annos;
Hoc recto vultu, ſolum hoc & pallidus optas.
Sed quàm continuis & quantis longa ſenectus
Plena malis! deformem, & tetrum ante omnia vultum,
Diſſimilemque ſui, &c.

Nothing could be finer imagined for *Hamlet*, in his circumſtances, than the bringing him in reading a deſcription of the evils of long life. WARBURTON.

Sir,

Sir, tho' I moſt powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honeſty to have it thus ſet down; for yourſelf, Sir, ſhall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madneſs, yet there's method in't. [*Aſide.*

Will you walk out of the air, my Lord?

Ham. Into my grave.———

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' th' air:——

How pregnant ſometimes his replies are?
A happineſs that often madneſs hits on,
Which ſanity and reaſon could not be
So proſp'rouſly deliver'd of. I'll leave him,
And ſuddenly contrive the means of meeting
Between him and my daughter.
My honourable Lord, I will moſt humbly
Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fools!

Pol. You go to ſeek Lord *Hamlet*; there he is. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Roſ. God ſave you, Sir.

Guil. Mine honour'd Lord!

Roſ. My moſt dear Lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How doſt thou, *Guildenſtern?*
Oh, *Roſincrantz*, good lads! how do ye both?

Roſ. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy:

On

On fortune's cap, we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the ſoles of her ſhoe?

Roſ. Neither, my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waiſt, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, in privates we.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of fortune? oh, moſt true? ſhe is a ſtrumpet. What news?

Roſ. None, my Lord, but that the word's grown honeſt.

Ham. Then is dooms day near; but your news is not true. Let me queſtion more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deſerved at the hands of fortune, that ſhe ſends you to priſon hither?

Guil. Priſon, my Lord!

Ham. *Denmark*'s a priſon.

Roſ. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; *Denmark* being one o'th' worſt.

Roſ. We think not ſo, my Lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it ſo. To me, it is a priſon.

Roſ. Why, then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. Oh God, I could be bounded in a nut-ſhell, and count myſelf a King of infinite ſpace; were it not, that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are Ambition; for the very ſubſtance of the ambitious is merely [s] the ſhadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itſelf is but a ſhadow.

[s] *The ſhadow of a dream.*] *Shakeſpeare* has accidentally inverted an expreſſion of *Pindar*, that the ſtate of humanity is σκιᾶς ὄναρ, the *dream* of a *ſhadow*.

Roſ. Truly, and I hold ambition of ſo airy and light a quality, that it is but a ſhadow's ſhadow.

Ham. [9] Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs and out-ſtretch'd heroes, the beggar' ſhadows. Shall we to th' Court? for, by my fay, I cannot reaſon.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No ſuch matter. I will not ſort you with the reſt of my ſervants; for, to ſpeak to you like an honeſt man, I am moſt dreadfully attended. But in the beaten way of Friendſhip, what make you at *Elſinòor?*

Roſ. To viſit you, my Lord; no other occaſion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and ſure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear of a half-penny. Were you not ſent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free viſitation? Come, deal juſtly with me; Come, come; Nay, ſpeak.

Guil. What ſhould we ſay, my Lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to the purpoſe. You were ſent for; and there is a kind of confeſſion in your looks, which your modeſties have not craft enough to colour. I know, the good King and Queen have ſent for you.

Roſ. To what end, my Lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me; but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowſhip, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preſerved love, and by what more dear, a better propoſer could charge you withal; be even and direct with me, whether you were ſent for or no?

Roſ. What ſay you? [*To* Guilden.

[9] *Then are our beggars, bodies;*] *Shak-ſpeare* ſeems here to deſign a ridicule of thoſe declamations againſt wealth and greatneſs, that ſeem to make happineſs conſiſt in poverty.

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you: if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why. So ſhall my anticipation prevent your diſcovery, and your ſecreſy to the King and Queen moult no feather. * I have of late, but wherefore I know not, loſt all my mirth, forgone all cuſtom of exerciſe; and, indeed, it goes ſo heavily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame, the earth, ſeems to me a ſteril promontory; this moſt excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majeſtical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reaſon! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how expreſs and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehenſion how like a God! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! and yet to me, what is this quinteſſence of duſt? Man delights not me.——Nor woman neither; though by your ſmiling you ſeem to ſay ſo.

Roſ. My Lord, there was no ſuch ſtuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I ſaid, man delights not me?

Roſ. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the Players ſhall receive from you; we accoſted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you ſervice.

Ham. He that plays the King ſhall be welcome. His Majeſty ſhall have tribute of me; the adventurous Knight ſhall uſe his foyl and target; the lover ſhall

* *I have of late*, &c.] This is an admirable deſcription of a rooted melancholy ſprung from thickneſs of blood, and artfully imagined to hide the true cauſe of his diſorder from the penetration of theſe two friends, who were ſet over him as ſpies. WARBURTON.

not ſigh *gratis*; the humorous man, [2] ſhall end his part in peace; and [3] the lady ſhall ſay her mind freely, or the blank verſe ſhall halt for't. What Players are they?

Roſ. Even thoſe you were wont to take delight in, the Tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their reſidence both in reputation and profit was better, both ways.

Roſ. [4] I think, their inhibition comes by means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the ſame eſtimation they did, when I was in the city? are they ſo follow'd?

Roſ. No, indeed, they are not.

* " *Ham.* How comes it? do they grow ruſty?

" *Roſ.* Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted " pace; but there is, Sir, an Aiery of Children, " [5] little Eyaſes, that [6] cry out on the top of queſtion;

[2] *ſhall end his part in peace*;] After theſe words the *folio* adds, *the clown ſhall make thoſe laugh whoſe lungs are tickled o' th' ſere.* WARBURTON.

This paſſage I have omitted, for the ſame reaſon, I ſuppoſe, as the other editors. I do not underſtand it.

[3] *the lady ſhall*, &c.] *The lady ſhall have no obſtruction, unleſs from the lameneſs of the verſe.*

[4] *I think, their inhibition*] I fancy this is tranſpoſed: *Hamlet* enquires not about an *inhibition*, but an *innovation*; the anſwer therefore probably was, *I think, their* innovation, *that is*, their new practice of ſtrolling, *comes by the means of the late* inhibition.

* The lines marked with commas are in the folio of 1623, but not in the quarto of 1637, nor, I ſuppoſe, in any of the quartos.

[5] *little* Yaſes, *that cry out on the top of queſtion*;] The poet here ſteps out of his ſubject to give a laſh at home, and ſneer at the prevailing faſhion of following plays perform'd by the Children of the Chapel, and abandoning the eſtabliſh'd theatres. But why are they call'd *little* Yaſes? As he firſt calls 'em an *Aiery* of Children, (now, an *Aiery* or *Eyery* is a hawk's or eagle's neſt; there is not the leaſt queſtion but we ought to reſtore—*little* Eyaſes; i. e. Young neſtlings, creatures juſt out of the egg. THEOBALD.

An Aiery of children,] Relating to the play-houſes then contending, the *Bankſide*, the *Fortune*, &c. play'd by the children of his Majeſty's chapel. POPE.

[6] *cry out on the top of queſtion*;] The meaning ſeems to be, they aſk a common queſtion in the higheſt notes of the voice.

" and

" and are moſt tyrannically clapt for't; theſe are now " the faſhion, and ſo berattle the common ſtages, (ſo " they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid " of gooſe-quills, and dare ſcarce come thither.

" *Ham.* What, are they children? who maintains " 'em? how are they [7] eſcoted? [8] will they purſue " the Quality, no longer than they can *ſing?* will they " not *ſay* afterwards? If they ſhould grow themſelves " to common players, as it is moſt like, if their " means are no better: their writers do them wrong " to make them exclaim againſt their own ſucceſſion.

" *Roſ.* 'Faith, there has been much to do on both " ſides; and the nation holds it no ſin, to tarre them " on to controverſy. There was, for a while, no " mony bid for argument, unleſs the poet and the " player went to cuffs in the queſtion.

" *Ham.* Is't poſſible?

" *Guil.* Oh, there has been much throwing about " of brains.

" *Ham.* Do the Boys carry it away?

" *Roſ.* Ay, that they do, my Lord, [9] *Hercules* and " his load too.

Ham. [1] It is not ſtrange; for mine uncle is King of *Denmark*; and thoſe, that would make mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. There is ſomething in this more than natural, if philoſophy could find it out. [*Flouriſh for the Players.*

7 *Eſcoted*] Paid.

8 *will they purſue the Quality no longer than they can ſing?* Will they follow the *profeſſion* of players, no longer than they keep the voices of boys? So afterwards he ſays to the player, *Come, give us a taſte of your quality; Come, a paſſionate ſpeech.*

9 Hercules *and his load too.*] *i. e.* They not only carry away the world, but the world bearer too: Alluding to the ſtory of *Hercules*'s relieving *Atlas*. This is humourous. WARB.

1 *It is not ſtrange; for mine unkle*] I do not wonder that the new players have ſo ſuddenly riſen to reputation, my uncle ſupplies another example of the facility with which honour is conferred upon new claimants.

Guil. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elſinoor*. Your hands. Come then. The appurtenance of welcome is faſhion and ceremony; [2] let me comply with you in this garbe, leſt my extent to the players, which, I tell you, muſt ſhew fairly outward, ſhould more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my Uncle-father and Aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear Lord?

Ham. I am but mad north, north-weſt: when the wind is ſoutherly, [3] I know a hawk from a hand-ſaw.

SCENE VII.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, *Guildenſtern*; and you too, at each ear a hearer. That great Baby, you ſee there, is not yet out of his ſwathling-clouts.

Roſ. Haply, he's the ſecond time come to them; for they ſay, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will propheſy, he comes to tell me of the players. Mark it. You ſay right, Sir; for on *Monday* morning 'twas ſo, indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have news to tell you. When *Roſcius* was an Actor in *Rome*———

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my Lord.

[2] *Harmer* reads, *Let me* compliment *with you.*

[3] *I know a hawk from a hand-ſaw.*] This was a common proverbial ſpeech. The *Oxford Editor* alters it to, *I know a hawk from a bernſhaw.* As if the other had been a corruption of the players; whereas the poet found the proverb thus corrupted in the mouths of the people. So that this critick's alteration only ſerves to ſhew us the original of the expreſſion. WARB.

Ham.

Ham. [4] Buzze, buzze———

Pol Upon mine honour——

Ham. [5] *Then come each Actor on his ass*——

Pol. The beſt Actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, hiſtory, paſtoral, paſtoral-comical, hiſtorical-paſtoral, ſcene undividable, or Poem unlimited: *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* to light. [6] For the law of writ, and the Liberty, theſe are the only men.

Ham. Oh, Jephtha, judge of Iſrael, what a treaſure hadſt thou!

Pol. What a treaſure had he, my Lord?

Ham. *Why, one fair daughter, and no more,*
The which he loved paſſing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' th' right, old *Jeph ha?*

Pol. If you call me *Jephtha,* my Lord, I have a daughter that I love paſſing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my Lord?

Ham. Why, as *by lot, God wot*—and then you know, *it came to paſs, as moſt like it was:* [7] the firſt

4 *Buzze, buzze*] Meer idle talk, the *buzze* of the vulgar

5 *Then came,* &c.] This ſeems to be a line of a ballad

6 *For the law of* writ, *and the Liberty, theſe are the only men.*] All the modern editions have, *the law of* wit, *and the liberty*; but both my old copies have, *the law of* writ, I believe rightly. *Writ,* for *writing, compoſition. Wit* was not, in our authour's time, taken either for *imagination,* or *acuteneſs,* or *both together,* but for *underſtanding,* for the faculty by which we *apprehend* and *judge.* Thoſe who wrote of the human mind diſtinguiſhed its primary powers into *wit* and *will. Aſcham* diſtinguiſhes *boys* of tardy and of active faculties into *quick wits* and *ſlow wits.*

7 *the firſt row of the rubrick.*] It is *pons chanſons* in the firſt folio edition. The old ballads ſung on bridges, and from thence called *Pons cantus. Hamlet* is here repeating ends of old ſongs. POPE.

It is *pons chanſons* in the quarto too I know not whence the *rubrick* has been brought, yet it has not the appearance of an arbitrary addition. The titles of old ballads were never printed red; but perhaps *rubrick* may ſtand for *marginal explanation.*

row of *the rubrick* will ſhew you more. For, look, where [8] my abridgments come.

Enter four or five Players.

Y'are welcome, maſters, welcome all. I am glad to ſee thee well; welcome, good friends. Oh! old friend! thy face is valanc'd, ſince I ſaw thee laſt: com'ſt thou to beard me in *Denmark?* What! my young lady and miſtreſs? b'erlady, your ladyſhip is nearer heaven than when I ſaw you laſt, by the altitude of a chioppine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, [9] be not crack'd within the ring.—Maſters, you are all welcome, we'll e'en to't [a] like friendly faulconers, fly at any thing we ſee; we'll have a ſpeech ſtraight. Come, give us a taſte of your quality; come, a paſſionate ſpeech.

1 *Play.* What ſpeech, my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeak me a ſpeech once; but it was never acted: or if it was, not above once; for the Play, I remember, pleas'd not the million; 'twas [2] *Caviare* to the general; but it was as I receiv'd it, and others whoſe judgment in ſuch matters [3] cried in the top of mine, an excellent Play; well digeſted in the ſcenes, [4] ſet down with as much modeſty as cun-

[8] *my abridgments*] He calls the players afterwards, *the brief chronicles of the time*; but I think he now means only *thoſe who will ſhorten my talk.*

9 *be not crack'd within the ring.*] That is, *crack'd too much for uſe.* This is ſaid to a young player, who acted the parts of women.

[a] *like friendly falconers,*] *Hanmer,* who has much illuſtrated the alluſions to falconry, reads, *like* French *falconers,* but gives no reaſon for the correction.

2 Caviare *to the general;*] *Caviare* was a kind of foreign pickle, to which the vulgar palates were, I ſuppoſe, not yet reconciled.

3 *cried in the top of mine,*] *i. e.* whoſe judgment I had the higheſt opinion of. WARB.

I think it means only that *were higher than mine.*

4 *ſet down with as much* modeſty] *Modeſty,* for ſimplicity. WARBURTON.

ning.

ning. I remember, one ſaid, there was no ſalt in the lines, to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe, [5] that might indite the author of affection; [6] but call'd it, an honeſt method, *as wholeſome as ſweet, and by very much more handſome than fine.* One ſpeech in it I chiefly lov'd! 'twas *Æneas*'s tale to *Dido*; and thereabout of it eſpecially, where he ſpeaks of *Priam*'s ſlaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me ſee, let me ſee—The rugged *Pyrrhus*, like th' *Hyrcanian* beaſt,—It is not ſo;—— it begins with *Pyrrhus.*

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he, whoſe ſable arms,
Black as his purpoſe, did the Night reſemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horſe;
Hath now his dread and black complexion ſmear'd
With heraldry more diſmal; head to foot,
Now is he total gules; horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſons,
Bak'd and impaſted with the parching fires,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To murders vile. Roaſted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-ſized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the helliſh *Pyrrhus*
Old grandſire *Priam* ſeeks.

Pol. 'Fore God, my Lord, well ſpoken, with good accent and good diſcretion.

1 *Play.* Anon he finds him,
Striking, too ſhort, at *Greeks.* His antique ſword.
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to Command; unequal match'd,

5 *that might* indite *the author*] *Indite*, for convict. WARB.

6 *but call'd it an honeſt method.*] *Hamlet* is telling how much his judgment differed from that of others. *One ſaid, there was no ſalt in the lines*, &c. *but call'd it an honeſt method.* The authour probably gave it, *But I called it an honeſt method*, &c.

an honeſt method.] *Honeſt*, for chaſte. WARBURTON.

Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage ſtrikes wide;
But with the whif and wind of his fell ſword,
Th' unnerved father falls. Then ſenſeleſs *Ilium*,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his Baſe; and with a hideous craſh
Takes priſoner *Pyrrhus'* ear. For lo, his ſword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of rev'rend *Priam*, ſeem'd i' th' air to ſtick:
So, as a painted tyrant, *Pyrrhus* ſtood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But as we often ſee, againſt ſome ſtorm,
A ſilence in the heav'ns, the rack ſtand ſtill,
The bold winds ſpeechleſs, and the orb below
As huſh as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So after *Pyrrhus'* pauſe,
A rouſed vengeance ſets him new a work,
And never did the *Cyclops'* hammers fall
On *Mars* his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With leſs remorſe than *Pyrrhus'* bleeding ſword
Now falls on *Priam*.———
Out, out, thou ſtrumpet Fortune! all you Gods,
In general ſynod take away her power:
Break all the ſpokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heav'n,
As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It ſhall to th' barber's with your beard. Pr'ythee, ſay on; he's for a jigg, or a tale of bawdry, or he ſleeps. Say on, come to *Hecuba*.

1 *Play.* But who, oh! who, had ſeen 7 the mobled Queen,———

7 ——*the* mobled *Queen*,—] *Mobled* or *mabled*, ſignifies veiled. So *Sandys*, ſpeaking of the *Turkiſh* women, ſays, *their heads and faces are* MABLED *in fine linen, that no more is to be ſeen of them than their eyes.* Travels. WARBURTON.

Mobled ſignifies, *buddled, groſsly covered.*

Ham.

Ham. The mobled Queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled Queen, is good.

1 *Play.* Run bare-foot up and down, threatning the flames
With biſſon rheum! a clout upon that head,
Where late the Diadem ſtood; and for a robe
About her lank and all-o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket in th' alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had ſeen, with tongue in venom ſteep'd,
Gainſt fortune's ſtate would treaſon have pronounc'd;
But if the Gods themſelves did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pyrrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his ſword her huſband's limbs;
The inſtant burſt of clamour that ſhe made,
Unleſs things mortal move them not at all,
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heav'n,
And paſſion in the Gods.

Pol. Look, whe're he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well. I'll have thee ſpeak out the reſt of this ſoon. Good my Lord, will you ſee the Players well beſtow'd? Do ye hear, let them be well us'd; for they are the abſtract, and brief chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, than their ill report while you liv'd.

Pol. My Lord, I will uſe them according to their deſert.

Ham. Odd's bodikins, man, much better. Uſe every man after his deſert, and who ſhall 'ſcape whipping? Uſe them after your own honour and dignity. The leſs they deſerve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs. [*Exit* Polonius.

Ham. Follow him, Friends: we'll hear a play tomorrow. Doſt thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murder of *Gonzaga?*

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome dozen or ſixteen lines, which I would ſet down, and inſert in't? could ye not?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and, look, you mock him not. My good friends, [*to* Roſ. *and* Guild.] I'll leave you 'till night. You are welcome to *Elſinoor*.

Roſ. Good my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Ay, ſo, God b'wi'ye. Now I am alone.
Oh, what a rogue and peaſant ſlave am I!
Is it not monſtrous that this Player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,
That, from her working, [8] all his viſage wan'd;
Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,
A broken voice, and his whole function ſuiting,
With forms, to his conceit? and all for nothing?
For *Hecuba?*
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he ſhould weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and [9] the cue for paſſion,
That I have? He would drown the ſtage with tears,

[8] *all his viſage* WARM'D:] This might do, did not the old *Quarto* lead us to a more exact and pertinent reading, which is,
— *viſage* WAN'D:
i. e. turn'd pale, or *wan*. For ſo the viſage appears when the mind is thus affectioned, and not *warm'd* or flufhed. WARB.

[9] ——*the cue for paſſion,*] The *hint*, the *direction*.

And

And cleave [1] the general ear with horrid ſpeech,
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free;
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculty of ears and eyes.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled raſcal, peak,
Like *John-a-dreams*, [2] unpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing. No, not for a King,
Upon whoſe property and moſt dear life
[3] A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate a-croſs,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by th' noſe, gives me the lye i' th' throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Yet I ſhould take it——for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppreſſion bitter; or, ere this,
I ſhould have fatted all the region kites
With this ſlave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorſeleſs, treacherous, letcherous, [4] kindleſs villain!
Why, what an aſs am I? this is moſt brave,
That I, the ſon of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heav'n and hell,
Muſt, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a curſing like a very drab,
A Scullion. Fy upon't! foh!
[5] About, my brain! I've heard,
That guilty creatures, ſitting at a Play,
Have by the very cunning of the Scene

[1] ——*the general ear*——] The ears of all mankind. So before, *Caviare to the* general, that is, to the *multitude*.

[2] ——unpregnant *of my cauſe*,] *Unpregnant*, for having no due ſenſe of. WARBURTON.

Rather, *not quickened with a new deſire of vengeance; not teeming with revenge*.

[3] *A damn'd* defeat *was made*.] *Defeat*, for deſtruction. WARB.

Rather, *diſpoſſeſſion*.

[4] ——*kindleſs*——] *Unnatural*.

[5] *About, my brain!*] *Wits, to your work. Brain*, go *about* the preſent buſineſs.

Been

Been ſtruck ſo to the ſoul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
For murder, though it have no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous organ. I'll have theſe Players
Play ſomething like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle. I'll obſerve his looks;
I'll [6] tent him to the quick, [7] if he but blench,
I know my courſe. This Spirit, that I have ſeen,
May be the Devil; and the Devil hath power
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakneſs and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits,
Abuſes me to damn me. I'll have grounds
[8] More relative than this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the Conſcience of the King. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *and Lords.*

KING.

AND can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confuſion,
Grating ſo harſhly all his days of quiet,
With turbulent and dang'rous lunacy?

[6] —*tent him*—] Search his wounds.

[7] —*if he but blench,*] If he *ſhrink.*

[8] *More* relative *than this:*] *Relative*, for convictive. WARB. *Convictive* is only the conſequential ſenſe. *Relative* is, *nearly related, cloſely connected.*

Roſ.

Roſ. He does confeſs, he feels himſelf diſtracted;
But from what cauſe he will by no means ſpeak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be ſounded;
But with a crafty madneſs keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion
Of his true ſtate.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Roſ. Moſt like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.

Roſ. [9] Niggard of queſtion, but of our demands
Moſt free in his reply.

Queen. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?

Roſ. Madam, it fell out, that certain Players
We * o'er-raught on the way; of theſe we told him;
And there did ſeem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it. They are about the Court;
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis moſt true:
And he beſeech'd me to entreat your Majeſties
To hear and ſee the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him ſo inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpoſe into theſe delights.

[9] Niggard *of queſtion, but of our demands*
Moſt free *in his reply.*] This is given as the deſcription of the converſation of a man whom the ſpeaker *found not forward to be ſounded*; and who *kept aloof* when they would *bring him to confeſſion*: But ſuch a deſcription can never paſs but at croſs-purpoſes. *Shakeſpear* certainly wrote it juſt the other way,

Moſt free *of queſtion, but of our demands*
Niggard *in his reply.*
That this is the true reading we need but turn back to the preceding ſcene, for *Hamlet*'s conduct, to be ſatisfied. WARB.

* *O'er raught on the way;*] *Over raught* is, *over-reached*, that is, *over-took.*

Roſ.

Roſ. We ſhall, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

King. Sweet *Gertrude* leave us too;
For we have cloſely ſent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
[1] Affront *Ophelia.*
Her father, and myſelf, lawful Eſpials,
Will ſo beſtow ourſelves, that, ſeeing, unſeen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he ſuffers for.

Queen. I ſhall obey you:
And for my part, *Ophelia*, I do wiſh,
That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlet*'s wildneſs! So ſhall I hope, your virtues
May bring him to his wonted way again
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wiſh it may. [*Exit* Queen.

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, ſo pleaſe ye,
We will beſtow ourſelves——Read on this book;
[*To* Oph.
That ſhew of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
Your lonelineſs. We're oft to blame in this,
[2] 'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's viſage,
And pious action, we do ſugar o'er
The devil himſelf.

King. Oh, 'tis too true.
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth give my conſcience!
[*Aſide.*
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plaſtring art,
Is not [3] more ugly to the thing that helps it,

[1] *Affront* Ophelia.] To *affront* is only *to meet directly.*

[2] *'Tis too much prov'd,——*] It is found by too frequent experience.

[3] —— *more ugly to the thing that* helps *it,*] That is, *compared with* the thing that helps it.

Than is my deed to my moſt painted word.
Oh heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my Lord.
[*Exeunt all but* Ophelia.

SCENE II.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. [4] To be, or not to be? that is the queſtion.--
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrows of outrageous fortune;

[4] *To be, or not to be?*—] Of this celebrated ſoliloquy, which burſting from a man diſtracted with contrariety of deſires, and overwhelmed with the magnitude of his own purpoſes, is connected rather in the ſpeaker's mind, than on his tongue, I ſhall endeavour to diſcover the train, and to ſhew how one ſentiment produces another.

Hamlet, knowing himſelf injured in the moſt enormous and atrocious degree, and ſeeing no means of redreſs, but ſuch as muſt expoſe him to the extremity of hazard, meditates on his ſituation in this manner: *Before I can form any rational ſcheme of action under this preſſure of diſtreſs*, it is neceſſary to decide, whether, *after our preſent ſtate, we are* to be or not to be. That is the queſtion, which, as it ſhall be anſwered, will determine, *whether 'tis nobler*, and more ſuitable to the dignity of reaſon, *to ſuffer the outrages of fortune* patiently, or to take arms againſt *them*, and by oppoſing end them, *though perhaps* with the loſs of life. If *to die*, were *to ſleep, no more, and by a ſleep to end* the miſeries of our nature, ſuch a ſleep were *devoutly to be wiſhed*; but if *to ſleep* in death, be *to dream*, to retain our powers of ſenſibility, we muſt *paufe* to conſider, *in that ſleep of death what dreams may come*. This conſideration *makes calamity* ſo long endured; *for who would bear* the vexations of life which might be ended *by a bare bodkin*, but that he is afraid of ſomething in unknown futurity? This fear it is that gives efficacy to conſcience, which, by turning the mind upon *this regard*, chills the ardour of *reſolution*, checks the vigour of *enterpriſe*, and makes the *current* of deſire ſtagnate in inactivity.

We may ſuppoſe that he would have applied theſe general obſervations to his own caſe, but that he diſcovered *Ophelia*.

Or

[5] Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them?—To die,—to ſleep—
No more; and by a ſleep, to ſay, we end
The heart-ache, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to; 'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die——to ſleep——
To ſleep? perchance, to dream. Ay, there's the rub;
For in that ſleep of Death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this [6] mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe. There's the reſpect,
That makes Calamity of ſo long life.
For who would bear [7] the whips and ſcorns of time,
Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The

[5] *Or to take arms againſt* A SEA *of troubles,*] Without queſtion *Shakeſpear* wrote,

——*againſt* ASSAIL *of troubles. i. e.* aſſault. WARB.

Mr. *Pope* propoſed *ſiege*. I know not why there ſhould be ſo much ſolicitude about this metaphor. *Shakeſpeare* breaks his metaphors often, and in this deſultory ſpeech there was leſs need of preſerving them.

[6] ——*mortal* coil,] *i. e.* turmoil, buſtle. WARB.

[7] ——*the whips and ſcorns* OF TIME,] The evils here complained of are not the product of time or duration ſimply, but of a corrupted age or manners. We may be ſure, then, that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

——*the whips and ſcorns* OF TH' TIME.

And the deſcription of the evils of a corrupt age, which follows, confirms this emendation. WARBURTON.

I doubt whether the corruption of this paſſage is not more than the editor has ſuſpected. *Whips* and *ſcorns* have no great connection with one another, or with *time*; *whips* and *ſcorns* are evils of very different magnitude, and though at all *times ſcorn* may be endured, yet the *times* that put men ordinarily in danger of *whips*, are very rare. *Falſtaff* has ſaid, that the *courtiers would* whip *him with their quick wits*; but I know not that *whip* can be uſed for a *ſcoff* or *inſult*, unleſs its meaning be fixed by the whole expreſſion.

I am afraid leſt I ſhould venture too far in correcting this paſſage. If *whips* be retained, we may read,

For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of tyrants.

But I think that *quip*, a *ſneer*, a *ſarcaſm*, a contemptuous jeſt, is the proper word, as ſuiting very exactly with *ſcorn*. What then muſt

The pang of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;
When he himſelf might his *Quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardles bear,
[8] To groan and ſweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourne
No traveller returns, puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conſcience doth make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of reſolution
Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
And enterpriſes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And loſe the name of action——Soft you, now!
[*Seeing* Ophelia *with a book.*
The fair *Ophelia?* [9] Nymph, in thy oriſons
Be all my ſins remembred.
Oph. Good my Lord,
How does your Honour for this many a day?
Ham. I humbly thank you, well.
Oph. My Lord, I have remembrances of yours,

muſt be done with *time*, it ſuits no better with the new reading than with the old, and *tyrant* is an image too bulky and ſerious. I read, but not confidently,

For who would bear the quips *and ſcorns of* title.

It may be remarked, that *Hamlet*, in his enumeration of miſeries, forgets, whether properly or not, that he is a prince, and mentions many evils to which inferior ſtations only are expoſed.

[8] *To groan and ſweat*—] All the old copies have, *to* grunt *and ſweat*. It is undoubtedly the true reading, but can ſcarcely be born by modern ears.

[9]—*Nymph, in thy oriſons*, &c.] This is a touch of nature. *Hamlet*, at the ſight of *Ophelia*, does not immediately recollect, that he is to perſonate madneſs, but makes her an addreſs grave and ſolemn, ſuch as the foregoing meditation excited in his thoughts.

That I have longed long to re-deliver.
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, I never gave you ought.

Oph. My honour'd Lord, you know right well, you did;
And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich; that perfume loſt,
Take theſe again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
—There, my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honeſt?

Oph. My Lord,

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your Lordſhip?

Ham. [1] That if you be honeſt and fair, you ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my Lord, have better commerce than with honeſty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will ſooner transform honeſty from what it is, to a bawd; than the force of honeſty can tranſlate beauty into its likeneſs. This was ſometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not have believed me. For virtue cannot ſo inoculate our old ſtock, but we ſhall reliſh of it. I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery. Why ſhouldſt thou be a breeder of ſinners? I am myſelf indifferent ho-

[1] *That if you be honeſt and fair, you ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.*] This is the reading of all the modern editions, and is copied from the *quarto*. The folio reads, your honeſty *ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.* The true reading ſeems to be this, *If you be honeſt and fair, you ſhould admit* your honeſty *to no diſcourſe with your beauty.* This is the ſenſe evidently required by the proceſs of the converſation.

neſt;

neſt; but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences[2] at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them ſhape, or time to act them in. What ſhould ſuch fellows, as I, do crawling between heav'n and earth? We are arrant knaves, believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doors be ſhut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own houſe. Farewel.

Oph. Oh help him, you ſweet heav'ns!

Ham. If thou doſt marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry. Be thou as chaſte as ice, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, farewel; or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wiſe men know well enough, what monſters you make of them. To a nunnery, go, and quickly too. Farewel.

Oph. Heav'nly powers reſtore him!

Ham.[3] I have heard of your painting too, well enough. God has given you one face, and you make yourſelves another. You jig, you amble, and you

[2] *at my beck,*] That is, *always ready to come about me.*

With more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, *imagination to give them ſhape, or time to act them in.*] What is the meaning of *thoughts to put them in?* A word is dropt out. We ſhould read,

——*thoughts to put them in* NAME.

This was the progreſs. The offences are firſt conceived and named, then projected to be put in act, then executed. WARB.

To put a thing into thought, is *to think on it.*

[3] *I have heard of your painting too, well enough,* &c.] This is according to the quarto; the folio, for *painting,* has *prattlings,* and for *face,* has *pace,* which agrees with what follows, *you jig, you amble.* Probably the authour wrote both. I think the common reading beſt.

liſp, and nick-name God's creatures, and [4] make your wantonneſs your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I ſay, we will have no more marriages. Thoſe that are married already, all but one, ſhall live; the reſt ſhall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit* Hamlet.

Oph. Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, ſoldier's, ſcholar's, eye, tongue, ſword;
Th' expectancy and roſe of the fair State,
The glaſs of faſhion, and [5] the mould of form,
Th' obſerv'd of all obſervers! Quite, quite down!
I am of ladies moſt dejected and wretched,
That ſuck'd the hony of his muſick vows:
Now ſee that noble and moſt ſov'reign reaſon,
Like ſweet bells jangled out of tune, and harſh;
That unmatch'd form, and feature of blown youth,
Blaſted with ecſtaſy. Oh, woe is me!
T' have ſeen what I have ſeen; ſee what I ſee.

SCENE III.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he ſpake, tho' it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madneſs. Something's in his ſoul,
O'er which his melancholy ſits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch and the diſcloſe
Will be ſome danger, which, how to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus ſet it down. He ſhall with ſpeed to *England*,
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply, the Seas and Countries different,

[4] *make your wantonneſs your ignorance.*] You miſtake by *wanton* affectation, and pretend to miſtake by *ignorance.*

[5] — *the mould of form,*] The model by whom all endeavoured to form themſelves.

With variable objects, ſhall expel
This ſomething ſettled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains ſtill beating, puts him thus
From faſhion of himſelf. What think you on't?
Pol. It ſhall do well. But yet I do believe,
The origin and commencement of this grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, *Ophelia?*
You need not tell us what Lord *Hamlet* ſaid,
We heard it all. [*Exit* Ophelia.
My Lord, do as you pleaſe.
But if you hold it fit, after the Play
Let his Queen-mother all alone intreat him
To ſhew his griefs; let her be round with him,
And I'll be plac'd, ſo pleaſe you, in the ear
Of all their conf'rence. If ſhe find him not,
To *England* ſend him; or confine him, where
Your wiſdom beſt ſhall think.
King. It ſhall be ſo.
Madneſs in Great ones muſt not unwatch'd go.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, *and two or three of the Players.*

Ham. Speak the ſpeech, I pray you; as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our Players do, I had as lieve, the town-crier had ſpoke my lines. And do not ſaw the air too much with your hand thus, but uſe all gently; for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and, as I may ſay, whirl-wind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance that may give it ſmoothneſs. Oh it offends me to the ſoul, to hear a robuſtious periwig-pated fellow tear a paſſion to tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of [6] the groundlings: who for

[6] *the groundlings:*] The meaner people then ſeem to have ſat below, as they now ſit in the upper gallery, who not well underſtanding poetical language, were ſometimes gratified by a mimical and mute repreſentation of the drama, previous to the dialogue.

the moſt part are capable of nothing but [7] inexplicable dumb ſhews, and noiſe: I could have ſuch a fellow whipt for o'er doing [8] *Termagant*; it out-*herods Herod*. Pray you, avoid it.

Play. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own diſcretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this ſpecial obſervance, that you o'er-ſtep not the modeſty of Nature; for any thing ſo overdone is from the purpoſe of playing; whoſe end, both at the firſt and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to ſhew virtue her own feature, ſcorn her own image, and the very [9] age and body of the time, his form and [1] preſſure. Now this over-done, or come tardy of, tho' it make the unſkilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the cenſure of which one muſt in your allowance o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be Players that I have ſeen play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly, [2] not to ſpeak it profanely, that neither having the accent of chriſtian, nor the gait of chriſtian, pagan, or man, have ſo ſtrutted and bellow'd, that I have thought ſome of nature's journey men had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

Play. I hope, we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

[7] *inexplicable dumb ſhews,*] I believe the meaning is, *ſhew, without words to explain them.*

[8] *Termagant*;] *Termagant* was a *Saracen* Deity, very clamorous and violent in the old moralities. Mr. PERCY.

[9] age *and* body *of the* time.] The *age* of the *time* can hardly paſs. May we not read, the *face* and *body*, or did the authour write, the *page*? The *page* ſuits well with *form* and *preſſure*, but ill with *body*.

[1] *preſſure,*] Reſemblance as in a *print.*

[2] *not to ſpeak it profanely,*] *Profanely* ſeems to relate, not to the praiſe which he has mentioned, but to the cenſure which he is about to utter. Any groſs or indelicate language was called *profane.*

Ham.

Ham. Oh, reform it altogether. And let thoſe, that play your Clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them: For there be of them that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the Play be then to be conſidered. That's villainous; and ſhews a moſt pitiful ambition in the fool that uſes it. Go make you ready.

[*Exeunt Players.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Polonius, Roſincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.

How now, my Lord; will the King hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haſte. [*Exit* Polonius. Will you two help to haſten them?

Both. We will, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Ham. What, ho, *Horatio!*

Enter Horatio *to* Hamlet.

Hor. Here, ſweet Lord, at your ſervice.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as juſt a Man,
As e'er my converſation cop'd withal.

Hor. Oh my dear Lord,———

Ham. Nay, do not think, I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue haſt, but thy good ſpirits,
To feed and cloath thee? Should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick abſurd Pomp,
And crook [3] the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Doſt thou hear?
Since [4] my dear ſoul was miſtreſs of her choice,

[3] —— *the pregnant hinges of the knee,*] I believe the ſenſe of *pregnant* in this place is, *quick, ready, prompt.*

[4] —*my dear ſoul*—] Perhaps, my *clear* ſoul.

And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
Hath ſeal'd thee for herſelf; for thou haſt been
As one, in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Haſt ta'en with equal thanks. And bleſt are thoſe,
[5] Whoſe blood and judgment are ſo well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe. Give me that man,
That is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core; ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a Play to-night before the King,
One Scene of it comes near the circumſtance,
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou ſeeſt that Act a-foot,
Ev'n with the very comment of thy ſoul
Obſerve mine uncle; if his occult guilt
Do not itſelf unkennel in one ſpeech,
It is a damned Ghoſt that we have ſeen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As [6] *Vulcan*'s Stithy. Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join,
In cenſure of his Seeming.

Hor. Well, my Lord.
If he ſteal aught, the whilſt this Play is playing,
And 'ſcape detecting, I will pay the theft.

[5] *Whoſe blood and judgment*—] According to the doctrine of the four humours, *deſire* and *confidence* were ſeated in the blood, and *judgment* in the phlegm, and the due mixture of the humours made a perfect character.

[6] —— Vulcan's *Stithy*.——] *Stithy* is a ſmith's *anvil*.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *and other Lords attendant, with a guard carrying torches.* Daniſh *March. Sound a flourish.*

Ham. They're coming to the Play; I muſt be idle. Get you a place.

King. How fares our couſin *Hamlet?*

Ham. Excellent, i' faith, of the camelion's diſh. I eat the air, promiſe-cramm'd. You cannot feed capons ſo.

King. I have nothing with this anſwer, *Hamlet*; theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, [7] nor mine now.——My Lord; you play'd once i' th' univerſity, you ſay? [*To* Polonius.

Pol. That I did, my Lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæſar*, I was killed i' th' Capitol. *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill ſo capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Roſ. Ay, my Lord, [8] they ſtay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ham. No good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho, do you mark that?

[7] *nor mine now.*] A man's words, ſays the proverb, are his own no longer than he keep them unſpoken.

[8] *they ſtay upon your patience.*] May it not be read more intelligible, *They ſtay upon your* pleaſure. In *Macbeth* it is,

Noble Macbeth, *we ſtay upon your leiſure.*

Ham.

Ham. Lady, ſhall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at* Ophelia's *feet.*

Oph. No, my Lord.

Ham. I mean, my Head upon your Lap?

Oph. Ay, my Lord,

Ham. [9] Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought, to lie between a maid's legs.

Oph. What is, my Lord!

Ham. Nothing,

Oph. You are merry, my Lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Oh! your only jig-maſter; what ſhould a man do, but be merry? For, look you, how chearfully my mother looks, and my father dy'd within theſe two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my Lord.

Ham. So long? [1] nay, then let the Devil wear black,

[9] *Do you think, I meant country-matters?*] I think we muſt read, *Do you think, I meant country* manners? Do you imagine that I meant to ſit in your lap, with ſuch rough gallantry as clowns uſe to their laſſes?

[1] *nay, then let the Devil wear black,* FOR *I'll have a ſuit of ſables.*] The conceit of theſe words is not taken. They are an ironical apology for his mother's chearful looks: Two months was long enough in conſcience to make any dead huſband forgotten. But the editors, in their nonſenſical blunder, have made *Hamlet* ſay juſt the contrary. That the Devil and he would both go into mourning, tho' his mother did not. The true reading is this, *Nay, then let the Devil wear black,* 'FORE *I'll have a ſuit of ſable.* *'Fore,* i. e. before. As much as to ſay, Let the Devil wear black for me, I'll have none. The *Oxford Editor* deſpiſes an emendation ſo eaſy, and reads it thus, *Nay, then let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a ſuit of* ERMINE. And you could expect no leſs, when ſuch a critic had the dreſſing of him. But the blunder was a pleaſant one. The ſenſeleſs editors had wrote *ſables,* the fur ſo called, for *ſable,* black.

black, for I'll have a ſuit of ſables. Oh heav'ns! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope, a Great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r-lady, he muſt build churches then; or elſe ſhall he [2] ſuffer not thinking on, with the hobby horſe; whoſe epitaph is, *For oh, for oh, the hobby-horſe is forgot.*

black. And the critick only changed this fur for that; by a like figure, the common people ſay, *You rejoice the cockles of my heart*, for *the muſcles of my heart*; an unlucky miſtake of one ſhell-fiſh for another. WARB.

I know not why our editors ſhould, with ſuch implacable anger, perſecute our predeceſſors. Οἱ νεκροὶ μὴ δάκνουσιν, the dead it is true can make no reſiſtance, they may be attacked with great ſecurity; but ſince they can neither feel nor mend, the ſafety of mauling them ſeems greater than the pleaſure; nor perhaps would it much miſbeſeem us to remember, amidſt our triumphs over the *nonſenſical* and the *ſenſeleſs*, that we likewiſe are men; that *debemur morti*, and as *Swift* obſerved to *Burnet*, ſhall ſoon be among the dead ourſelves.

I cannot find how the common reading is nonſenſe, nor why *Hamlet*, when he laid aſide his dreſs of mourning, in a country where it was *bitter cold*, and the air was *nipping and eager*, ſhould not have a *ſuit of ſables*. I ſuppoſe it is well enough known, that the fur of ſables is not black.

[2] *ſuffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horſe*;] Amongſt the country may-games, there was an hobby-horſe, which, when the puritanical humour of thoſe times oppoſed and diſcredited theſe games, was brought by the poets and balladmakers as an inſtance of the ridiculous zeal of the ſectaries: from theſe ballads *Hamlet* quotes a line or two. WARBURTON.

This may be true, but ſeems to be ſaid at hazard.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Hautboys play. The dumb ſhew enters.

[3] *Enter a Duke and Dutcheſs, with regal Coronets, very lovingly; the Dutcheſs embracing him, and he her. She kneels; and he takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; he lays him down upon a bank of flowers; ſhe ſeeing him aſleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow takes off his Crown, kiſſes it, and pours poiſon in the Duke's ears, and* Exit. *The Dutcheſs returns, finds the Duke dead, and makes paſſionate action. The poiſoner, with ſome two or three mutes, comes in again, ſeeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poiſoner wooes the Dutcheſs with gifts; ſhe ſeems loth and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love.* [Exeunt.

Oph. What mean this, my Lord?

Ham. [4] Marry, this is miching *Malicho*; it means miſchief.

Oph.

[3] *Enter a* King *and* Queen *very lovingly.*] Thus have the blundering and inadvertent editors all along given us this ſtage direction, tho' we are expreſly told by *Hamlet* anon, that the ſtory of this introduced interlude is the murder of *Gonzago* Duke of *Vienna*. The ſource of this miſtake is eaſily to be accounted for, from the ſtage's *dreſſing* the characters. *Regal* coronets being at firſt order'd by the poet for the *Duke* and *Dutcheſs*, the ſucceeding players, who did not ſtrictly obſerve the *quality* of the perſons or *circumſtances* of the ſtory, miſtook 'em for a King and Queen; and ſo the error was deduced down from thence to the preſent times. THEOBALD.

I have left this as I found it, becauſe the queſtion is of no importance. But both my copies have, *Enter a King and Queen very lovingly*, without any mention of *regal coronets*.

[4] *Marry, this is* miching MALICHO; *it means miſchief.*] The *Oxford Editor*, imagining that the ſpeaker had here engliſhed his own cant phraſe of *miching malicho*,

Oph. Belike, this ſhow imports the Argument of the Play?

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We ſhall know by this fellow; the Players cannot keep counſel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us, what this ſhow meant?

Ham. Ay, or any ſhow that you'll ſhew him. Be not you aſhamed to ſhew, he'll not ſhame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught. I'll mark the Play.

Prol. *For us, and for our tragedy,*
Here ſtooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poeſy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

malicho, tells us (by his gloſſary) that it ſignifies *miſchief lying hid*, and that *Malicho* is the *Spaniſh Malbeco*; whereas it ſignifies, *Lying in wait for the poiſoner*. Which, the ſpeaker tells us, was the very purpoſe of this repreſentation. It ſhould therefore be read MALHECHOR *Spaniſh*, the *poiſoner*. So *Mich* ſignified, originally, to keep hid and out of ſight; and, as ſuch men generally did it for the purpoſes of *lying in wait*, it then ſignified to rob. And in this ſenſe *Shakeſpear* uſes the noun, a *micher*, when ſpeaking of Prince *Henry* amongſt a gang of robbers. *Shall the bleſſed Sun of Heaven prove a micher? Shall the Son of* England *prove a* thief? And in this ſenſe it is uſed by *Chaucer*, in his tranſlation of *Le Roman de la roſe*, where he turns the word *larron*, (which is *larron, voleur,*) by *micher*. WARBURTON.

I think *Hanmer's* expoſition moſt likely to be right. Dr. *Warburton*, to juſtify his interpretation, muſt write, *niching* for *malechor*, and even then it will be harſh.

Enter

Enter Duke, and Dutcheſs, Players.

Duke. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus'* Carr gone round
Neptune's ſalt waſh, and *Tellus'* orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed [5] ſheen
About the world have time twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands,
Unite commutual, in moſt ſacred bands.

Dutch. So many journeys may the Sun and Moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.
But woe is me, you are ſo ſick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you; yet though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you, my Lord, it nothing muſt:
For women fear too much, [6] ev'n as they love.
And women's fear and love hold quantity;
'Tis either none, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
[7] And as my love is ſiz'd, my fear is ſo.
Where love is great, the ſmalleſt doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

Duke. 'Faith, I muſt leave thee, Love, and ſhortly too:
My operant powers their functions leave to do,

[5] — *ſheen*] Splendour, luſtre.

[6] — *ev'n as they love.*] Here ſeems to be a line loſt, which ſhould have rhymed to *love.*

[7] *And as my love is* fix'd, *my fear is ſo.*] Mr. *Pope* ſays, I read *fiz'd*; and indeed, I do ſo: becauſe, I obſerve, the *quarto* of 1605 reads, *ciz'd*; that of 1611 *ciz'ſt*; the *folio* in 1632, *fix*; and that in 1623. *fix'd*: and becauſe, beſides, the whole tenour of the context demands this reading: For the lady evidently is talking here of the quantity and proportion of her love and fear; not of their continuance, duration, or ſtability. *Cleopatra* expreſſes herſelf much in the ſame manner, with regard to her grief for the loſs of *Antony.*

——————*our* Size *of Sorrow,*
Proport'on'd *to our* Cauſe, *muſt be as* great
As that *which makes it.*
THEOBALD.

And

And thou ſhalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For huſband ſhalt thou———
Dutch. Oh, confound the reſt!
Such love muſt needs be treaſon in my breaſt:
In ſecond huſband let me be accurſt!
None wed the ſecond, but who kill the firſt.
Ham. Wormwood, wormwood!———
Dutch, [8] The inſtances, that ſecond marriage move,
Are baſe reſpects of thrift, but none of love.
A ſecond time I kill my huſband dead,
When ſecond huſband kiſſes me in bed.
Duke. I do believe, you think what now you ſpeak;
But what we do determine oft we break;
Purpoſe is but the ſlave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruits unripe, ſticks on the tree
But fall unſhaken, when they mellow be.
Moſt neceſſary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourſelves [9] what to ourſelves is debt:
What to ourſelves in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending doth the purpoſe loſe.
[1] The violence of either grief or joy,
Their own enactures with themſelves deſtroy.
Where joy moſt revels, grief doth moſt lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on ſlender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not ſtrange,
That ev'n our loves ſhould with our fortune's change.
For 'tis a queſtion left us yet to prove,
Whether love leads fortune, or elſe fortune love.

[8] *The inſtances.*] The *motives.*

[9] *——what to ourſelves is debt:*] The performance of a reſolution in which only the *reſolver* is intereſted, is a debt only to himſelf, which he may therefore remit at pleaſure.

[1] *The violence of either grief or joy. Their own enactures with themſelves deſtroy.*] What grief or joy *enact* or determine in their violence, is revoked in their abatement. *Enactures* is the word in the quarto; all the modern editions have *enactors.*

The

The great man down, you mark, his fav'rite flies;
The poor advanc'd, makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who, not needs, ſhall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do ſo contrary run,
That our devices ſtill are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
So think, thou wilt no ſecond huſband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy firſt Lord is dead.

Dutch. Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light
Sport and repoſe lock from me, day and night!
To deſperation turn my truſt and hope!
[a] *An Anchor's cheer in priſon be my ſcope!*
Each oppoſite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet that I would have well, and it deſtroy!
Both here, and hence, purſue me laſting ſtrife!
If, once a widow, ever I be wife.

Ham. If ſhe ſhould break it now——

Duke. 'Tis deeply ſworn; Sweet, leave me here a while;
My ſpirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleep. [*Sleeps.*

Dutch. Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come miſchance between us twain! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play?

Queen. The lady proteſts too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh, but ſhe'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument, is there no offence in't?

[a] *An Anchor's cheer in priſon be my ſcope!*] May my whole liberty and enjoyment be to live on hermit's fare in a priſon. *Anchor* is for *anchorete.*

Ham.

Ham. No, no, they do but jeſt, poiſon in jeſt. No offence i' th' world.

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The *Mouſe-Trap.* Marry, how? tropically. This Play is the image of a murder done in *Vienna*; *Gonzaga* is the Duke's name, his wife's [3] *Baptiſta*; you ſhall ſee anon, 'tis a knaviſh piece of Work; but what o' that? your Majeſty, and we that have free ſouls, it touches us not. Let the gall'd jade winch, our withers are unrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to the Duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, If I could ſee the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my Lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would coſt you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better and worſe.

Ham. [4] So you miſtake your huſbands.
Begin, murderer.——Leave thy damnable faces, and begin.
Come. The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing,
Confederate ſeaſon, elſe no creature ſeeing,
Thou mixture rank, of mid-night weeds collected,
With *Hecat*'s ban thrice blaſted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magick, and dire property,
On wholſome life uſurp immediately.
[*Pours the poiſon into his ears.*

Ham. He poiſons him i'th' garden for's eſtate. His

[3] *Baptiſta* is, I think, in *Italian*, the name always of a man.

[4] *So you miſtake your huſbands.*] Read, *So you muſt take your huſbands*; that is, *for better for worſe.*

name's *Gonzaga*; the ſtory is extant, and writ in choice *Italian*. You ſhall ſee anon how the murderer gets the love of *Gonzaga*'s wife.

Oph. The King riſes.

Ham. What, frighted with falſe fire!

Queen. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give o'er the Play.

King. Give me ſome light. Away!

All. Lights, lights, lights! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Manent Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. Why, let the ſtrucken deer go weep,
The heart ungalled play?
For ſome muſt watch, whilſt ſome muſt ſleep;
So runs the world away.
Would not this, Sir, and a foreſt of Feathers, if the reſt of my fortunes turn *Turk* with me, [5] with two provincial roſes on my rayed ſhoes, get me a fellowſhip in [6] a cry of Players, Sir?

Hor. Half a ſhare.

Ham. A whole one, I.

" For thou doſt know, oh *Damon* dear,
" This realm diſmantled was
" Of *Jove* himſelf, and now reigns here
" [7] A very, very,——Peacock.

Hor.

[5] *with two provincial roſes on my rayed ſhoes,*] When ſhoeſtrings were worn, they were covered, where they met in the middle, by a ribband, gathered into the form of a roſe. So in an old ſong,

Gil-de-Roy *was a bonny boy,*
Had roſes *tull his* ſhoon.

Rayed ſhoes, are ſhoes *braided* in lines.

[6] *a* cry *of Players,*] Alluſion to a pack of hounds. WARB.

[7] *A very, very Peacock.*] This alludes to a fable of the birds chooſing a King, inſtead of the eagle a peacock. POPE.

The old copies have it *Paicock,*

Hor. You might have rhym'd.

Ham. Oh, good *Horatio*, I'll take the Ghoſt's word for a thouſand pounds. Didſt perceive?

Hor. Very well, my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poiſoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Oh, ha! come, ſome muſick. Come, the recorders.

For if the King like not the comedy;
Why, then, belike,——He likes it not, perdy.

Enter Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Come, ſome muſick.

Guil. Good my Lord, vouchſafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole hiſtory.

tck, Paicocke, and *Pajocke*. I ubſtitute *Paddock* as neareſt to he traces of the corrupted read- ng. I have, as Mr. *Pope* ſays, een willing to ſubſtitute any hing in the place of his *Pea- ock*. He thinks a fable alluded o, of the birds chuſing a King; nſtead of the *eagle*, a *peacock*. I uppoſe, he muſt mean the fable f *Barlandus*, in which it is ſaid, he birds being weary of their tate of anarchy, moved for the etting up of a King: and the *Peacock* was elected on account of is gay feathers. But, with ſub- miſſion, in this paſſage of our *hakeſpeare*, there is not the leaſt nention made of the *eagle* in an- ithefis to the *peacock*; and it nuſt be by a very uncommon gure, that *Jove* himſelf ſtands n the place of his *bird*. I think, *Hamlet* is ſetting his father's and uncle's characters in contraſt to each other: and means to ſay, that by his father's death the ſtate was ſtripp'd of a godlike monarch, and that now in his ſtead reign'd the moſt deſpicable poiſonous animal that could be: a meer *paddock*, or *toad*, *PAD*, *buſo, rubeta major*; a toad. This word, I take to be of *Hamlet's* own ſubſtituting. The verſes, repeated, ſeem to be from ſome old ballad; in which, rhyme being neceſſary, I doubt not but the laſt verſe ran thus;

A very, very,——Aſs.

THEOBALD.

[8] *Why, then, belike.*] *Hamlet* was going on to draw the conſequence when the courtiers entered.

Guil. The King, Sir——

Ham. Ay, Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous diſtemper'd—

Ham. [9] With drink, Sir?

Guil. No, my Lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wiſdom ſhould ſhew itſelf more rich, to ſignify this to his Doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my Lord, put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, and ſtart not ſo wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, Sir.——Pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your mother, in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my Lord, this Courteſy is not of the right Breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholeſome anſwer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return ſhall be the end of my buſineſs.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholeſome anſwer: my wit's diſeas'd. But, Sir, ſuch anſwer as I can make, you ſhall command; or rather, as you ſay, my mother. Therefore no more but to the matter. My mother, you ſay——

Roſ. Then thus ſhe ſays. Your behaviour hath ſtruck her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderful ſon, that can ſo aſtoniſh a mother! But is there no ſequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

Roſ. She deſires to ſpeak with you in her cloſet, ere you go to bed.

[9] *With drink, Sir?*] *Hamlet* unk'e's love of drink ſhall not be forgotten. takes particular care that his

Ham.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our mother. Have you any [1] further trade with us?

Roſ. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do ſtill, [2] by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſ. Good my Lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper? You do, ſurely, bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Roſ. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himſelf, for your ſucceſſion in *Denmark*?

Ham. Ay, but *while the graſs grows*—the Proverb is ſomething muſty.

Enter one, with a Recorder.

Oh, the Recorders; let me ſee one. To withdraw with you—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toile?

Guil. [3] Oh my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well underſtand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beſeech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as eaſy as lying. Govern theſe [4] ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſick. Look you, theſe are the ſtops.

[1] *further trade*] Further buſineſs; further dealing.

[2] *by theſe pickers*, &c.] By theſe hands.

[3] *Oh my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.*] *i. e.* if my duty to the King makes me preſs you a little, my love to *you* makes me ſtill more importunate. If that makes me *bold*, this makes me even *unmannerly*. WARBURTON.

[4] *ventages*] The holes of a flute.

Guil. But theſe cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the ſkill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you would make of me; you would play upon me, you would ſeem to know my ſtops; you would pluck out the heart of my myſtery; you would ſound me from my loweſt note, to the top of my compaſs; and there is much muſick, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it ſpeak. Why, do you think, that I am eaſier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.——God bleſs you, Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee yonder cloud, that's almoſt in ſhape of a *Camel?*

Pol. By the maſs, and it's like a *Camel*, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like an *Ouzle.*

Pol. It is black like an *Ouzle.*

Ham. Or, like a *Whale?*

Pol. Very like a *Whale.*

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by—[5] they fool me to the top of my bent.——I will come by and by.

Pol. I will ſay ſo.

Ham. By and by is eaſily ſaid. Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell itſelf breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,

[5] *They fool me to the top of my bent.*] They compel me to play the fool, till I can endure to do it no longer.

And

[6] And do ſuch bitter buſineſs as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother—
O heart, loſe not thy nature; let not ever
The Soul of *Nero* enter this firm boſom;
Let me be cruel, but not unnatural;
I will ſpeak daggers to her, but uſe none.
My tongue and ſoul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words ſoever ſhe be ſhent,
[7] To give them ſeals never my ſoul conſent!

SCENE VIII.

Enter King, Roſincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with us
To let his madneſs range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your Commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to *England* ſhall along with you.
The terms of our eſtate may not endure
Hazard ſo near us, as doth hourly grow

[6] *And do ſuch* BITTER *buſineſs as the day*
Would quake to look on—] The expreſſion is almoſt burleſque. The old quarto reads,
And do ſuch buſineſs as the BITTER *day*
Would quake to look on.———
This is a little corrupt indeed, but much nearer *Shakeſpear*'s words, who wrote,
———BETTER *day*,
which gives the ſentiment great force and dignity. At this very time (ſays he) hell breathes out contagion to the world, whereby *night* becomes polluted and execrable; the horror therefore of this ſeaſon fits me for a deed, which the *pure* and *ſacred day* would quake to look on. This is ſaid with great claſſical propriety. According to ancient ſuperſtition, *night* was prophane and execrable; and *day*, pure and holy. WARBURTON.

[7] *To give them ſeals*—] *i. e.* put them in execution. WARB.

[8] Out of his Lunacies.

Guil. We will provide ourſelves;
Moſt holy and religious fear it is
To keep thoſe many, many Bodies, ſafe,
That live and feed upon your Majeſty.

Roſ. The ſingle and peculiar life is bound,
With all the ſtrength and armour of the mind,
To keep itſelf from noyance; but much more,
[9] That ſpirit, on whoſe weal depends and reſts
The lives of many. The ceaſe of Majeſty
Dies not alone, but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it. It's a maſſy wheel
Fixt on the ſummit of the higheſt mount,
To whoſe huge ſpokes ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, petty conſequence,
Attends the boiſt'rous ruin. Ne'er alone
Did the King ſigh; but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this ſpeedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haſte us. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his mother's cloſet;
Behind the arras I'll convey myſelf

[8] *Out of his* Lunacies.] The old *quarto's* read,

Out of his Brows,

This was from the ignorance of the firſt editors; as is this unneceſſary *Alexandrine*, which we owe to the players. The poet, I am perſuaded, wrote,

——————*as doth hourly grow*
Out of his Lunes.

i. e. his *madneſs, frenzy.* THEOB.

I take *Brows* to be, properly read, *Frows*, which, I think, is a provincial word, for *perverſe humours*; which being, I ſuppoſe, not underſtood, was changed to *Lunacies*. But of this I am not confident.

[9] *That ſpirit, on whoſe weal*—] So the quarto. The folio gives,

On whoſe *ſpirit*.

To hear the proceſs. I'll warrant, ſhe'll tax him home.
And, as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meet, that ſome more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, ſhould o'er-hear
The ſpeech, [1] of vantage. Fare you well, my Liege;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know. [*Exit.*

King. Thanks, dear my Lord.
Oh! my offence is rank, it ſmells to heav'n,
It hath the primal, eldeſt, curſe upon't;
A brother's murder. Pray I cannot,
[2] Though inclination be as ſharp as 't will;
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent:
And, like a man to double buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect. What if this curſed hand
Were thicker than itſelf with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the ſweet heav'ns
To waſh it white as ſnow? Whereto ſerves Mercy,
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-ſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is paſt. But oh, what form of prayer
Can ſerve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
Of thoſe effects for which I did the murder,
My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen.

[1] *Of vantage.*] By ſome opportunity of ſecret obſervation.

[2] *Though inclination be as ſharp as* WILL;] This is rank nonſenſe. We ſhould read,

Tho' inclination be as ſharp as TH' ILL;

i. e. tho' my inclination makes me as reſtleſs and uneaſy as my crime does. The line immediately following ſhews this to be the true reading,

My ſtronger guilt *defeats my ſtrong* intent. WARB.

I have followed the eaſier emendation of *Theobald*, received by *Hanmer*.

May

3 May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice;
And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize itſelf
Buys out the law; but 'tis not ſo above:
There, is no ſhuffling; there, the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourſelves compell'd,
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what reſts?
Try, what repentance can. What can it not?
4 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?

Oh

3 *May one be pardon'd, and retain th'* OFFENCE;] This is a ſtrange queſtion; and much the ſame as to aſk whether his offence could be *remitted* while it was *retain'd*. *Shakeſpear* here repeated a word with propriety and elegance which he employed two lines above,

May one be pardon'd, and retain th' EFFECTS?

i. e. of his murder, and this was a reaſonable queſtion. He uſes the word *offence*, properly, in the next line but one, and from thence, I ſuppoſe, came the blunder. WARBURTON.

I ſee no difficulty in the preſent reading. He that does not amend what can be amended, *retains* his *offence*. The King kept the crown from the right heir.

4 *Yet what can it, when one* CANNOT *repent?*] This nonſenſe even exceeds the laſt. *Shakeſpear* wrote,

Yet what can it, when one CAN BUT *repent?*

i. e. what can repentance do without reſtitution? a natural and reaſonable thought; and which the tranſcribers might have ſeen was the reſult of his preceding reflections.

—Forgive me my foul murther!
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
Of thoſe effects, for which I did the murther,
My Crown, my own Ambition, and my Queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' effects?

beſides, the poet could never have made his ſpeaker ſay, *he could not repent*, when this whole ſpeech is one thorough act of the diſcipline of contrition. And what was wanting was the matter of reſtitution: this, the ſpeaker could not reſolve upon; which makes him break out,

Oh limed ſoul, that, ſtruggling to get free,
Art more engaged!——

For it is natural, while the reſtitution of what one highly values is projected, that the fondneſs for it ſhould ſtrike the imagination with double force. Becauſe the

map,

Oh wretched ſtate! oh boſom, black as death!
Oh limed ſoul, that, ſtruggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! make aſſay!
Bow, ſtubborn knees; and, heart, with ſtrings of ſteel,
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*The King retires and kneels.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now I'll do't. And ſo he goes to heav'n.
And ſo am I reveng'd? that would be ſcann'd.
A villain kills my father, and for that
I, his ſole ſon, do this ſame villain ſend

To

man, in that ſituation, figures to himſelf his condition when deprived of thoſe advantages, which having an unpleaſing view, he holds what he is poſſeſſed of more cloſely than ever. Hence, the laſt quoted exclamation receives all its force and beauty, which on any other interpretation is mean and ſenſeleſs. But the *Oxford Editor*, without troubling himſelf with any thing of this, reads,

Try what repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can aught, *when one cannot repent?*

Which comes to the ſame nonſenſe of the common reading, only a little more round about. For when I am bid to try *one thing*, and I am told that *nothing* will do; is not that one thing included in the negative? But, if ſo, it comes at laſt to this, that *even repentance will not do when one cannot repent.*

WARBURTON.

The ſenſe of the received reading is, I think, ſo plain, that I am afraid leſt it ſhould be obſcured by any attempt at illuſtration. *What can* repentance *do for a man that can not be* penitent, for a man who has only part of penitence, diſtreſs of conſcience, without the other part, reſolution of amendment.

5 *I, his* ſole *ſon, do this ſame villain ſend*] The folio reads *ſoule* ſon. This will lead us to the true reading, which is,

To heav'n. O, this is hire and ſalary, not revenge.
He took my father groſly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as *May*;
And how his audit ſtands, who knows, ſave heav'n?
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his ſoul,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage?
[6] Up, ſword, and know thou a more horrid Hent;
When he is drunk-aſleep, or in his rage,
Or in th' inceſtuous pleaſure of his bed,
At gaming, ſwearing, or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of ſalvation in't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heav'n;
And that his ſoul may be as damn'd and black
[7] As hell, whereto it goes. My mother ſtays;
This phyſick but prolongs thy ſickly days. [*Exit.*

is, *fal'n ſon*, *i. e.* diſinherited. This was an aggravation of the injury; that he had not only murder'd the father, but ruin'd the ſon. WARBURTON.

The folio gives a reading apparently corrupted from the quarto. The meaning is plain. *I*, *his* only *ſon*, who am bound to puniſh his murder.

6 In the common editions, *Up, ſword, and know thou a more horrid* time.] This is a ſophiſticated reading, warranted by none of the copies of any authority. Mr. *Pope* ſays, I read conjecturally;

——*a more horrid* Bent.

I do ſo; and why? the two oldeſt *quarto*'s, as well as the two elder *folio*'s, read; ——*a more horrid* Hent. But as there is no ſuch *Engliſh* ſubſtantive, it ſeems very natural to conclude, that with the change of a ſingle letter, our author's genuine word was, *Bent*; i. e. *drift*, *ſcope*, *inclination*, *purpoſe*, &c. THEOBALD.

This reading is followed by Sir *T. Hanmer* and Dr. *Warburton*; but *Hent* is probably the right word. To *bent* is uſed by *Shakſpeare* for, to *ſeize*, to *catch*, to *lay hold on*. *Hent* is therefore, *hold*, or *ſeizure*. *Lay hold on* him, ſword, at a more horrid time.

7 *As hell, whereto it goes.*—] This ſpeech, in which *Hamlet*, repreſented as a virtuous character, is not content with taking blood for blood, but contrives damnation for the man that he would puniſh, is too horrible to be read or to be uttered.

The

The King riſes, and comes forward.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Changes to the Queen's Apartment.

Enter Queen *and* Polonius.

Pol. HE will come ſtraight; look, you lay home to him;
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your Grace hath ſcreen'd, and ſtood between
Much heat and him. [a] I'll ſilence me e'en here;
Pray you, be round with him.
Ham. [*within.*] Mother, Mother, Mother.——
Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.
[Polonius *hides himſelf behind the Arras.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou haſt thy father much offended.

[a] ——*I'll ſilence me e'en here; Pray you, be round with him.*] Sir *T. Hanmer*, who is followed by Dr. *Warburton*, reads,
——*I'll* ſconce *me here.*
Retire to a place of *ſecurity*. They forget that the contrivance of *Polonius* to overhear the conference, was no more told to the Queen than to *Hamlet.*—*I'll ſilence me e'en here*, is, *I'll uſe no more words.*

Ham.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, *Hamlet?*
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not ſo:
You are the Queen, your huſband's brother's wife,
But, 'would you were not ſo!—You are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeak.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you down; you ſhall not budge.
You go not, 'till I ſet you up a glaſs
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, ho. [*Behind the Arras.*
Pol. What ho, help.
Ham. How now, a rat? Dead for a ducat, dead.
[Hamlet *kills* Polonius.
Pol. Oh, I am ſlain.
Queen. Oh me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the King?
Queen. Oh, what a raſh and blood deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed; almoſt as bad, good mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a King?
Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding fool, farewel,
[*To* Polonius.
I took thee for thy Betters; take thy fortune;
Thou find'ſt, to be too buſy, is ſome danger.
Leave wringing of your hands; peace; ſit you down,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall,
If it be made of penetrable ſtuff:

If

If damned cuſtom have not braz'd it ſo,
That it is proof and bulwark againſt ſenſe.
Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and bluſh of modeſty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; [9] takes off the roſe
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And ſets a bliſter there; makes marriage vows
As falſe as dicers' oaths. Oh, ſuch a deed,
As [1] from the body of Contraction plucks
The very ſoul, and ſweet Religion makes
A rhapſody of words. [2] Heav'n's face doth glow;
Yea, this ſolidity and compound maſs,
With triſtful viſage, as againſt the doom,
Is thought-ſick at the act.

Queen.

[9] —*takes off the* roſe] Alluding to the cuſtom of wearing roſes on the ſide of the face. See a note on a paſſage in *King John*. WARBURTON.

[1] —*from the body of* Contrac-tion——] *Contraction*, for marriage-contract. WARB.

[2] —*Heav'n's face doth glow*;
Yea this ſolidity and compound maſs,
With triſtful viſage, as againſt the doom,
Is thought-ſick at the act.] If any ſenſe can be found here, it is this. The Sun glows [and does it not always] and the very ſolid maſs of earth has a triſtful viſage, and is thought-ſick. All this is ſad ſtuff. The old quarto reads much nearer to the poet's ſenſe.

Heav'n's face *does glow*;——
O'ER *this ſolidity and compound maſs,*
With heated viſage, as againſt the doom
Is thought ſick at the act.

From whence it appears that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

Heav'n's face doth glow
O'ER *this ſolidity and compound maſs*
With triſtful viſage; AND, *as 'gainſt the doom.*
Is thought-ſick at the act.

This makes a fine ſenſe, and to this effect, The ſun looks upon our globe, the ſcene of this murder, with an angry and mournful countenance, half hid in eclipſe, as at the day of doom. WARB.

The word *heated*, though it agrees well enough with *glow*,

Queen. [3] Ah me! what act,
That roars ſo loud, and thunders in the index?
Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers:
See, what a grace was ſeated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of *Jove* himſelf;
An eye, like *Mars*, to threaten or command;
A ſtation, like the herald *Mercury*
New-lighted on a heaven-kiſſing hill;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every God did ſeem to ſet his ſeal,
To give the world aſſurance of a man.
This *was* your huſband,——Look you now, what follows;
Here *is* your huſband, like a mildew'd ear,
Blaſting his wholeſome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it Love; for, at your age,

is, I think, not ſo ſtriking as *triſtful*, which was, I ſuppoſe, choſen at the reviſal. I believe the whole paſſage now ſtands as the authour gave it. Dr. *Warburton*'s reading reſtores two improprieties, which *Shakeſpeare*, by his alteration, had removed. In the firſt, and in the new reading: *Heav'n's* face *glows with triſtful* viſage, and, *Heav'n's face is* thought-ſick. To the common reading there is no juſt objection.

[3] Queen. *Ay me! what act,*
That roars ſo loud, and thunders in the index?] This is a ſtrange anſwer. But the old quarto brings us nearer to the poet's ſenſe, by dividing the lines thus;

Queen. *Ah me, what act?*
Ham. *That roars ſo loud, and thunders in the Index.*

Here we find the Queen's anſwer very natural. He had ſaid the Sun was *thought-ſick at the act*, She ſays,

Ah me? what act?

He replies, (as we ſhould read it)

That roars ſo loud, IT *thunders* TO *the* INDIES.

He had before ſaid Heav'n was ſhocked at it; he now tells her, it reſounded all the world over. This gives us a very good ſenſe where all ſenſe was wanting.

WARBURTON.

The meaning is, *What is* this act, of which the *diſcovery*, or *mention*, cannot be made, but with this violence of clamour?

The

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would ſtep from this to this. [4] *Senſe, ſure, you have,*
Elſe could you not have notion; but, ſure, that ſenſe
Is apoplex'd, for madneſs would not err;
Nor ſenſe to ecſtaſy was ne'er ſo thrall'd,
But it reſerv'd ſome quantity of choice
To ſerve in ſuch a diff'rence.——What devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you a hoodman blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without ſight,
Ears without hands or eyes, ſmelling *ſans* all,
Or but a ſickly part of one true ſenſe
Could not ſo mope.
O ſhame! where is thy bluſh? rebellious hell,

If

[4] In former editions,

—— *Senſe, ſure, you have,*
Elſe could you not have MOTION:——] But from what philoſophy our editors learnt this, I cannot tell. Since *motion* depends ſo little upon *ſenſe*, that the greateſt part of *motion* in the univerſe, is amongſt bodies devoid of *ſenſe*. We ſhould read

Elſe could you not have NOTION,

i. e. intellect, reaſon, *&c.* This alludes to the famous peripatetic principle of *Nil fit in* INTELLECTU, *quod non fuerit in* SENSU. And how fond our author was of applying, and alluding to, the principles of this philoſophy, we have given ſeveral inſtances. The principle in particular has been ſince taken for the foundation of one of the nobleſt works that theſe latter ages have produced. WARBURTON.

[5] ——*rebellious hell,*
If thou canſt mutiny in a matron's bones, &c.] Alluding to what he had told her before that her enormous conduct ſhewed a kind of poſſeſſion.

——*What* Devil *was't,*
That thus hath, &c.——

And again afterwards,

For uſe can almoſt change the ſtamp of Nature,
And maſter ev'n the Devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency——

But the *Oxford Editor*, not apprehending the meaning, alters it to

—— *rebellious* heat,
If thou canſt, &c.

And ſo makes nonſenſe of it. For muſt not *rebellious luſt* mutiny wherever it is quartered? That it ſhould get there might ſeem ſtrange, but that it ſhould do its kind when it was there ſeems to be natural enough. WARBURTON.

I think the preſent reading right, but cannot admit that *Ham-*

If thou canſt mutiny in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no ſhame,
When the compulſive ardour gives the charge;
Since froſt itſelf as actively doth burn,
And [6] Reaſon panders Will.

Queen. O *Hamlet*, ſpeak no more,
Thou turn'ſt mine eyes into my very ſoul,
And there I ſee ſuch black and [7] grained ſpots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank ſweat of an [8] inceſtuous bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
Over the naſty ſty!

Queen. Oh, ſpeak no more;
Theſe words like daggers enter in mine ears.
No more, ſweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain!——
A ſlave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A [9] Vice of Kings?——
A cutpurſe of the Empire and the Rule,
[1] That from a ſhelf the precious Diadem ſtole
And put it in his pocket.

Queen. No more.

mer's emendation produces nonſenſe. May not what is ſaid of *heat*, be ſaid of *hell*, that it will mutiny wherever it is quartered?

[6] —*Reaſons panders Will.*] So the folio, I think rightly; but the reading of the quarto is defenſible;

— *Reaſon* pardons *Will.*

[7] —*grained*—] Died in grain.

[8] —inceſtuous *bed.*] The folio has *enseamed*, that is, *greaſy* bed.

[9] ——*Vice of Kings*;] A low mimick of Kings. The Vice is the fool of a farce; from whom the modern *Punch* is deſcended.

[1] *That from a ſhelf*, &c.] This is ſaid not unmeaningly, but to ſhew, that the uſurper came not to the crown by any glorious villany that carried danger with it, but by the low cowardly theft of a common pilferer. WARB.

Enter

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. [2] A King of ſhreds and patches——
Save me! and hover o'er me with your wings,
[*Starting up.*
You heav'nly guards! What would your gracious figure?
Queen. Alas, he's mad——
Ham. Do you not come your tardy ſon to chide,
That's, [3] laps'd in time and paſſion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O ſay!
Ghoſt. Do not forget. This viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But, look! amazement on thy mother ſits;
O ſtep between her and her fighting ſoul:
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt works.
Speak to her, *Hamlet.*
Ham. How is it with you, Lady?
Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold diſcourſe?
Forth at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peep,
And as the ſleeping ſoldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hairs, [4] like life in excrements,
Start up, and ſtand on end. O gentle ſon,
Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

[2] *A King of ſhred and patches.*] This is ſaid, purſuing the idea of the *Vice of Kings.* The *Vice* was dreſſed as a fool, in a coat of party-coloured patches.

[3] ——*laps'd in time and paſſion,*——] That having ſuffered *time* to *ſlip*, and *paſſion* to *cool, lets go*, &c.

[4] ——*like life in* excrements,] The hairs are excrementitious, that is, without life or ſenſation: yet thoſe very hairs, as if they had life, ſtart up, &c. POPE.

Ham. On him! on him!——Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Leſt with this piteous action you convert
My ſtern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you ſpeak this?

Ham. Do you ſee nothing there?

[*Pointing to the Ghoſt.*

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I ſee.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourſelves.

Ham. Why, look you there! Look, how it ſteals away!
My father in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes ev'n now, out at the portal.

[*Exit Ghoſt.*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodileſs creation Ecſtaſy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. What Ecſtaſy?
My pulſe, as yours, doth temp'rately keep time,
And makes as healthful muſick. 'Tis not madneſs
That I have utter'd; bring me to the teſt,
And I the matter will re-word; which madneſs
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your ſoul,
That not your treſpaſs, but my madneſs, ſpeaks:
It will but ſkin and film the ulcerous place;
Whilſt rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unſeen. Confeſs yourſelf to heav'n;
Repent what's paſt, avoid what is to come;
And [s] do not ſpread the compoſt on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;

[s] —*do not ſpread the compoſt*, &c.] Do not, by any new indulgence, heighten your former offences.

For, in the fatneſs of theſe purſy times,
Virtue itſelf of vice muſt pardon beg,
Yea, [6] curb and wooe, for leave to do it good.

Queen. Oh *Hamlet!* thou haſt cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worſer part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed,
Aſſume a virtue, if you have it not.
[7] *That monſter cuſtom, who all ſenſe doth eat*
Of habits, Devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the uſe of actions fair and good
He likewiſe gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night;
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſs
To the next abſtinence; *the next, more eaſy;*
For uſe can almoſt change the ſtamp of Nature,
And maſter ev'n the Devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
I'll Bleſſing beg of you.—For this ſame Lord,
[*Pointing to* Polonius.
I do repent: but heav'ns have pleas'd it ſo,
[8] To puniſh this with me, and me with this
That I muſt be their ſcourge and miniſter.

[6] —*curb*—] That is, *bend* and *truckle.*

[7] *That monſter cuſtom, who all ſenſe doth eat*
Of Habit's Devil, *is angel yet in this:*] This paſſage is left out in the two elder *folio*'s: It is certainly corrupt, and the players did the diſcreet part to ſtifle what they did not underſtand. *Habit's Devil* certainly aroſe from ſome conceited tamperer with the text, who thought it was neceſſary, in contraſt to *Angel.* The emendation of the text I owe to the ſagacity of Dr. *Thirlby.*

That monſter cuſtom, who all
ſenſe doth eat,
Of habits evil, *is angel,* &c.
THEOBALD.

I think *Thirlby*'s conjecture wrong, though the ſucceeding editors have followed it; *Angel* and *Devil* are evidently oppoſed.

[8] *To puniſh this with me,* &c.] This is *Hanmer*'s reading; the other editions have it,

To puniſh me with this, and this with me.

I will beſtow him, and will anſwer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night!
I muſt be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worſe remains behind.
Queen. What ſhall I do?
Ham. Not this by no means, that I bid you do.
[9] Let the bloat King tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouſe;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kiſſes,
Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſs,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know,
For who that's but a Queen, fair, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide? Who would do ſo?
No, in deſpight of ſenſe and ſecreſy,
Unpeg the baſket on the houſe's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try concluſions, in the baſket creep;
And break your own neck down.
Queen. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou haſt ſaid to me.
Ham. I muſt to *England*, you know that?
Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis ſo concluded on.
Ham. [1] *There's Letters ſealed, and my two ſchool-fellows,*
Whom I will truſt, as I will [2] *adders fang'd;*

9 *Let the ſond King*—] The old quarto reads,
Let the bloat King——
i. e. bloated, which is better, as more expreſſive of the ſpeaker's contempt. WARBURTON.

1 *There's Letter ſeal'd*, &c.] The ten following verſes are added out of the old edition. POPE.

2 ——*adders fang'd*;] That is, Adders with their *fangs*, or *poiſonous teeth*, undrawn. It has been the practice of mountebanks to boaſt the efficacy of their antidotes by playing with vipers, but they firſt diſabled their fangs.

They

They bear the mandate; they muſt ſweep my way,
And marſhal me to knavery. Let it work.
For 'tis the ſport, to have the engineer
Hoiſt with his own petard; and 't ſhall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis moſt ſweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet!
This man ſhall ſet me packing.
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this Counſellor
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt grave,
Who was in life a fooliſh prating knave
Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good-night, mother.

[*Exit* Hamlet, *tugging in* Polonius.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter King and Queen, with Roſincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.

KING.

THERE's matter in theſe ſighs; theſe profound heaves
You muſt tranſlate; 'tis fit, we underſtand them.
Where is your ſon?

* This play is printed in the old editions without any ſeparation of the Acts. The diviſion is modern and arbitrary; and is here not very happy, for the pauſe is made at a time when there is more continuity of action than in almoſt any other of the Scenes.

Queen. Beſtow this place on us a little while.
[*To* Roſ. *and* Guild. *who go out.*
Ah, my good Lord, what have I ſeen to-night?
King. What, *Gertrude?* How does *Hamlet?*
Queen. Mad as the ſeas, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier. In his lawleſs fit,
Behind the arras hearing ſomething ſtir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, *a rat!*
And, in this brainiſh apprehenſion, kills
The unſeen good old man.
King. O heavy deed!
It had been ſo with us had we been there.
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourſelf, to us, to every one.
Alas! how ſhall this bloody deed be anſwer'd?
It will be laid to us, whoſe providence
Should have kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and [3] out of haunt,
This mad young man. But ſo much was our love,
We would not underſtand what was moſt fit;
But, like the owner of a foul diſeaſe,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Ev'n on the pith of life. Where is he gone?
Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very madneſs, [4] like ſome ore
Among a mineral of metals baſe,
Shews itſelf pure. He weeps for what is done.
King. O *Gertrude*, come away.
The ſun no ſooner ſhall the mountains touch,
But we will ſhip him hence; and this vile deed
We muſt, with all our Majeſty and Skill,
Both countenance and excuſe. Ho! *Guildenſtern!*

[3] —*out of haunt,*] I would rather read, *out of* harm.

[4] —*like ſome ore*] *Shakeſpeare* ſeems to think *ore* to be *Or*, that is, gold. Baſe metals have *ore* no leſs than precious.

Enter

Enter Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Friends both, go join you with ſome further aid;
Hamlet in madneſs hath *Polonius* ſlain,
And from his mother's cloſet hath he drag'd him.
Go ſeek him out, ſpeak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. Pray you, haſt in this.
[*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guild.
Come, *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wiſeſt friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. *For, haply, Slander,*
[5] *Whoſe whiſper o'er the world's diameter,*
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Tranſports its poiſon'd ſhot; may miſs our Name,

[5] Whoſe whiſper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Tranſports its poiſon'd ſhot, may miſs our name,
And hit the woundleſs air.—
O, come away!] Mr. *Pope* takes notice, that *I replace ſome verſes that were imperfect, (and, tho' of a* modern *date, ſeem to be genuine;) by inſerting two words.* But to ſee, what an accurate and faithful collator he is; I produced theſe verſes in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtored*, from a *quarto* edition of *Hamlet*, printed in 1637, and happened to ſay, that they had not the authority of any earlier date in print, that I knew of, than that *quarto*. Upon the ſtrength of this Mr. *Pope* comes and calls the lines modern, tho' they were in the *quartos* of 1605 and 1611, which I had not then ſeen, but both of which Mr. *Pope* pretends to have collated. The verſes carry the very ſtamp of *Shakeſpeare* upon them. The coin, indeed, has been clipt from our firſt receiving it; but it is not ſo diminiſhed, but that with a ſmall aſſiſtance we may hope to make it paſs current. I am far from affirming, that, by inſerting the words, *For, haply, Slander*, I have given the poet's very words; but the ſupplement is ſuch as the ſentiment naturally ſeems to demand. The poet has the ſame thought, concerning the diffuſive pow'rs of *ſlander*, in another of his plays.

No, 'tis ſlander;
Whoſe edge is ſharper that the ſword, whoſe tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, *whoſe breath*
Rides on the poſting winds, and doth bely
All corners of the world.
Cymbeline.
THEOBALD.

And

And hit the woundleſs air.—O, come away;
My ſoul is full of diſcord and diſmay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely ſtowed.———
Gentlemen within. Hamlet! Lord *Hamlet!*
Ham. What noiſe? who calls on *Hamlet?*
Oh, here they come.

Enter Roſincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.

Roſ. What have you done, my Lord, with the dead body?
Ham. Compounded it with duſt, whereto 'tis kin.
Roſ. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.
Ham. Do not believe it.
Roſ. Believe what?
Ham. That I can keep your counſel, and not mine own. Beſides, to be demanded of a ſpunge, what replication ſhould be made by the ſon of a King?
Roſ. Take you me for a ſpunge, my Lord?
Ham. Ay, Sir, that ſokes up the King's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But ſuch officers do the King beſt ſervice in the end; he keeps them, [6] like an apple, in the corner of his jaw; firſt mouth'd, to be laſt ſwallow'd. When he needs what you have

[6] *like an* apple,] The quarto has *apple*, which is generally followed. The folio has *ape*, which *Hanmer* has received, and illuſtrated with the following note. "It is the way of monkeys "in eating, to throw that part "of their food, which they take "up firſt, into a pouch they are "provided with on the ſide of "their jaw, and then they keep "it, till they have done with the "reſt."

glean'd,

glean'd, it is but ſqueezing you, and, ſpunge, you ſhall be dry again.

Roſ. I underſtand you not, my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it; a knaviſh ſpeech ſleeps in a fooliſh ear.

Roſ. My Lord, you muſt tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. [7] The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing——

Guil. A thing, my Lord?

Ham. [8] Of nothing. Bring me to him. [9] Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter King.

King. I've ſent to ſeek him, and to find the body.
How dang'rous is it, that this man goes looſe!
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong law on him;
He's lov'd of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes:
And where 'tis ſo, th' offender's ſcourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all ſmooth and even,
This ſudden ſending him away muſt ſeem
Deliberate pauſe. Diſeaſes, deſp'rate grown,
By deſperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

[7] *The body is with the King.*] This anſwer I do not comprehend. Perhaps it ſhould be, *The body is* not *with the King*, for *the King is not with the body.*

[8] *Of nothing.*] Should it not be read, *Or* nothing? When the courtiers remark, that *Hamlet* has contemptuouſly called the *King a thing*, *Hamlet* defends himſelf by obſerving, that the King muſt be *a thing*, or *nothing.*

[9] *Hide fox,*] There is a play among children called *Hide fox, and all after.* HANMER.

Enter

Enter Roſincrantz.

How now? what hath befall'n?

Roſ. Where the dead body is beſtow'd, my Lord, We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Roſ. Without my Lord, guarded, to know your pleaſure.

King. Bring him before us.

Roſ. Ho, *Guildenſtern!* bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet, *and* Guildenſtern.

King. Now, *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius?*

Ham. At ſupper.

King. At ſupper? where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of politique worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures elſe to fat us, and we fat ourſelves for maggots. Your fat King and your lean beggar is but variable ſervice, two diſhes but to one table. That's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. *A man may fiſh with the worm that hath eat of a King, eat of the fiſh that had fed of that worm.*

King. *What doth thou mean by this?*

Ham. Nothing, but to ſhow you how a King may go a progreſs through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius?*

Ham. In heav'n, ſend thither to ſee. If your meſſenger find him not there, ſeek him i' th' other place yourſelf. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you ſhall noſe him as you go up the ſtairs into the lobby.

King.

King. Go ſeek him there.

Ham. He will ſtay 'till ye come.

King. *Hamlet*, this deed, for thine eſpecial ſafety,
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou haſt down, muſt ſend thee hence
With fiery quickneſs; therefore prepare thyſelf;
The bark is ready, and [1] the wind at help,
Th' aſſociates tend, and every thing is bent
For *England.*

Ham. For *England?*

King. Ay, *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a Cherub, that ſees them. But come. For *England!* Farewel, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, *Hamlet.*

Ham. My mother. Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one fleſh, and, ſo, My Mother. Come. For *England.* [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot. Tempt him with ſpeed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to night.
Away, for every thing is ſeal'd and done
That elſe leans on th' affair. Pray you, make haſte.
[*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guild.
And, *England!* if my love thou hold'ſt at aught,
As my great power thereof may give thee ſenſe,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the *Daniſh* ſword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us; thou may'ſt not coldly [2] ſet by
Our ſovereign proceſs, which imports at full,

[1] —*the wind at help,*] I ſuppoſe it ſhould be read,
The bark is ready, and the wind at helm.

[2] ——— *ſet by*
Our ſovereign proceſs,] So Hanmer. The others have only *ſet.*

By

By letters conjuring to that effect,
The preſent death of *Hamlet*. Do it, *England*:
For like the hectick in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me; 'till I know 'tis done,
[3] Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Camp, on the Frontiers of Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, *with an Army.*

For. GO, Captain, from me greet the *Daniſh* King,
Tell him, that, by his licenſe, *Fortinbras*
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd March
Over his Realm. You know the rendezvous.
If that his Majeſty would aught with us,
We ſhall expreſs our duty in his eye,
And let him know ſo.
Cap. I will do't, my Lord.
For. Go ſoftly on. [*Exit* Fortinbras *with the Army.*

Enter Hamlet, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *&c.*

Ham. *Good Sir, whoſe Powers are theſe?*
Capt. *They are of* Norway, *Sir.*
Ham. *How purpos'd, Sir, I pray you?*
Capt. *Againſt ſome part of* Poland.
Ham. *Who commands them, Sir?*
Capt. *The nephew of old* Norway, Fortinbras.
Ham. *Goes it againſt the main of* Poland, *Sir,*
Or for ſome frontier?

[3] *Howe'er my hap, my joys will ne'er begin.*] This being the termination of a ſcene, ſhould, according to our authour's cuſtom, be rhymed. Perhaps he wrote,

Howe'er my hopes, *my joys* are not begun.

Capt. *Truly to ſpeak it, and with no addition,*
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, *or the* Pole,
A ranker rate, ſhould it be ſold in fee.
Ham. *Why, then the* Polack *never will defend it.*
Capt. *Yes, 'tis already garriſon'd.*
Ham. *Two thouſand ſouls, and twenty thouſand ducats,*
Will not abate the queſtion of this ſtraw;
This is th' impoſthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and ſhews no cauſe without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.
Capt. *God b' w' ye, Sir.*
Roſ. *Will't pleaſe you go, my Lord?*
Ham. *I'll be with you ſtrait. Go a little before.*
[*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

How all occaſions do inform againſt me,
And ſpur my dull revenge? What is a man,
If his [4] *chief good and market of his time*
Be but to ſleep and feed? a beaſt, no more.
Sure, he that made us with ſuch [5] *large diſcourſe,*
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reaſon
To fuſt in us unus'd. Now whether it be
Beſtial oblivion, or ſome craven ſcruple
Of thinking too preciſely on th' event,
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wiſdom,
And ever three parts coward, I do not know

[4] — *chief good and market*—] If his higheſt good, and *that for which he ſells his time*, be to ſleep and feed.

[5] ——*large diſcourſe*,] Such latitude of comprehenſion, ſuch power of reviewing the paſt, and anticipating the future.

Why

Why yet I live to ſay this thing's to do;
Sith I have cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and means
To do't. Examples, groſs as earth, exhort me;
Witneſs this army of ſuch maſs and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whoſe ſpirit, with divine ambition puft,
Makes mouths at the inviſible event;
Expoſing what is mortal and unſure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Ev'n for an egg-ſhell. [6] *Rightly to be great,*
Is not to ſtir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a ſtraw,
When Honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother ſtain'd,
[7] *Excitements of my reaſon and my blood,*
And let all ſleep? while, to my ſhame, I ſee
The imminent death of twenty thouſand men,
That for a fantaſy and trick of fame
Go to their Graves like beds; fight for a Plot,
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the ſlain? O, then, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. [*Exit.*

[6] —*Rightly to be great,*
Is not to ſtir without, &c.] This paſſage I have printed according to the copy. Mr. *Theobald* had regulated it thus,

——'*Tis not to be great,*
Never to ſtir without great argument;
But greatly, &c.

The ſentiment of *Shakeſpeare* is partly juſt, and partly romantick.

—*Rightly to be great,*
Is not to ſtir without great argument,

is exactly philoſophical.

But greatly to find quarrel in a ſtraw,
When honour is at ſtake,

is the idea of a modern hero. *But then,* ſays he *honour is an argument, or ſubject of debate, ſufficiently* great, *and* when honour is at ſtake, we muſt *find cauſe of quarrel in a ſtraw.*

[7] *Excitements of my reaſon and my blood,*] Provocations which excite both my reaſon and my paſſions to vengeance.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Changes to a Palace.

Enter Queen, and Horatio.

Queen. I Will not ſpeak with her.
Hor. She is importunate,
Indeed, diſtract. Her mood will needs be pitied.
Queen. What would ſhe have?
Hor. She ſpeaks much of her father; ſays, ſhe hears,
There's tricks i'th'world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviouſly at ſtraws; ſpeaks things in doubt,
That carry but half ſenſe. Her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the unſhap'd uſe of it doth move,
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which as her winks, and nods, and geſtures yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
[8] Tho' nothing ſure, yet much unhappily.
[9] 'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with, for ſhe may ſtrow
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Queen. Let her come in. [*Exit.* Hor.

[8] *Tho' nothing ſure, yet much unhappily,*] *i. e.* tho' her meaning cannot be certainly collected, yet there is enough to put a miſchievous interpretation to it. WARBURTON.

[9] *'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with,*—] Theſe lines are given to the *Queen* in the folio, and to *Horatio* in the quarto. I have followed *Hanmer*'s regulation.

To my ſick ſoul, as ſin's true nature is,
Each Toy ſeems prologue to ſome great Amiſs;
So full of artleſs jealouſy is guilt,
It ſpills itſelf, in fearing to be ſpilt.

Enter Horatio, *with* Ophelia, *diſtracted.*

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majeſty of *Denmark?*
Queen. How now, *Ophelia?*

Oph. *How ſhould I your true Love know from another one?*
[1] *By his cockle hat and ſtaff, and by his ſandal ſhoon.*
[Singing.

Queen. Alas, ſweet lady; what imports this Song?
Oph. Say you? Nay, pray you, mark.

He's dead and gone, lady, he is dead and gone;
At his head a graſs-green turf, at his heels a ſtone.

O ho!

Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but *Ophelia*———
Oph. Pray you, mark.

[1] *By his cockle hat and ſtaff, and by his ſandal ſhoon.*] This is the deſcription of a pilgrim. While this kind of devotion was in favour, love-intrigues were carried on under that maſk. Hence the old ballads and novels made pilgrimages the ſubjects of their plots. The cockle-ſhell hat was one of the eſſential badges of this vocation: for the chief places of devotion being beyond ſea, or on the coaſts, the pilgrims were accuſtomed to put cockle-ſhells upon their hats, to denote the intention or performance of their devotion.
WARBURTON.

While

White his ſhroud as the mountain ſnow.

Queen. Alas, look here, my Lord.

Oph. *Larded all with ſweet flowers:*
Which bewept to the Grave did go
With true love Showers.

King. How do ye, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ield you! They ſay, [2] the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but we know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon your father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they aſk you what it means, ſay you this:

To-morrow is St. Valentine's *day,*
All in the morn betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he roſe, and don'd his cloaths,
[3] *And dupt the chamber door;*
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia!*

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

[2] *the owl was a baker's daughter.*] This was a metamorphoſis of the common people, ariſing from the mealy appearance of the owl's feathers, and her guarding the bread from mice. WARB.

[3] *And dupt the chamber door;*] To *dup*, is to *do up*; to lift the latch. It were eaſy to write,

And op'd——

[4] *By Gis, and by St. Charity,*
Alack, and fy for ſhame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't,
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth ſhe, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:
So would I ha' done, by yonder ſun,
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.

King. How long has ſhe been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We muſt be patient; but I cannot chuſe but weep, to think, they ſhould lay him i' th' cold ground; my brother ſhall know of it, and ſo I thank you for your good counſel. Come, my coach. Good night, ladies; good night, ſweet ladies; good night, good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her cloſe, give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit* Horatio.

This is the poiſon of deep grief; it ſprings
All from her father's death. O *Gertrude, Gertrude!*
When ſorrows come, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in battalions. Firſt, her father ſlain;
Next your Son gone, and he moſt violent author
Of his own juſt Remove; the people muddied,
Thick and unwholeſom in their thoughts and whiſpers
For good *Polonius'* death; We've done [5] but greenly,
[6] In hugger mugger to interr him; poor *Ophelia,*

[4] *By Gis.*——] I rather imagine it ſhould be read,
By Cis,———
That is, By St. *Cecil*.

[5] ——*but greenly,*] But *unſkilfully*; with *greenneſs*, that is, without *maturity* of judgment.

[6] *In hugger mugger to inter him*;——] All the modern editions that I have conſulted read,
In the ſecret manner to inter him;——
but the old quarto, which ſtands now under my eye, and ſeems to be the firſt, reads as I have placed it. I am not ſure that it is not the beſt reading, but I am ſure that it is not worſe. If the old reading is reſtored, it muſt be explained, *In hugger mugger to inter him*, that is, *In haſte and diſorder to inter him*. If the modern reading is received, it muſt be explained, *In a ſecret manner to inter him*, that is, *Without the uſual ceremonies*. Either of theſe explications will ſuit the preſent paſſage, and I cannot determine which is beſt. Whether the old reading or the new are better, I do not undertake to prove; it is ſufficient that they are *Shakeſpeare's*: If phraſeology is to be changed as words grow uncouth by diſuſe, or groſs by vulgarity, the hiſtory of every language will be loſt; we ſhall no longer have the words of any authour; and, as theſe alterations will be often unſkilfully made, we ſhall in time have very little of his meaning.

Divided

Divided from herſelf, and her fair judgment;
Without the which we're pictures, or mere beaſts:
Laſt, and as much containing as all theſe,
Her brother is in ſecret come from *France*;
[7] Feeds on his wonder, keeps himſelf in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his father's death;
[8] Wherein neceſſity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing ſtick our perſons to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear *Gertrude*, this,
[9] Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me ſuperfluous death! [*A noiſe within.*

Queen. Alack! what Noiſe is this?

SCENE VI.

Enter a Meſſenger.

King. Where are my *Switzers?* Let them guard the door.
What is the matter?

Meſ Save yourſelf, my Lord.
[1] The ocean, over-peering of his liſt,

[7] Feeds *on his wonder*,—] The folio reads,
Keeps *on his wonder*,—
The quarto,
Feeds *on* this *wondr*, ——
Thus the true reading is picked out from between them. *Hanmer* reads unneceſſarily,
Feeds *on his* anger.—

[8] *Wherein neceſſity*, &c] *Hanmer* reads,
Whence animoſity, *of matter beggar'd*.
He ſeems not to have underſtood the connection. *Wherein*, that is, *in which peſtilent ſpeeches, neceſſity*, or, *the obligation of an accuſer to ſupport his charge, will nothing ſtick*, &c.

[9] *Like to a* murdering piece,—] Such a piece as aſſaſſins uſe, with many barrels. It is neceſſary to apprehend this, to ſee the juſtneſs of the ſimilitude. WARB.

[1] *The ocean, over-peering of his liſt*,] The liſts are the barriers which the ſpectators of a tournament muſt not paſs.

Eats not the flats with more impetuous haſte,
Than young *Laertes*, in a riotous head,
O'er-bears your officers. The rabble call him Lord;
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, cuſtom not known,
[a] The ratifiers and props of every Ward;
They cry, "Chuſe we *Laertes* for our King."
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the Clouds;
"*Laertes* ſhall be King, *Laertes* King!"

Queen. How chearfully on the falſe trail they cry!
[3] Oh, this is counter, you falſe *Daniſh* dogs.

[*Noiſe within.*

Enter Laertes, *with a Party at the Door.*

King. The doors are broke.

[a] *The ratifiers and props of every* word;] The whole tenour of the context is ſufficient to ſhew, that this is a miſtaken reading. What can antiquity and cuſtom, being the props of *words*, have to do with the buſineſs in hand? Or what idea is conveyed by it? Certainly the poet wrote;

The ratifiers and props of ev'ry ward;

The meſſenger is complaining that the riotous head had overborne the King's officers, and then ſubjoins, that antiquity and cuſtom were forgot, which were the ratifiers and props of every *ward*, i. e of every one of thoſe *ſecurities* that nature and law place about the perſon of a King. All this is rational and conſequential. WARBURTON.

With this emendation, which was in *Theobald*'s edition, *Hanmer* was not ſatisfied. It is indeed harſh. *Hanmer* tranſpoſes the lines, and reads,

They cry, Chuſe we *Laertes* for our King;
The ratifiers and props of ev'ry word,
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds.

I think the fault may be mended at leſs expence, by reading,

Antiquity forgot, cuſtom not known,
The ratifiers and props of ev'ry weal.

That is, of every *government*.

[3] *Oh, this is counter, you falſe* Daniſh *dogs.*] Hounds run *counter* when they trace the trail backwards.

Laer.

Laer. Where is this King? Sirs! ſtand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

All. We will, we will. [*Exeunt.*

Laer. I thank you. Keep the door.
O thou vile King, give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes.* [*Laying hold on him.*

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me baſtard;
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Ev'n here, between the chaſte and unſmirch'd brows
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cauſe, *Laertes,*
That thy Rebellion looks ſo giant-like?
—Let him go, *Gertrude*; do not fear our perſon.
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a King,
That treaſon can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of its will. Tell me, *Laertes,*
Why are you thus incens'd?—Let him go, *Gertrude.*
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackeſt devil!
Conſcience and grace, to the profoundeſt pit!
I dare damnation; to this point I ſtand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come, what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Moſt throughly for my father.

King. Who ſhall ſtay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world;
And for my means, I'll huſband them ſo well,
They ſhall go far with little.

King. Good *Laertes*,
If you deſire to know the certainty
Of your dear father, is't writ in your revenge,
That, ſweep-ſtake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loſer?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repaſt them with my blood.

King. Why, now you ſpeak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltleſs of your father's death,
And am moſt ſenſible in grief for it,
It ſhall as level [4] to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.

Crowd within. Let her come in.

Laer. How now, what noiſe is that?

SCENE VII.

Enter Ophelia, *fantaſtically dreſt with ſtraws and flowers*.

O heat, dry up my brains! Tears, ſeven times ſalt,
Burn out the ſenſe and virtue of mine eye!
By heav'n, thy madneſs ſhall be paid with weight,
Till our ſcale turn the beam. O roſe of *May*;
Dear maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia!*
O heav'ns, is't poſſible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

[4] —*to your judgment 'pear*,] So the quarto; the folio, and all the latter editions, read,

——*to your judgement* pierce, leſs intelligibly.

" 'Nature is fine in love; and, where 'tis fine,
" It ſends ſome precious inſtance of itſelf
" After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,*
And on his Grave rain'd many a tear;
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and didſt perſuade Revenge,

'Nature is FINE *in love; and where 'tis* FINE,
It ſends ſome precious inſtance of itſelf
After the thing it loves.] This is unqueſtionably corrupt. I ſuppoſe *Shakeſpear* wrote,
Nature is fal'n *in love, and where 'tis* fal'n.
The cauſe of *Ophelia*'s madneſs was grief, occaſioned by the violence of her natural affection for her murder'd father; her brother, therefore, with great force of expreſſion, ſays,
Nature is fal'n in love,——
To diſtinguiſh the paſſion of *natural affection* from the paſſion of love between the two ſexes, *i. e. Nature*, or *natural affection is fal'n in love.* And as a perſon in love is accuſtomed to ſend the moſt precious of his jewels to the perſon beloved (for the *love-tokens* which young wenches in love ſend to their ſweethearts, is here alluded to) ſo when *Nature* (ſays *Laertes*) *falls in love*, ſhe likewiſe ſends her love-token to the object beloved. But her moſt precious jewel is *reaſon*; ſhe therefore ſends that: And this he gives as the cauſe of *Ophelia*'s madneſs, which he is here endeavouring to account for. This quaint ſentiment of *Nature's falling in love*, is exactly in *Shakeſpear*'s manner, and is a thought he appears fond of. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Affection* is repreſented as *in love*;
Affliction is enamour'd *of thy parts,*
And thou art wedded *to calamity.*
Nay Death, a very unlikely ſubject one would think, is put into a love fit;
——*I will believe*
That unſubſtantial death is amorous, &c. WARB.

Theſe lines are not in the quarto, and might have been omitted in the folio without great loſs, for they are obſcure and affected; but, I think, they require no emendation. *Love*, ſays *Laertes*, is the paſſion by which *nature is moſt* exalted and *refined*, and as ſubſtances *refined* and ſubtiliſed, eaſily obey any impulſe, or follow any attraction, ſome part of nature, ſo purified and *refined*, flies off after the attracting object, after the thing it loves.
As into air the purer ſpirits flow,
And ſeparate from their kindred dregs below,
So flew her ſoul.——

It

It could not move thus.

Oph. *You muſt ſing, down-a-down, and you call him a-down-a.*

[6] O how the wheel becomes it! it is the falſe ſteward that ſtole his maſter's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. [7] There's roſemary, that's for remembrance. Pray, love, remember. And there's panſies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madneſs, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines. [8] There's rue for you, and here's ſome for me. We

[6] *O how the* WHEEL *becomes it!*] We ſhould read WEAL. She is now rambling on the ballad of the ſteward and his lord's daughter. And in theſe words ſpeaks of the ſtate he aſſumed.

WARBURTON.

I do not ſee why *weal* is better than *wheel*. The ſtory alluded to I do not know; but perhaps the lady ſto'en by the ſteward was reduced to *ſpin*.

[7] *There's roſemary, that's for remembrance; and there's panſies, that's for thoughts.*] There is probably ſome mythology in the choice of theſe herbs, but I cannot explain it. *Panſies* is for *thoughts*, becauſe of its name, *Penſées*; but why *roſemary* indicates *remembrance*, except that it is an ever-green, and carried at funerals, I have not diſcovered.

[8] *There's* rue *for you, and here's ſome for me. We may call it* herb of grace o' Sundays:] *Herb of grace* is the name the country people give to *Rue*. And the reaſon is, becauſe that herb was a principal ingredient in the potion which the *Romiſh* prieſts uſed to force the poſſeſſed to ſwallow down when they exorciſed them. Now theſe exorciſms being performed generally on a *Sunday*, in the church before the whole congregation, is the reaſon why ſhe ſays, we call it *herb o' grace o'* Sundays. *Sandys* tells us that at *Grand Cairo* there is a ſpecies of rue much in requeſt, with which the inhabitants perfume themſelves, not only as a preſervative againſt infection, but as very powerful againſt evil ſpirits. And the cabaliſtic *Gaffarel* pretends to have diſcovered the reaſon of its virtue, *La ſemence de Rue eſt faicte comme une Croix, & c'eſt paraventure la cauſe qu'elle a tant de vertu contre les poſſedez, & que l'Egliſe s'en ſert en les exorciſant.* It was on the ſame principle that the *Greeks* called *ſulphur*, Θεῖον, becauſe of its uſe in their ſuperſtitious purgations by fire. Which too the *Romiſh* prieſts employ to fumigate in their exorciſms; and on that account hallow or conſecrate it. WARB.

may call it herb of grace o' *Sundays*. You may wear your rue with a difference; there's a daiſy. I would give you ſome violets, but they withered all when my father dy'd. They ſay, he made a good end;

For bonny ſweet Robin *is all my joy.*

Laer. Thought, and affliction, paſſion, hell itſelf,
She turns to favour, and to prettineſs.

Oph. *And will he not come again?*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was white as ſnow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we caſt away mone,
Gramercy on his ſoul!

And on all chriſtian ſouls! God b'wi'ye. [*Exit* Oph.

Laer. Do you ſee this, you Gods!

King. Laertes, I muſt commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but a-part.
Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdom give,
Our Crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in ſatisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us;
And we ſhall jointly labour with your ſoul,
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo.
His means of death, his obſcure funeral,

No

[9] No trophy, ſword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal oſtentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heav'n to earth,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.

King. So you ſhall:
[1] And where th' offence is, let the great ax fall.
I pray you go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Horatio, *with an Attendant.*

Hor. What are they, that would ſpeak with me?

Serv. Sailors, Sir. They ſay, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.
I do not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*.

Enter Sailors.

Sail. God bleſs you, Sir.

Hor. Let him bleſs thee too.

Sail. He ſhall, Sir, an't pleaſe him.——There's a letter for you, Sir. It comes from th' ambaſſador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

[9] *No trophy, ſword, nor hatchment:*—] It was the cuſtom, in the times of our authour, to hang a ſword over the grave of a Knight.

[1] *And where th' offence is, let the great* AX *fall.*] We ſhould read,

——*let the great* TAX *fall.*

i. e. penalty, puniſhment. WARBURTON.

Fall correſponds better to *ax*.

Horatio

Horatio reads the letter.

HORATIO, *when thou ſhalt have overlook'd this, give theſe fellows ſome means to the King: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at ſea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chace. Finding ourſelves too ſlow of ſail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the inſtant they got clear of our ſhip, ſo I alone became their priſoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have ſent, and repair thou to me with as much haſte as thou wouldeſt fly death. I have words to ſpeak in thy ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light* [a] *for the bore of the matter. Theſe good fellows will bring thee where I am.* Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern *hold their courſe for* England. *Of them I have much to tell thee. Farewel.*

He that thou knoweſt thine, Hamlet.

Come. I will make you way for theſe your letters;
And do't the ſpeedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeal,

[a] *for the bore of the matter.*] The *bore* is the caliber of a gun, or the capacity of the barrel. *The matter,* ſays *Hamlet, would carry heavier words.*

And

And you muſt put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father ſlain,
Purſued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not againſt theſe feats,
So crimeful and ſo capital in nature,
As by your ſafety, wiſdom, all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtirr'd up?

King. O, for two ſpecial reaſons,
Which may to you, perhaps, ſeem much unſinew'd,
And yet to me are ſtrong. The Queen, his mother,
Lives almoſt by his looks; and for myſelf,
My virtue or my plague, be't either which,
She's ſo conjunctive to my life and ſoul,
That, as the ſtar moves not but in his ſphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is the great love [3] the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
[4] Would, like the ſpring that turneth wood to ſtone,
Convert his gyves to graces. So that my arrows,
Too ſlightly timbred for ſo loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And ſo have I a noble father loſt,
A ſiſter driven into deſperate terms,
Who has, [5] if praiſes may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

[3] —*the general gender*——] The *common race* of the people.

[4] *Would, like the ſpring*——] This ſimile is neither very ſeaſonable in the deep intereſt of this converſation, nor very accurately applied. If the *ſpring* had changed baſe metals to gold, the thought had been more proper.

[5] ——*if praiſes may go back again.*] If I may praiſe what has been, but is now to be found no more.

King.

King. Break not your ſleeps for that. You muſt not think,
That we are made of ſtuff ſo flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be ſhook with danger,
And think it paſtime. You ſhall ſoon hear more.
I lov'd your father, and we love ourſelf,
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine——
How now? what news?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Letters, my Lord, from *Hamlet.*
Theſe to your Majeſty. This to the Queen.
King. From *Hamlet?* Who brought them?
Meſ. Sailors, my Lord, they ſay; I ſaw them not.
They were given me by *Claudio*; he receiv'd them.
King. *Laertes*, you ſhall hear them. Leave us, all—— [*Exit Meſſenger.*

HIGH and Mighty, you ſhall know, I am ſet naked on your Kingdom. To-morrow ſhall I beg leave to ſee your kingly eyes. When I ſhall, firſt aſking your pardon thereunto, recount th' occaſion of my ſudden return. Hamlet.

What ſhould this mean? Are all the reſt come back?
Or is it ſome abuſe, and no ſuch thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?
King. 'Tis *Hamlet*'s character;
Naked, and (in a poſtſcript here, he ſays)
Alone. Can you adviſe me?
Laer. I'm loſt in it, my Lord. But let him come;
It warms the very ſickneſs in my heart,
That I ſhall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddeſt thou.
King. If it be ſo, *Laertes*,
As how ſhould it be ſo?——how, otherwiſe?——
Will

Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay; ſo you'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,
[6] As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he ſhall not chuſe but fall:
And for his death no wind of Blame ſhall breathe;
But ev'n his mother ſhall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. *I will be rul'd,*
The rather, if you could deviſe it ſo,
That I might be the organ.

King. *It falls right.*
You have been talkt of ſince your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's *Hearing, for a quality*
Wherein, they ſay, you ſhine; your ſum of parts
Did not together pluck ſuch envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
[7] *Of the unworthieſt ſiege.*

Laer. *What part is that, my Lord?*

King. *A very riband in the cap of youth,*
Yet needful too; for youth no leſs becomes
The light and careleſs livery that it wears,
Than ſettled age his ſables, and his weeds,
[8] *Importing health and graveneſs.*—Two months ſince,
Here was a gentleman of *Normandy.*—
I've ſeen myſelf, and ſerv'd againſt the *French,*

[6] *As* liking not *his voyage,*—] The folio,
As choking at *his voyage.*——

[7] *Of the unworthieſt* ſiege.] Of the loweſt rank. *Siege*, for *ſeat, place.*

[8] *Importing* HEALTH *and grave-neſs.*——] But a warm-furr'd gown rather implies ſickneſs than *health. Shakeſpear* wrote.

Importing WEALTH *and grave-neſs.*———
i. e. that the wearers are rich burghers and magiſtrates.
WARBURTON.

Importing here may be, not *inferring* by logical conſequence, but *producing* by phyſical effect. A young man regards ſhow in his dreſs, an old man, *health.*

And

And they can well on horſe-back but this Gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his ſeat;
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his horſe,
As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beaſt. So far he topp'd my thought,
That I [9] in forgery of ſhapes and tricks
Come ſhort of what he did.

Laer. A *Norman*, was't?

King. A *Norman.*

Laer. Upon my life, *Lamond.*

King. The fame.

Laer. I know him well. He is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confeſſion of you,
And gave you ſuch a maſterly report,
For art and exerciſe [1] in your defence;
And for your rapier moſt eſpecial,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a Sight indeed,
If one could match you. [2] The Scrimers of their nation,
He ſwore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd 'em.——Sir, this Report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo envenom with his envy,
That he could do nothing, but wiſh and beg
Your ſudden coming o'er to play with him.
Now out of this———

Laer. What out of this, my Lord?

King. *Laertes*, was your father dear to you,
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aſk you this?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your father,

9 —*in forgery of ſhapes and tricks*] I could not contrive ſo many proofs of dexterity as he could perform.

1 —*in your defence*;] That is, in the *ſcience of* defence.

2 ——*The Scrimers*—] The *fencers.*

But that I know, love is begun by time,
And that I ſee [3] in paſſages of proof,
Time qualifies the ſpark and fire of it:
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or ſnuff, that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodneſs ſtill;
[4] *For goodneſs, growing to a pleuriſy,*
Dies in his own too much. What we would do,
We ſhould do when we would; for this would *changes,*
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
[5] *And then this* ſhould *is like a ſpend-thrift ſigh*
That hurts by eaſing. But to th' quick o' th' ulcer——
Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To ſhew yourſelf your father's Son indeed
More than in words?

[3] —*in paſſages of proof,*] In tranſactions of daily experience.

[4] *For goodneſs, growing to a* pleuriſy,] I would believe, for the honour of *Shakeſpear*, that he wrote *plethory*. But I obſerve the dramatic writers of that time frequently call a fulneſs of blood a *pleuriſy*, as if it came, not from πλευρὰ, but from *plus, pluris*. WARBURTON.

[5] *And then this* ſhould *is like a ſpend-thrift's* SIGH
That hurts by eaſing;——] This nonſenſe ſhould be read thus,
And then this ſhould *is like a ſpendthrift's* SIGN
That hurts by eaſing;——
i. e. tho' a ſpendthrift's entering into bonds or mortgages gives him a preſent relief from his ſtraits, yet it ends in much greater diſtreſſes. The application is, If you neglect a fair opportunity now, when it may be done with eaſe and ſafety, time may throw ſo many difficulties in your way, that, in order to ſurmount them, you muſt put your whole fortune into hazard. WARB.

This conjecture is ſo ingenious, that it can hardly be oppoſed, but with the ſame reluctance as the bow is drawn againſt a hero, whoſe virtues the archer holds in veneration. Here may be applied what *Voltaire* writes to the Empreſs:

Le genereux François——
Te combat & t' admire.

Yet this emendation, however ſpecious, is miſtaken. The original reading is, not a *ſpend-thrift's* ſigh, but a *ſpendthrift* ſigh; a *ſigh* that makes an unneceſſary waſte of the vital flame. It is a notion very prevalent, that *ſighs* impair the ſtrength, and wear out the animal powers.

Later,

Laer. To cut his throat i' th' church.

King. No place, indeed, ſhould murder ſanctuariſe;
Revenge ſhould have no bounds; but, good *Laertes*,
Will you do this? keep cloſe within your chamber;
Hamlet, return'd, ſhall know you are come home:
We'll put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the fame
The *Frenchman* gave you; bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads. [6] He being remiſs,
Moſt generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruſe the foils; ſo that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chuſe
[7] A ſword unbated, and in [8] a paſs of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't;
And for the purpoſe I'll anoint my ſword.
I bought an unction of a Mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplaſm ſo rare,
Collected from all ſimples that have virtue
Under the Moon, can ſave the thing from death,
That is but ſcratch'd withal; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him ſlightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's farther think of this;
Weigh, what convenience both of time and means
[9] May fit us to our ſhape. If this ſhould fail,

[6] ——*He being remiſs*,] He being not vigilant or cautious.

[7] *A ſword* unbated,—] *i. e.* not blunted as foils are. Or as one edition has it *embaited* or envenomed. POPE.

[8] ——*a paſs of practice*] Practice is often by *Shakeſpeare*, and other old writers, taken for an *inſidious ſtratagem*, or *privy* treaſon, a ſenſe not incongruous to this paſſage, where yet I rather believe, that nothing more is meant than a *thruſt for exerciſe*.

[9] *May fit us to our ſhape.*] May *enable* us to *aſſume proper characters*, and to act our part.

And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not aſſay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back, or ſecond, that might hold,
If this ſhould [1] blaſt in proof. Soft—let me ſee—
We'll make a ſolemn wager on your cunnings.
I ha't———
When in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for Drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce; wheron but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd tuck,
Our purpoſe may hold there.

SCENE X.

Enter Queen.

How now, ſweet Queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So faſt they follow. Your ſiſter's drown'd, *Laertes.*

Laer. Drown'd! oh where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aſlant a Brook,
That ſhews his hoar leaves in the glaſſy ſtream:
There with fantaſtick garlands did ſhe come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daiſies, and long purples,
(That liberal ſhepherds give a groſſer name;
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them;)
There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
Clambring to hang, an envious ſliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herſelf

[1] —*blaſt in proof.*] This, I believe, is a metaphor taken from a mine, which, in the proof or execution, ſometimes breaks out with an ineffectual *blaſt.*

Fell

Fell in the weeping brook; her cloaths ſpread wide,
And mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;
[a] Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own diſtreſs;
Or like a creature native, and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, ſhe is drown'd!

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water haſt thou, poor *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my tears. But yet
It is our trick: Nature her cuſtom holds,
Let ſhame ſay what it will. When theſe are gone,
The woman will be out. Adieu, my Lord!
I have a ſpeech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

King. Follow, *Gertrude.*
How much had I to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it ſtart again;
Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes,*] *Fletcher*, in his *Scornful Lady*, very invidiouſly ridicules this incident.

I will run mad firſt, and if that get not pity,
I'll drown myſelf to a moſt diſmal ditty. WARB.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A CHURCH.

Enter two clowns, with ſpades and mattocks.

1 CLOWN.

IS ſhe to be buried in chriſtian burial, that wilfully ſeeks her own ſalvation?

2 *Clown.* I tell thee, ſhe is, therefore [3] make her Grave ſtraight. The crowner hath ſate on her, and finds it chriſtian burial.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unleſs ſhe drowned her ſelf in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* Why, 'tis found ſo.

1 *Clown.* It muſt be *ſe offendendo*, it cannot be elſe. For here lies the point; If I drown myſelf wittingly, it argues an act; and [4] an act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform. *Argal*, ſhe drown'd herſelf wittingly.

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman *Delver*.

1 *Clown.* Give me leave. Clown, here lies the water; Good: here ſtands the man; Good. If the man go to this water, and drown himſelf, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: But if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himſelf.

3 *make her Grave ſtraight.*] Make her grave from eaſt to weſt in a direct line parallel to the church; not from north to ſouth, athwart the regular line. This, I think, is meant.

4 *an act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform;*] Ridicule on ſcholaſtic diviſions without diſtinction; and of diſtinctions without difference. WARBURTON.

Argal,

Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, ſhortens not his own life.

2 *Clown.* But is this law?

1 *Clown.* Ay, marry is't, crowner's queſt-law.

2 *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, ſhe ſhould have been buried out of chriſtian burial.

1 *Clown.* Why, there thou ſay'ſt. And the more pity, that great folk ſhould have countenance in this world to drown or hang themſelves, more than [5] their even chriſtian. Come. My ſpade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up *Adam*'s profeſſion.

2 *Clown.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown.* He was the firſt that ever bore arms.

" 2 *Clown.* Why, he had none.

" 1 *Clown.* What, art a heathen? How doſt thou " underſtand the Scripture? the Scripture ſays, *Adam* " digg'd; could he dig without arms?" I'll put another queſtion to thee; if thou anſwereſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſs thyſelf——

2 *Clown.* Go to.

1 *Clown.* What is he that builds ſtronger than either the maſon, the ſhipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thouſand tenants.

1 *Clown.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to thoſe that do ill: now thou doſt ill, to ſay the gallows is built ſtronger than the church; *argal*, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 *Clown.* Who builds ſtronger than a maſon, a ſhipwright, or a carpenter?——

[5] *their even chriſtian*] So all the old books, and rightly. An old *Engliſh* expreſſion for fellow-chriſtians. Dr. THIRLBY.

1 *Clown.* [6] Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.
2 *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.
1 *Clown.* To't.
2 *Clown.* Mafs, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio, *at a diſtance.*

1 *Clown.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull aſs will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are aſk'd this queſtion next, ſay, a grave-maker. The houſes, he makes, laſt 'till doomsday. Go, get thee to *Yaughan*, and fetch me a ſtoup of liquor. [*Exit* 2 *Clown.*

He digs, and ſings.

[7] *In youth when I did love, did love,*
Methought, it was very ſweet;
To contract, oh, the time for, a, my behove,
Oh, methought, there was [8] *nothing ſo meet.*

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his buſineſs, that he ſings at Grave-making?

Hor. Cuſtom hath made it to him a property of eaſineſs.

Ham. 'Tis e'en ſo. The hand of little imployment hath the daintier ſenſe.

[6] *Ay, tell me that, and* unyoke.] *i. e.* when you have done that, I'll trouble you no more with theſe riddles. The phraſe taken from huſbandry. WARB.

[7] *In youth, when I did love* &c.] The three *ſtanza's*, ſung here by the *grave-digger*, are extracted, with a ſlight variation, from a little poem, called, *The Aged Lover renounceth Love:* written by *Henry Howard* Earl of *Surrey*, who flouriſhed in the reign of King *Henry* VIII. and who was beheaded in 1547, on a ſtrained accuſation of treaſon. THEOBALD.

The ſong was written by Lord *Vaux*. Mr. PERCY.

[8] ——*nothing ſo meet.*] *Hanmer.* The other editions have, ——*nothing meet.*

Clown

Clown ſings.

[9] *But age, with his ſtealing ſteps,*
Hath claw'd me in his clutch;
And hath ſhipped me into the land,
As if I had never been ſuch.

Ham. That ſcull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once; how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if it were *Cain*'s jaw-bone, that did the firſt murder! This might be the pate of [1] a politician, [2] which this aſs o'er-

[9] *But age, with his ſtealing ſteps,*
Hath claw'd me in his clutch:
And hath ſhipped me into the land,
As if I had never been ſuch.] This ſtanza is evidently corrupted; for it wants what is found in the other two, an alternate rhyme. We may read thus, till ſomething better ſhall occur:

But age, with his ſtealing ſtand,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch:
And hath ſhifted *me into* his *land,*
As though I had never been ſuch.

[1] *a politician,—one that would circumvent God,*] This character is finely touched. Our great hiſtorian has well explained it in an example, where ſpeaking of the death of Cardinal *Mazarine*, at the time of the Reſtoration, he ſays, *The Cardinal was probably ſtruck with the wonder, if not the agony of that undream'd-of proſperity of our King's affairs; as if he had taken it ill, and laid it to heart that God Almighty would bring ſuch a work to paſs in Europe without his concurrence, and even againſt all his machinations.* *Hiſt. of the Rebellion*, Book 16.

WARBURTON.

[2] *which this aſs* o'er-offices;] The meaning is this. People in office, at that time, were ſo overbearing, that *Shakeſpear* ſpeaking of inſolence at the height, calls it *Inſolence in office.* And *Donne* ſays,

Who is he
Who officers' rage and ſuitors'
miſery
Can write in jeſt—— Sat.

Alluding to this character of miniſters and politicians, the ſpeaker obſerves, that this inſolent officer is now *o'er-officer'd* by the Sexton, who, knocking his ſcull about with his ſpade, appears to be as inſolent in his office as they were in theirs. This is ſaid with much humour. WARBURTON.

In the quarto, for *over-offices* is, *over-reaches*, which agrees better

o'er-offices; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could ſay, "good-"morrow, ſweet Lord; how doſt thou, good Lord?" This might be my Lord ſuch a-one's, that prais'd my Lord ſuch a-one's horſe, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Why, e'en ſo; [3] and now my lady *Worm*'s; chapleſs, and knockt about the mazzard with a ſexton's ſpade. Here's a fine revolution, if we had the trick to ſee't. Did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to [4] play at loggats with 'em? mine ake to think on't.

Clown ſings.

A pick-axe and a ſpade, a ſpade,
For,—and a ſhrowding ſheet!
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For ſuch a gueſt is meet.

Ham. There's another. Why may not that be the ſcull of a lawyer? where be his quiddits now? his quillets? his caſes? his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he

better with the ſentence: It is a ſtrong exaggeration to remark, that an *Aſs* can *over-reach* him who would once have tried to *circumvent*.—— I believe both the words were *Shakeſpeare*'s. An authour in reviſing his work, when his original ideas have faded from his mind, and new obſervations have produced new ſentiments, eaſily introduces images which have been more newly impreſſed upon him, without obſerving their want of congruity to the general texture of his original deſign.

[3] *and now my lady* Worm's;] The ſcull that was *my lord ſuch a one's*, is now *my lady* Worm's.

[4] *play at loggats*] A play, in which pins are ſet up to be beaten down with a bowl.

ſuffer

ſuffer this rude knave now to knock him about the ſconce with a dirty ſhovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his ſtatutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? Will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaſes, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? the very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and muſt the inheritor himſelf have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of ſheep ſkins?

Hor. Ay, my Lord, and of calve-ſkins too.

Ham. They are ſheep and calves that ſeek out aſſurance in that. I will ſpeak to this fellow. Whoſe Grave's this, Sirrah?

Clown. Mine, Sir———

O, a pit of clay for to be made
For ſuch a Gueſt is meet.

Ham. I think, it be thine, indeed, for thou lieſt in't.

Clown. You lye out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lye in't, to be in't, and ſay, 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou ly'ſt.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lye, Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man doſt thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown.

Clown. One, that was a woman, Sir; but, reſt her ſoul, ſhe's dead.

Ham. How obſolute the knave is? We muſt ſpeak [5] by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, *Horatio*, theſe three years I have taken note of it, [6] the age is grown ſo picked, that the toe of the peaſant comes ſo near the heel of our courtier, he galls his kibe. How long haſt thou been a grave-maker?

Clown. Of all the days i' th' year, I came to 't that day that our laſt King *Hamlet* o'ercame *Fortinbras.*

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that was mad, and ſent into *England.*

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he ſent into *England?*

Clown. Why, becauſe he was mad: he ſhall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be ſeen in him; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very ſtrangely, they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clown. 'Faith, e'en with loſing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here, in *Denmark.* I have been ſexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

[5] *by the card,*] The *card* is the paper on which the different points of the compaſs were deſcribed. *To do any thing by the card,* is, *to do it with nice obſervation.*

[6] *the age is grown ſo picked,*] So *ſmart,* ſo *ſharp*; ſays *Haumer,* very properly; but there was, I think, about that time, a *picked* ſhoe, that is, *a ſhoe, with a long pointed toe,* in faſhion, to which the alluſion ſeems likewiſe to be made. *Every man now is ſmart; and every man now is a man of faſhion.*

Ham,

Ham. How long will a man lie i' th' earth ere he rot?

Clown. I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die, as we have many pocky coarſes now-a-days that will ſcarce hold the laying in, he will laſt you ſome eight year, or nine year; a tanner will laſt you nine years.

Ham. Why he, more than another?

Clown. Why, Sir, his hide is ſo tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water is a ſore decayer of your whoreſon dead body. Here's a ſcull now has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clown. A whoreſon mad fellow's it was. Whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flaggon of Rheniſh on my head once. This ſame ſcull, Sir, was *Yorick*'s ſcull, the King's jeſter.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor *Yorick!* I knew him, *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jeſt; of moſt excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thouſand times: and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips, that I have kiſs'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your ſongs? your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table in a roar? not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour ſhe muſt come? make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Doſt thou think, *Alexander* look'd o' this faſhion i' th' earth?

Hor.

Hor. E'en ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo, puh? [*Smelling to the Scull.*

Hor. E'en ſo, my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe uſes we may return, *Horatio!* why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander*, 'till he find it ſtopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to conſider too curiouſly, to conſider ſo.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot: But to follow him thither with modeſty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus, *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not ſtop a beer-barrel?

Imperial *Cæſar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keep the wind away.
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, t' expel the [7] winter's flaw!
But ſoft! but ſoft, a while—here comes the King,

SCENE II.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, *and a coffin, with Lords, and Prieſts, attendant.*

The Queen, the Courtiers. What is that they follow,
And with ſuch [8] maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The coarſe, they follow, did with deſperate hand
Foredo its own life. It was [9] ſome eſtate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony elſe?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a moſt noble youth. Mark—

Laer. What ceremony elſe?

Prieſt. Her obſequies have been ſo far enlarg'd

[7] ——*winter's flaw.*] Winter's *blaſt.*
[8] —*maimed rites?*—] Imperfect obſequies.
[9] ——*ſome eſtate.*] Some perſon of high rank.

As we have warrantry; her death was doubtful;
And but that great Command o'erſways the order,
She ſhould in ground unſanctified have lodg'd
'Till the laſt Trump. For charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, ſhould be thrown on her;
Yet here ſhe is [1] allow'd her virgin rites,
Her maiden-ſtrewments, and the bringing home
[2] Of bell and burial.

Laer. Muſt no more be done?

Prieſt. No more be done!
We ſhould profane the ſervice of the dead,
To ſing a *Requiem*, and ſuch Reſt to her
As to peace-parted ſouls.

Laer. Lay her i' th' earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted fleſh
May violets ſpring? I tell thee, churliſh prieſt,
A miniſtring angel ſhall my ſiſter be,
When thou lieſt howling.

Ham. What, the fair *Ophelia!*

Queen. Sweets to the ſweet, farewel!
[*Scattering flowers.*
I hop'd, thou ſhouldſt have been my *Hamlet*'s wife;

[1] *allow'd her virgin* RITES,] The old quarto reads *virgin* CRANTS, evidently corrupted from CHANTS, which is the true word. *A ſpecific* rather than a *generic* term being here required, to anſwer to *maiden-ſtrewments*. WARBURTON.

I have been informed by an anonymous correſpondent, that *crants* is the *German* word for *garlands*, and I ſuppoſe it was retained by us from the *Saxons*. To carry *garlands* before the bier of a maiden, and to hang them over her grave, is ſtill the practice in rural pariſhes.

Crants therefore was the original word, which the authour, diſcovering it to be provincial, and perhaps not underſtood, changed to a term more intelligible, but leſs proper. *Maiden rites* give no certain or definite image. He might have put *maiden wreaths*, or *maiden garlands*, but he perhaps beſtowed no thought upon it, and neither genius nor practice will always ſupply a haſty writer with the moſt proper diction.

[2] *Of bell and* burial.] *Burial*, here ſignifies interment in conſecrated ground. WARBURTON.

I thought

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, ſweet maid,
And not have ſtrew'd thy Grave.

Laer. O treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deed thy moſt ingenious ſenſe
Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth a while,
'Till I have caught her once more in my arms.
[Laertes *leaps into the Grave.*
Now pile your duſt upon the quick and dead,
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
T' o'er-top old *Pelion*, or the ſkyiſh head
Of blue *Olympus*.

Ham. [*diſcovering himſelf.*] What is he, whoſe griefs
Bear ſuch an emphaſis? whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Conjures the wandring ſtars, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
[Hamlet *leaps into the Grave.*
Hamlet the *Dane*.

Laer. The devil take thy ſoul! [*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat——
For though I am not ſplenitive and raſh;
Yet have I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them aſunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet.

Lor. Good my Lord, be quiet.
[*The attendants part them.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. Oh my ſon! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my ſum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, *Laertes*.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. Come, ſhew me what thou'lt do.

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't faſt? woo't tear thyſelf?

[3] Woo't drink up Eiſel, eat a Crocodile?
I'll do't.——Do'ſt thou come hither but to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her Grave;
Be buried quick with her; and ſo will I;
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate againſt the burning Zone,
Make *Oſſa* like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is meer madneſs;
And thus a while the Fit will work on him:
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
[4] Ere that her golden couplets are diſclos'd,

[3] *Woo't, drink up* Eſill, *eat a crocodile?*] This word has thro' all the editions been diſtinguiſhed by *Italick* characters, as if it were the proper name of ſome river; and ſo, I dare ſay, all the editors have from time to time underſtood it to be. But then this muſt be ſome river in *Denmark*; and there is none there ſo called; nor is there any near it in name, that I know of, but *Yſſel*, from which the province of *Overyſſel* derives its title in the *German Flanders*. Beſides, *Hamlet* is not propoſing any impoſſibilities to *Laertes*, as the drinking up a river would be: but he rather ſeems to mean, Wilt thou reſolve to do things the moſt ſhocking and diſtaſteful to human nature? and, behold, I am as reſolute. I am perſuaded, the poet wrote;

Wilt drink up Eiſel, *eat a crocodile?*

i. e. Wilt thou ſwallow down large draughts of *vinegar?* The propoſition, indeed, is not very grand; but the doing it might be as diſtaſteful and unſavoury, as eating the fleſh of a *crocodile*. And now there is neither an impoſſibility, nor an *Anticlimax*: and the lowneſs of the idea is in ſome meaſure remov'd by the uncommon term. THEOBALD.

Hanmer has,

Wilt drink up Nile, or *eat a crocodile?*

[4] WHEN *that her* golden couplets——] We ſhould read, E'ER *that*—for it is the patience of birds, during the time of incubation, that is here ſpoken of. The Pigeon generally ſits upon two eggs; and her young, when firſt diſcloſed, are covered with a yellow down. WARBURTON.

Perhaps it ſhould be,

Ere yet——

Yet and *yt* are eaſily confounded.

His ſilence will ſit drooping.
Ham. Hear you, Sir——
What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter——
Let *Hercules* himſelf do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day. [*Exit.*
King. I pray you, good *Horatio*, wait upon him.
[*Exit* Hor.
Strengthen your patience in our laſt night's ſpeech.
[*To* Laertes.
We'll put the matter to the preſent puſh.
Good *Gertrude*, ſet ſome watch over your ſon.
This Grave ſhall have a living Monument.
An hour of quiet ſhortly ſhall we ſee;
'Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to a HALL, *in the Palace.*

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. SO much for this, Sir. Now ſhall you ſee the other.
You do remember all the circumſtance?
Hor. Remember it, my Lord?
Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me ſleep; methought, I lay
Worſe than the [5] mutines in the Bilboes. [6] Rafhly,
And

[5] —*mutines in the Bilboes*] *Mutines*, the *French* word for ſeditious or diſobedient fellows in the army or fleet. *Bilboes*, the *ſhip's priſon.*

[6] ——*Raſhneſs*
(And praiſ'd be raſhneſs for it)
lets us know; [*us well,*
Our *indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves*
When, &c.] The ſenſe in this reading

And prais'd be raſhneſs for it—Let us know,
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; and that ſhould teach us,
There's a Divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
Hor. That is moſt certain.
Ham. Up from my cabin,
My ſea-gown ſcarft about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them; had my deſire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making ſo bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unſeal
Their grand Commiſſion, where I found, *Horatio*,
A royal knavery; an exact Command,
Larded with many ſeveral ſorts of reaſons,
Importing *Denmark*'s health, and *England*'s too,
[7] With, ho! ſuch buggs and goblins in my life;

reading is, *Our raſhneſs lets us know that our indiſcretion ſerves us well, when*, &c. But this could never be *Shakeſpear*'s ſenſe. We ſhould read and point thus,

——*Raſhneſs*
(And prais'd be raſhneſs for it)
lets us know;
Or *indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves*
us well,
When, &c.] *i. e.* Raſhneſs acquaints us with what we cannot penetrate to by plots. WARB.

Both my copies read,

——Raſhly,
And prais'd be raſhneſs for it,
let *us know*.

Hamlet, delivering an account of his eſcape, begins with ſaying, That he *raſhly*——and then is carried into a reflection upon the weakneſs of human wiſdom. I raſhly——praiſed be raſhneſs for it—*Let us* not think theſe events caſual, but *let us know*, that is, *take notice and remember*, that we ſometimes ſucceed by *indiſcretion*, when we *fail* by *deep plots*, and infer the perpetual ſuperintendence and *agency* of the *Divinity*. The obſervation is juſt, and will be allowed by every human being who ſhall reflect on the courſe of his own life.

[7] *With ho! ſuch buggs and goblins in my life*;] *With ſuch cauſes of terrour*, ariſing from my character and deſigns.

That on the ſupervize, [8] no leiſure bated,
No, not to ſtay the grinding of the ax,
My head ſhould be ſtruck off.

Hor. Is't poſſible?

Ham. Here's the Commiſſion, read it at more leiſure;
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. I beſeech you.

Ham. [9] Being thus benetted round with villains,
Ere I could make a prologue to my Brains,
They had begun the Play: I ſate me down,
Devis'd a new Commiſſion, wrote it fair:

[8] ——*no leiſure* bated,] *Bated*, for allowed. To *abate* ſignifies to deduct; this deduction, when applied to the perſon in whoſe favour it is made, is called an *allowance*. Hence he takes the liberty of uſing *bated* for allowed. WARBURTON.

[9] *Being thus benetted round with Villains,*
(Ere I could MAKE a *prologue to my* BRAINS,
They had begun the Play:—] The ſecond line is nonſenſe. The whole ſhould be read thus,
Being thus benetted round with Villains,
Ere I could MARK THE *prologue to my* BANE,
They had begun the Play.
i. e. they begun to *act* to my deſtruction, before I knew there was a *Play* towards. *Ere I could mark the Prologue.* For it appears by what he ſays of his *foreboding*, that it was that only, and not any apparent mark of villany, which ſet him upon *fingering their packet*. *Ere I could make the Prologue*, is abſurd: Both as he had no thoughts of playing them a trick till they had played him one; and becauſe his *counterplot* could not be called a *prologue* to their *Plot*. WARBURTON.

In my opinion no alteration is neceſſary. *Hamlet* is telling how luckily every thing fell out; he groped out their commiſſion in the dark without waking them; he found himſelf doomed to immediate deſtruction. Something was to be done for his preſervation. An expedient occurred, not produced by the compariſon of one method with another, or by a regular deduction of conſequences, but before he *could make a prologue to his Brains, they had begun the play*. Before he cou'd ſummon his faculties, and propoſe to himſelf what ſhould be done, a complete ſcheme of action preſented itſelf to him. His mind operated before he had excited it. This appears to me to be the meaning.

I

I once did hold it, as our Statiſts do,
A baſeneſs to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that Learning; but, Sir, now
It did me yeoman's ſervice. Wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my Lord.

Ham. An earneſt conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithful tributary,
As love between them, like the palm, might flouriſh,
' As Peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear,
And ſtand a Comma 'tween their amities;

And

' *As Peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear,*
And ſtand a COMMA *'tween their amities;*] Peace is here properly and finely perſonalized as the Goddeſs of good league and friendſhip; and very claſſically dreſs'd out. *Ovid* ſays,

Pax Cererem nutrit, Pacis alumna Ceres.

And *Tibullus*,

At nobis, Pax alma! veni, ſpicamque teneto.

But the placing her as a *Comma*, or ſtop, between the *amities* of two kingdoms, makes her rather ſtand like a cypher. The poet without doubt wrote,

And ſtand a COMMERE *'tween our amities.*

The term is taken from a traffick'er in love, who brings people together, a procureſs. And this Idea is well appropriated to the ſatirical turn which the ſpeaker gives to this wicked adjuration of the King, who would lay the foundation of the peace of the two kingdoms in the blood of the heir of one of them. *Periers* in his Novels, uſes the word *Commere* to ſignify a ſhe-friend. *A tous ſes gens, chacun une* Commere. And *Ben Johnſon*, in his *Devil's an Aſs*, engliſhes the word by a *middling Goſſip*.

Or what do you ſay to a middling Goſſip
To bring you together, WARBURTON'S *Hanmer* reads,
And ſtand a cement———

I am again inclined to vindicate the old reading. That the word *Commere* is *French*, will not be denied; but when or where was it *Engliſh?*

The expreſſion of our authour is, like many of his phraſes, ſufficiently conſtrained and affected, but it is not incapable of explanation. The *Comma* is the note of *connection* and continuity of ſentences; the *Period* is the note of *abruption* and diſjunction. *Shakeſpeare* had it perhaps in his mind to write, That unleſs *England* complied with the mandate, *war ſhould put a* period *to their amity*; he altered his mode of diction, and thought that, in an

And many ſuch like [2] *As's* of great charge;
That on the view and knowing of theſe contents,
Without debatement further, more or leſs,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſudden death,
Not ſhriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this ſeal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's ſignet in my purſe,
Which was the model of that *Daniſh* ſeal:
I folded the writ up in form of th' other,
Subſcrib'd it, gave th' impreſſion, plac'd it ſafely,
[3] The changeling never known; now, the next day
Was our ſea-fight, and what to this was ſequent
Thou know'ſt already.

Hor. So, *Guildenſtern* and *Roſincrantz* go to't.

" *Ham.* Why, man, they did make love to this employment."

They are not near my conſcience; their defeat
[4] Doth by their own inſinuation grow.
'Tis dangerous when the baſer nature comes
Between the paſs, and fell incenſed points,
Of mighty oppoſites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not, think'ſt thou, ſtand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Popt in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch cozenage; is't not perfect conſcience,

oppoſite ſenſe, he might put, That *Peace ſhould ſtand a* Comma *between their amities.* This is not an eaſy ſtyle; but is it not the ſtyle of *Shakeſpeare?*

[2] ——As's *of great charge*;] *Aſſes* heavily *loaded.*

[3] *The changeling never known*;] A *changeling* is a *child* which the fairies are ſuppoſed to leave in the room of that which they ſteal.

[4] *Doth by their own* inſinuation *grow:*] *Inſinuation*, for corruptly obtruding themſelves into his ſervice. WARBURTON.

" To

" [5] To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
" To let this canker of our nature come
" In further evil?
" *Hor.* It muſt be ſhortly known to him from *England*,
" What is the iſſue of the buſineſs there.
" *Ham.* It will be ſhort.
" The *Interim*'s mine; and a man's life's no more
" Than to ſay, one.
" But I am very ſorry, good *Horatio*,
" That to *Laertes* I forgot myſelf;
" For by the image of my cauſe I ſee
" The portraiture of his; I'll court his favour;
" But, ſure, the bravery of his grief did put me
" Into a tow'ring paſſion.
Hor. Peace, who comes here?

SCENE IV.

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. Your Lordſhip is right welcome back to *Denmark*.
Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir. [6] Doſt know this water-fly?
Hor. No, my good Lord.
Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile. Let a beaſt be Lord of beaſts, and his crib ſhall ſtand at

[5] *To quit him*—] To requite him; to pay him his due.
[6] —*Doſt know this water-fly?*] A *water-fly* ſkips up and down upon the ſurface of the water, without any apparent purpoſe or reaſon, and is thence the proper emblem of a buſy trifler.

the King's meſſe. [7] It is a chough; but, as I ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.

Oſr. Sweet Lord, if your Lordſhip were at leiſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his Majeſty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of ſpirit. Your bonnet to his right uſe, 'tis for the head.

Oſr. I thank your Lordſhip, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Oſr. It is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very ſultry, and hot for my complexion.

Oſr. Exceedingly, my Lord. It is very ſultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how.—My Lord, his Majeſty bid me ſignify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter——

Ham. I beſeech you, remember——

[Hamlet *moves him to put on his hat.*

Oſr. Nay, in good faith. For mine eaſe. In good faith.—*Sir, here is newly come to Court* Laertes; *believe me, an abſolute Gentleman,* [8] *full of moſt excellent Differences, of very ſoft ſociety, and great ſhew: indeed, to ſpeak feelingly of him, he is* [9] *the card or kalendar of gentry;* [1] *for you ſhall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would ſee.*

[7] *It is a chough;*] A kind of jackdaw.

[8] *full of moſt excellent Differences,*] Full of *diſtinguiſhing* excellencies.

[9] *the card or kalendar of gentry;*] The general preceptor of elegance; the *card* by which a gentleman is to direct his courſe; the *calendar* by which he is to chuſe his time, that what he does may be both excellent and ſeaſonable.

[1] *for you ſhall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would ſee.*] *You ſhall find him containing* and comprifing every *quality* which a *gentleman* would deſire to *contemplate* for imitation. I know not but it ſhould be read, *You ſhall find him the continent.*

Ham.

Ham. [2] *Sir, his definement ſuffers no perdition in you, tho' I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetick of memory;* [3] *and yet but raw neither in reſpect of his quick ſail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be* [4] *a Soul of great article; and his infuſion* [5] *of ſuch dearth and rareneſs, as, to make true diction of him, his Semblable is his mirrour; and, who elſe would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.*

Oſr. *Your Lordſhip ſpeaks moſt infallibly of him.*

Ham. *The Concernancy, Sir?——Why do we wrap the Gentleman in our more rawer breath?*

Oſr. *Sir,——*

Hor. [6] *Is't not poſſible to underſtand in another tongue? you will do't, Sir, really.*

[2] *Sir, his definement,* &c.] This is deſigned as a ſpecimen, and ridicule of the court-jargon, amongſt the *precieux* of that time. The ſenſe in *Engliſh* is, *Sir, he ſuffers nothing in your account of him, though to enumerate his good qualities particularly would be endleſs; yet when we had done our beſt it would ſtill come ſhort of him. However, in ſtrictneſs of truth, he is a great genius, and of a character ſo rarely to be met with, that to find any thing like him we muſt look into his mirrour, and his imitators will appear no more than his ſhadows.* WARB.

[3] *and yet but* RAW *neither*] We ſhould read SLOW. WARB.

I believe *raw* to be the right word; it is a word of great latitude; *raw* ſignifies *unripe, immature,* thence *unformed, imperfect, unſkilful. The beſt account of him would be* imperfect, *in reſpect of his quick ſail.* The phraſe *quick ſail* was, I ſuppoſe, a proverbial term for *activity of mind.*

[4] *a Soul of great article;*] This is obſcure. I once thought it might have been, *a Soul of great altitude;* but, I ſuppoſe, *a Soul of great article,* means *a Soul of* large comprehenſion, of many contents; the particulars of an inventory are called *articles.*

[5] *of ſuch dearth.*] *Dearth* is *dearneſs,* value, price. And his internal qualities of ſuch value and rarity.

[6] *Is't not poſſible to underſtand in another tongue? you will do't, Sir, really.*] Of this interrogatory remark the ſenſe is very obſcure. The queſtion may mean, *Might not all this be underſtood in plainer language.* But then, *you will do it, Sir, really,* ſeems to have no uſe, for who could doubt but plain language would be intelligible? I would therefore read, *Is't poſſible* not to be underſtood in a mother *tongue?* You will do it, Sir, really.

Ham. *What imports the nomination of this gentleman?*

Oſr. *Of* Laertes?

Hor. *His purſe is empty already: all's golden words are ſpent.*

Ham. *Of him, Sir.*

Oſr. *I know, you are not ignorant,*——

Ham. *I would you did, Sir. Yet, in faith,* [7] *if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, Sir.*

Oſr. *You are not ignorant of what excellence* Laertes *is.*

Ham. [8] *I dare not confeſs that, leſt I ſhould compare with him in excellence: but to know a man well, were to know himſelf.*

Oſr. *I mean, Sir, for his weapon: but in the Imputation laid on him by them* [9] *in his Meed, he's unfellow'd.*

Ham. What's his weapon?

Oſr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Oſr. The King, Sir, hath wag'd with him ſix *Barbary* horſes, againſt the which he has [1] impon'd, as I take it, ſix *French* rapiers and poniards, with their aſſigns, as girdle, hangers, and ſo. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very reſponſive to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

[7] *if you did, it would not much approve me.*] If you knew I was not ignorant, your eſteem would not much advance my reputation. To *approve*, is to *recommend to approbation.*

[8] *I dare not confeſs that, leſt I ſhould compare with him,* &c.] *I dare not pretend to know him, leſt I ſhould pretend to an equality: no man can completely know another, but by knowing himſelf*; which is the utmoſt extent of human wiſdom.

[9] *in his Meed,*] In his excellence.

[1] *impon'd,*] Perhaps it ſhould be, *depoſed.* So *Hudibras,*

I would upon this cauſe depone,
As much as any I have known.

But perhaps *impaned* is pledged, *impawned*, ſo ſpelt to ridicule the affectation of uttering *Engliſh* words with *French* pronunciation.

Ham.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you muſt be edified by the Margent, ere you had done.

Oſr. The carriages, Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would be [a] more germane to the matter, if we would carry cannon by our ſides; I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on; ſix *Barbary* horſes againſt ſix *French* ſwords, their aſſigns, and three liberal conceited carriages; that's the *French* bett againſt the *Daniſh*. Why is this impon'd, as you call it?

Oſr. [b] The King, Sir, hath laid, that in a Dozen Paſſes between you and him, he ſhall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial, if your Lordſhip would vouchſafe the anſwer.

Ham. How if I anſwer, no?

Oſr. I mean, my Lord, the oppoſition of your perſon in trial.

Ham. 'Sir, I will walk here in the Hall. If it pleaſe his Majeſty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe, I will win for him if I can: if not, I'll gain nothing but my ſhame, and the odd hits.

Oſr. Shall I deliver you ſo?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flouriſh your nature will.

Oſr. I commend my duty to your Lordſhip. [*Exit.*

[a] *more germane*] More *a kin.*

[b] *The King, Sir, hath laid,*] This wager I do not underſtand. In a dozen paſſes one muſt exceed the other more or leſs than three hits. Nor can I comprehend, how, in a dozen, there can be twelve to nine. The paſſage is of no importance; it is ſufficient that there was a wager. The quarto has the paſſage as it ſtands. The folio, *He hath one twelve for mine.*

Ham.

Ham. Yours, yours. He does well to commend it himſelf, there are no tongues elſe for 's turn.

Hor. [4] This lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. [5] He did compliment with his dug before he ſuck'd it: thus has he, and many more of the ſame breed, that, I know, the droſſy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, [6] a kind of yeſty collection, which carries them through

[4] *This lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.*] I ſee no particular propriety in the image of the lapwing. *Oſric* did not run till he had done his buſineſs. We may read, *This lapwing* ran *away*—That is, *this fellow was full of unimportant buſtle from his birth.*

[5] *He* did ſo, Sir, *with his dug*, &c.] What, run away with it? The Folio reads, *He did* COMPLY *with his dug.* So that the true reading appears to be, *He did* COMPLIMENT *with his dug*, i. e. ſtand upon ceremony with it, to ſhew he was *born* a courtier. This is extremely humourous. WARBURTON.

Planmer has the ſame emendation.

[6] *a kind of* yeſty *collection, which carries them through and through the moſt* FOND *and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their tryals, the bubbles are out.*] The metaphor is ſtrangely mangled by the intruſion of the word FOND, which undoubtedly ſhould be read FANN'D; the alluſion being to corn ſeparated by the Fan from chaff and duſt. But the Editors ſeeing, from the character of this *yeſty collection*, that the *opinions*, through which they were ſo currently *carried*, were falſe opinions; and *fann'd and winnow'd opinions*, in the moſt obvious ſenſe ſignifying *tried and purified* opinions, they thought *fanned* muſt needs be wrong, and therefore made it *fond*, which word ſignified in our author's time, fooliſh, weak or childiſh. They did not conſider that *fann'd and winnowed opinions* had alſo a different ſignification: For it may mean the opinions of great men and courtiers, men ſeparated by their quality from the vulgar, as corn is ſeparated from the chaff. This *yeſty collection*, ſays *Hamlet*, inſinuates itſelf into people of the higheſt Quality, as yeſt into the fineſt flower. The courtiers admire him, but when he comes to the trial, &c. WARBURTON.

This is a very happy emendation, but I know not why the critick ſhould ſuppoſe that *fond* was printed for *fann'd* in conſequence of any reaſon or reflection. Such errours, to which there is no temptation but idleneſs, and of which there was no cauſe

through and through the moſt fond and winnowed opinions; and [7] do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. *My Lord, his Majeſty commended him to you by young* Oſrick, *who brings back to him, that you attend him in the Hall. He ſends to know if your pleaſure hold to play with* Laertes, *or that you will take longer time?*

Ham. *I am conſtant to my purpoſes, they follow the King's pleaſure; if his fitneſs ſpeaks, mine is ready, now, or whenſoever, provided I be ſo able as now.*

Lord. *The King, and Queen, and all are coming down.*

Ham. *In happy time.*

Lord. *The Queen deſires you to uſe ſome* [8] *gentle entertainment to* Laertes, *before you fall to play.*

Ham. *She well inſtructs me.* [Exit *Lord.*

cauſe but ignorance, are in every page of the old Editions. This paſſage in the quarto ſtands thus. They have got *out of the habit of encounter, a kind of miſty collection, which carries them through and through the moſt profane and trenowned opinions.* If this printer preſerved any traces of the original, our authour wrote, *the moſt* ſane *and* renowned *opinions*, which is better than *fanned and winnowed.*

The meaning is, *theſe men have got the cant of the day, a ſuperficial readineſs of flight and curſory converſation, a kind of frothy collection of faſhionable prattle, which yet carried them through the moſt ſelect and approved judgement. This airy facility of talk ſometimes impoſes upon wiſe men.*

Who has not ſeen this obſervation verified?

[7] *do but blow them,* &c.] Theſe men of ſhow, without ſolidity, are like bubbles raiſed from ſoap and water, which dance, and glitter, and pleaſe the eye, but if you extend them, by blowing hard, ſeparate into a miſt; ſo if you oblige theſe ſpecious talkers to extend their compaſs of converſation, they at once diſcover the tenuity of their intellects.

[8] *gentle entertainment.*] Mild and temperate converſation.

Her.

Hor. You will loſe this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I do not think ſo. Since he went into *France*, I have been in continual practice; I ſhall win at the odds. But thou wouldſt not think how ill all's here about my heart. But it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, my good Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is ſuch a kind of gain-giving as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind diſlike any thing, obey it. I will foreſtal their repair hither, and ſay you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a ſpecial providence in the fall of a ſparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readineſs is all. [9] Since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

SCENE

[9] *Since no man* HAS OUGHT OF WHAT *he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?*] This the editors called reaſoning. I ſhould have thought the premiſes concluded juſt otherwiſe: For ſince death ſtrips a man of every thing, it is but fit he ſhould ſhun and avoid the deſpoiler. The old Quarto reads, *Since no man, of ought he leaves,* KNOWS, *what is't to leave betimes. Let be.* This is the true reading. Here the premiſes conclude right, and the argument drawn out at length is to this effect. *It is true, that, by death, we loſe all the goods of life; yet ſeeing this loſs is no otherwiſe an evil than as we are ſenſible of it; and ſince death removes all ſenſe of it, what matters it how ſoon we loſe them: Therefore come what will I am prepared.* But the ill pointing in the old book hindered the editors from ſeeing *Shakeſpear*'s ſenſe, and encouraged them to venture at one of their own, though, as uſual, they are come very lamely off.

WARBURTON.

The reading of the quarto was right, but in ſome other copy the harſhneſs of the tranſpoſition was ſoftened, and the paſſage ſtood thus, *Since no man knows aught of what he leaves.* For *knows* was printed in the later copies *has*, by a ſlight blunder in ſuch typographers.

I do not think Dr. *Warburton*'s interpretation of the paſſage the beſt that it will admit. The meaning may be this, Since *no man knows aught of* the ſtate of life

SCENE V.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes *and lords,* Oſrick, *with other attendants with foils, and gantlets. A table, and flaggons of wine on it.*

King. Come, *Hamlet,* come, and take this hand from me.

[*King puts the hand of* Laertes *into the hand of* Hamlet.

Ham. 'Give me your pardon, Sir. I've done you wrong;
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
This preſence knows, and you muſt needs have heard,
How I am puniſh'd with a ſore diſtraction.
What I have done,
That might your Nature, Honour, and Exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madneſs:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes?* never, *Hamlet.*
If *Hamlet* from himſelf be ta'en away,
And, when he's not himſelf, does wrong *Laertes,*
Then *Hamlet* does it not; *Hamlet* denies it.
Who does it then? his madneſs. If 't be ſo,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

life which *he leaves,* ſince he cannot judge what other years may produce, why ſhould he be afraid of *leaving* life betimes? Why ſhould he dread an early death, of which he cannot tell whether it is an excluſion of happineſs, or an interception of calamity. I deſpiſe the ſuperſtition of augury and omens, which has no ground in reaſon or piety; my comfort is, that I cannot fall but by the direction of providence.

Hanmer has, *Since no man owes aught,* a conjecture not very reprehenſible. Since *no man can call any poſſeſſion certain,* what is it to leave?

'*Give me your pardon, Sir.*—] I wiſh *Hamlet* had made ſome other defence; it is unſuitable to the character of a good or a brave man, to ſhelter himſelf in falſehood.

His

His madneſs is poor *Hamlet*'s enemy.
Let my diſclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
Free me ſo far in your moſt generous thoughts,
That I have ſhot mine arrow o'er the houſe,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am ſatisfied in nature,
Whoſe motive, in this caſe, ſhould ſtir me moſt
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I ſtand aloof, and will no reconcilement,
'Till by ſome elder maſters of known honour
I have a voice, and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, *Laertes*; in mine ignorance
Your ſkill ſhall, like a ſtar i' th' darkeſt night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young *Oſrick*.
Hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham. Well, my Lord;
Your Grace hath laid upon the weaker ſide.

King. I do not fear it, I have ſeen you both;
But ſince he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me ſee another.

Ham. This likes me well. Theſe foils have all a length? [*Prepares to play.*

* *Your Grace hath laid upon the weaker ſide.*] Thus *Hanmer*. All the others read, *Your Grace hath laid the odds o' th' weaker ſide.* When the odds were on the ſide of *Laertes*, who was to hit *Hamlet* twelve times to nine, it was perhaps the authour's ſlip.

Oſr.

Oſr. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Set me the ſtoups of wine upon that table.
If *Hamlet* give the firſt, or ſecond Hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The King ſhall drink to *Hamlet*'s better breath;
[3] And in the cup an Union ſhall he throw,
Richer than that which four ſucceſſive Kings
In *Denmark*'s Crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpets ſpeak,
The trumpets to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heav'ns, the heav'ns to earth:
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*.—Come. Begin.
And you the Judges bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir,

Laer. Come, my Lord. [*They play.*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Oſr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well —— again ——

King. Stay, give me Drink. *Hamlet*, this Pearl is thine,

[3] In ſome editions,
And in the cup an Onyx *ſhall be throw,*]
This is a various reading in ſeveral of the old copies; but *Un on* ſeems to me to be the true word. If I am not miſtaken, neither the *Onyx*, nor *Sardonyx*, are jewels which ever found place in an imperial crown. An *Union* is the fineſt ſort of Pearl, and has its place in all crowns and coronets. Beſides, let us conſider what the King ſays on *Hamlet*'s giving *Laertes* the firſt hit.
Stay, give me Drink: Hamlet, this Pearl *is thine:*
Here's to thy health.
Therefore, if an *Union* be a *Pearl*, and an *Onyx* a Gemm, or Stone quite differing in its nature from *Pearls*; the King ſaying, that *Hamlet* has earn'd the *Pearl*, I think, amounts to a demonſtration that it was an *Union*-Pearl, which he meant to throw into the cup. THEOBALD.

Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.
[*Trumpets ſound, Shot goes off.*

Ham. I'll play this bout firſt. Set it by awhile.
[*They play.*

Come. Another hit. What ſay you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confeſs.

King. Our ſon ſhall win.

Queen. He's fat, and ſcant of breath.
Here, *Hamlet*, take my napkin, rub thy brows.
The Queen carouſes to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good Madam,——

King. *Gertrude*, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my Lord. I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poiſon'd cup. It is too late. [*Aſide.*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam. By and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almoſt againſt my conſcience.
[*Aſide.*

Ham. Come, for the third, *Laertes*. You but dally;
I pray you, paſs with your beſt violence;
I am afraid, [4] you make a Wanton of me.

Laer. Say you ſo? come on. [*Play.*

Oſr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.
[Laertes *wounds* Hamlet; *then, in ſcuffling, they change rapiers, and* Hamlet *wounds* Laertes.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again.

Oſr. Look to the Queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both ſides. How is't, my Lord?

Oſr. How is't, *Laertes?*

[4] ——*you make a Wanton of me.*] A *Wanton* was, a man *feeble and effeminate.* In *Cymbeline*, *Imogen* ſays,
I am not ſo citizen a wanton,
To die, ere I be ſick.
Lett.

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own ſpringe, *Oſrick*;
I'm juſtly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the Queen?
King. She ſwoons to ſee them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink——
Oh my dear *Hamlet*.—The drink, the drink,——
I am poiſon'd—— [*Queen dies.*
Ham. Oh villainy! ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! ſeek it out——
Laer. It is here, *Hamlet*. Thou art ſlain,
No med'cine in the world can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treach'rous inſtrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd. The foul practice
Hath turn'd itſelf on me. Lo, here I lye,
Never to riſe again. Thy mother's poiſon'd,
I can no more——the King, the King's to blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too?
Then venom do thy work. [*Stabs the King.*
All. Treaſon, treaſon.
King. O yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou inceſtuous, murd'rous, damned *Dane*,
Drink off this potion. Is the Union here?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*
Laer. He is juſtly ſerv'd.
It is a poiſon temper'd by himſelf.
Exchange forgiveneſs with me, noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my father's death come not on thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*
Ham. Heav'n make thee free of it. I follow thee.
I'm dead, *Horatio*. Wretched Queen, adieu!
You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,
[5] That are but mutes or audience to this act,

[5] *That are but mutes or audience to this act.*] That are either mere *auditors* of this *cataſtrophe*, or at moſt only *mute performers*, that fill the ſtage without any part in the action.

Had I but time, as this fell Serjeant death
Is ſtrict in his arreſt, oh, I could tell you——
But let it be——*Horatio*, I am dead;
Thou liv'ſt, report me and my cauſe aright
To the unſatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it.
I'm more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane*.
Here's yet ſome liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man,
Give me the cup. Let go; by heav'n, I'll hav't
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
Things ſtanding thus unknown, ſhall live behind m
If thou didſt ever hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my ſtory. [*March afar off, and ſhout wit*
What warlike noiſe is this?

SCENE VI.

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. Young *Fortinbras*, with Conqueſt come fr
Poland,
To the Ambaſſadors of *England* gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, *Horatio:*
The potent poiſon quite o'er-grows my ſpirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from *England*.
But I do propheſy, the election lights
On *Fortinbras*; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with th' occurrents more or leſs,
[6] Which have ſollicited.—The reſt is ſilence. [*D*

[6] *Which have* ſollicited——.] *Sollicited*, for brought on event. WARBURT

H

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, ſweet Prince;
And flights of angels ſing thee to thy Reſt!
Why does the Drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras, *and* Engliſh *Ambaſſadors, with drum, colours, and attendants.*

Fort. Where is this ſight?
Hor. What is it you would ſee?
If aught of woe or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
Fort. [7] This quarry cries on havock. Oh proud Death!
What feaſt is tow'rd in thy infernal cell,
That thou ſo many Princes at a ſhot
So bloodily haſt ſtruck?
Amb. The ſight is diſmal,
And our affairs from *England* come too late:
The ears are ſenſeleſs that ſhould give us hearing;
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That *Roſincrantz* and *Guildenſtern* are dead.
Where ſhould we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But ſince ſo jump upon this bloody queſtion,
You from the *Polack* Wars, and you from *England*,
Are here arriv'd; give order, that theſe bodies
High on a Stage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeak to th' yet unknowing world,

[7] *This quarry cries on havock.*] *Hanmer* reads,
——— *cries* out, *havock.*
To *cry on*, was to *exclaim againſt.* I ſuppoſe, when unfair ſportſmen deſtroyed more *quarry* or *game* than was reaſonable, the cenſure was, to cry, *Havock.*

How theſe things came about. So ſhall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, caſual ſlaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cauſe;
And, in this upſhot, purpoſes miſtook
Fall'n on th' inventors' heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haſte to hear it,
And call the Nobleſs to the audience.
For me, with ſorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have ſome rights of memory in this Kingdom,
Which, now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I ſhall have alſo cauſe to ſpeak,
[s] And from his mouth whoſe voice will draw on more:
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, leſt more miſchance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear *Hamlet*, like a ſoldier, to the Stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd moſt royally. And for his paſſage,
The Soldiers' muſick, and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.

[s] *And from his mouth whoſe voice will draw* no *more.*] This is the reading of the old *Quarto's*, but certainly a miſtaken one. We ſay, *a man will no more draw breath*; but that a man's *voice will draw no more*, is, I believe, an expreſſion without any authority. I chuſe to eſpouſe the reading of the elder *folio*;

And from his mouth, whoſe voice will draw on *more.*

And this is the poet's meaning. *Hamlet*, juſt before his death, had ſaid;

But I do prophesy, th' election lights
On Fortinbras: *He has my dying* voice;
So tell him; *&c.*

Accordingly, *Horatio* here delivers that meſſage; and very juſtly infers, that *Hamlet's voice* will be ſeconded by others, and procure them in favour of *Fortinbras's* ſucceſſion. THEOB.

Take

Take up the body. Such a ſight as this
Becomes the field, but here ſhews much amiſs.
Go, bid the Soldiers ſhoot.

[*Exeunt, marching: after which, a peal of Ordnance is ſhot off.*

If the dramas of *Shakeſpeare* were to be characteriſed, each by the particular excellence which diſtinguiſhes it from the reſt, we muſt allow to the tragedy of *Hamlet* the praiſe of variety. The incidents are ſo numerous, that the argument of the play would make a long tale. The ſcenes are interchangeably diverſified with merriment and ſolemnity; with merriment that includes judicious and inſtructive obſervations, and ſolemnity, not ſtrained by poetical violence above the natural ſentiments of man. New characters appear from time to time in continual ſucceſſion, exhibiting various forms of life and particular modes of converſation. The pretended madneſs of *Hamlet* cauſes much mirth, the mournful diſtraction of *Ophelia* fills the heart with tenderneſs, and every perſonage produces the effect intended, from the apparition that in the firſt act chills the blood with horrour, to the ſop in the laſt, that expoſes affectation to juſt contempt.

The conduct is perhaps not wholly ſecure againſt objections. The action is indeed for the moſt part in continual progreſſion, but there are ſome ſcenes which neither forward nor retard it. Of the feigned madneſs of *Hamlet* there appears no adequate cauſe, for he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of ſanity. He plays the madman moſt, when he treats *Ophelia* with ſo much rudeneſs, which ſeems to be uſeleſs and wanton cruelty.

Hamlet is, through the whole play, rather an inſtrument than an agent. After he has, by the ſtratagem of the play, convicted the King, he makes no attempt to puniſh him, and his death is at laſt effected by an incident which *Hamlet* has no part in producing.

The cataſtrophe is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of neceſſity, than a ſtroke of art. A ſcheme might eaſily have been formed, to kill *Hamlet* with the dagger, and *Laertes* with the bowl.

The poet is accuſed of having ſhewn little regard to poetical juſtice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpoſe; the revenge which he demands is not obtained but by the death of him that was required to take it; and the gratification which would ariſe from the deſtruction of an uſurper and a murderer, is abated by the untimely death of *Ophelia*, the young, the beautiful, the harmleſs, and the pious.

ACT II. SCENE VII. Page 199.

The rugged Pyrrhus *he*, &c.] The two greateſt poets of this and the laſt age, Mr. *Dryden*, in the preface to *Troilus and Creſſida*, and Mr. *Pope*, in his note on this place, have concurred in thinking that *Shakeſpear* produced this long paſſage with deſign to ridicule and expoſe the bombaſt of the play from whence it was taken; and that *Hamlet*'s commendation of it is purely ironical. This is become the general opinion. I think juſt otherwiſe; and that it was given with commendation to upbraid the falſe taſte of the audience of that time, which would not ſuffer them to do juſtice to the ſimplicity and ſublime of this production. And I reaſon, Firſt, From the Character *Hamlet* gives of the Play, from whence the paſſage is taken. Secondly, From the paſſage itſelf. And Thirdly, From the effect it had on the audience.

Let us conſider the character *Hamlet* gives of it: *The Play, I remember, pleas'd not the million, 'twas* Caviar *to the general; but it was (as I received it, and others, whoſe judgment in ſuch matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet down with as much modeſty as cunning. I remember, one ſaid, there was no ſalt in the lines to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection; but called it an honeſt method.* They who ſuppoſe the paſſage given to be ridiculed, muſt needs ſuppoſe this character to be purely ironical. But if ſo, it is the ſtrangeſt irony that ever was written. *It pleaſed not the multitude.* This we muſt conclude to be true, however ironical the reſt be. Now the reaſon given of the deſigned ridicule is the ſuppoſed bombaſt. But thoſe were the very plays, which at that time we know took with the multitude. And *Fletcher* wrote a kind of *Rehearſal* purpoſely to expoſe them. But ſay it is bombaſt, and that, therefore, it took not with the multitude. *Hamlet* preſently tells us what it was that diſpleaſed them. *There was no ſalt in the lines to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection; but called it an honeſt method.* Now whether a perſon ſpeaks ironically or no, when he quotes others, yet common ſenſe requires he ſhould quote what they ſay. Now it could not be, if this play diſpleaſed becauſe of the bombaſt, that thoſe whom it diſpleaſed ſhould give this reaſon for their diſlike. The ſame inconſiſtencies and abſurdities abound in every other part of *Hamlet*'s ſpeech ſuppoſing it to be ironical: but take him as ſpeaking his ſentiments, the whole is of a piece; and to this purpoſe: The Play, I remember,

remember, pleaſed not the multitude, and the reaſon was, its being wrote on the rules of the ancient Drama; to which they were entire ſtrangers. But, in my opinion, and in the opinion of thoſe for whoſe judgment I have the higheſt eſteem, it was an excellent Play, *well digeſted in the ſcenes, i. e.* where the three unities were well preſerved. *Set down with as much modeſty as cunning*, i. e. where not only the art of compoſition, but the ſimplicity of nature, was carefully attended to. The characters were a faithful picture of life and manners, in which nothing was overcharged into Farce. But theſe qualities, which gained my eſteem, loſt the public's. For *I remember one ſaid, There was no ſalt in the lines to make the matter ſavoury, i. e.* there was not, according to the mode of that time, a fool or clown to joke, quibble, and talk freely. *Nor no matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection*, i. e. nor none of thoſe paſſionate, pathetic love ſcenes, ſo eſſential to modern tragedy. *But he called it an honeſt method, i. e.* he owned, however *taſteleſs* this method of writing, on the ancient plan, was to our times, yet it was chaſte and pure; the diſtinguiſhing character of the *Greek* Drama. I need only make one obſervation on all this; that, thus interpreted, it is the juſteſt picture of a good tragedy, wrote on the ancient rules. And that I have rightly interpreted it appears farther from what we find added in the old Quarto, *an honeſt method, as wholeſome as ſweet, and by very much more* HANDSOME *than* FINE, *i. e.* it had a natural beauty, but none of the fucus of falſe art.

2. A ſecond proof that this ſpeech was given to be admired, is from the intrinſic merit of the ſpeech itſelf: which contains the deſcription of a circumſtance very happily imagined, namely *Ilium* and *Priam*'s falling together, with the effect it had on the deſtroyer.

—*The helliſh* Pyrrhus, *&c.*
To, *Repugnant to command.*
Th' unnerved father falls, &c.
To,—*So after* Pyrrhus' *pauſe.*

Now this circumſtance, illuſtrated with the fine ſimilitude of the ſtorm, is ſo highly worked up as to have well deſerved a place in *Virgil*'s ſecond Book of the *Æneid*, even tho' the work had been carried on to that perfection which the *Roman* Poet had conceived.

3. The third proof is, from the effects which followed on the recital. *Hamlet*, his beſt character, approves it; the Player is deeply affected in repeating it; and only the fooliſh *Polonius* tired with it. We have ſaid enough before of *Hamlet*'s ſentiments. As for the player, he changes colour, and the tears ſtart from his eyes. But our author was too good a judge of nature to make bombaſt and unnatural ſentiment produce ſuch an effect. Nature and *Horace* both inſtructed him,

Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt
Primùm ipſi tibi, tunc tua me
infortunia lædent,
Telephe, vel Peleu. MALE SI
MANDATA LOQUERIS,
Aut dormitabo aut ridebo.

And

And it may be worth obſerving, that *Horace* gives this precept particularly to ſhew, that bombaſt and unnatural ſentiments are incapable of moving the tender paſſions, which he is directing the poet how to raiſe. For, in the lines juſt before, he gives this rule,

Telephus & Peleus, cùm pauper & exul uterque,
Projicit Ampullas, & ſeſquipedalia verba.

Not that I would deny, that very bad lines in very bad tragedies have had this effect. But then it always proceeds from one or other of theſe cauſes.

1. Either when the ſubject is domeſtic, and the ſcene lies at home: The ſpectators, in this caſe, become intereſted in the fortunes of the diſtreſſed; and their thoughts are ſo much taken up with the ſubject, that they are not at liberty to attend to the poet; who, otherwiſe, by his faulty ſentiments and diction, would have ſtifled the emotions ſpringing up from a ſenſe of the diſtreſs. But this is nothing to the caſe in hand. For, as *Hamlet* ſays,

What's Hecuba *to him, or he to* Hecuba?

2. When bad lines raiſe this affection, they are bad in the other extreme; low, abject, and groveling, inſtead of being highly figurative and ſwelling; yet when attended with a natural ſimplicity, they have force enough to ſtrike illiterate and ſimple minds. The Tragedies of *Banks* will juſtify both theſe obſervations.

But if any one will ſtill ſay, that *Shakeſpear* intended to repreſent a player unnaturally and fantaſtically affected, we muſt appeal to *Hamlet*, that is, to *Shakeſpear* himſelf, in this matter? who on the reflection he makes upon the Player's emotion, in order to excite his own revenge, gives not the leaſt hint that the player was unnaturally or indjudiciouſly moved. On the contrary, his fine deſcription of the Actor's emotion ſhews, he thought juſt otherwiſe.

——this Player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,
That from her working all his viſage wan'd:
Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,
A broken voice, &c.

And indeed had *Hamlet* eſteemed this emotion any thing unnatural, it had been a very improper circumſtance to ſpur him to his purpoſe.

As *Shakeſpear* has here ſhewn the effects which a fine deſcription of Nature, heightened with all the ornaments of art, had upon an intelligent Player, whoſe buſineſs habituates him to enter intimately and deeply into the characters of men and manners, and to give nature its free workings on all occaſions; ſo he has artfully ſhewn what effects the very ſame ſcene would have upon a quite different man, *Polonius*; *by nature*, very weak and very artificial (two qualities, tho' commonly enough joined in life, yet generally ſo much diſguiſed as not to be ſeen by common eyes

eyes to be together; and which an ordinary Poet durſt not have brought ſo near one another] *by diſcipline*, practiſed in a ſpecies of wit and eloquence, which was ſtiff, forced, and pedantic; and *by trade* a Politician, and therefore, of conſequence, without any of the affecting notices of humanity. Such is the man whom *Shakeſpear* has judiciouſly choſen to repreſent the falſe taſte of that audience which had condemned the play here reciting. When the actor comes to the fineſt and moſt pathetic part of the ſpeech, *Polonius* cries out, *this is too long*; on which *Hamlet*, in contempt of his ill judgment, replies, *It ſhall to the barber's with thy beard.* [intimating that, by this judgment, it appeared that all his wiſdom lay in his length of beard.] *Pr'ythee, ſay on. He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry*, [the common entertainment of that time, as well as this, of the people] *or he ſleeps, ſay on.* And yet this man of modern taſte, who ſtood all this time perfectly unmoved with the forcible imagery of the relator, no ſooner hears, amongſt many good things, one quaint and fantaſtical word, put in, I ſuppoſe, purpoſely for this end, than he profeſſes his approbation of the propriety and dignity of it. *That's good. Mobled Queen is good.* On the whole then, I think, it plainly appears, that the long quotation is not given to be ridiculed and laughed at, but to be admired. The character given of the Play, by *Hamlet*, cannot be ironical. The paſſage itſelf is extremely beautiful. It has the effect that all pathetic relations, naturally written, ſhould have; and it is condemned, or regarded with indifference, by one of a wrong, unnatural taſte. From hence (to obſerve it by the way) the Actors, in their repreſentation of this play, may learn how this ſpeech ought to be ſpoken, and what appearance *Hamlet* ought to aſſume during the recital.

That which ſupports the common opinion, concerning this paſſage, is the turgid expreſſion in ſome parts of it; which, they think, could never be given by the poet to be commended. We ſhall therefore, in the next place, examine the lines moſt obnoxious to cenſure, and ſee how much, allowing the charge, this will make for the induction of their concluſion.

Pyrrhus *at* Priam *drives, in rage ſtrikes wide,*
But with the whiſ and wind of his fell ſword
Th' unnerved Father falls.

And again,

Out, out, thou ſtrumpet Fortune! All you Gods,
In general Synod, take away her power:
Break all the ſpokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of Heaven,
As low as to the Fiends.

Now whether theſe be bombaſt or not, is not the queſtion; but whether *Shakeſpear* eſteemed them ſo. That he did not ſo eſteem them appears from his having uſed the very ſame thoughts in the ſame expreſſion, in his beſt plays, and given them

to

to his principal characters, where he aims at the ſublime. As in the following paſſages.

Troilus, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, far outſtrains the execution of *Pyrrhus*'s ſword, in the character he gives of *Hector*'s,

When many times the cative *Grecians* fall
Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair ſword,
You bid them riſe and live.

Cleopatra, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, rails at Fortune in the ſame manner.

No, let me ſpeak, and let me rail ſo high,
That the falſe huſwife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd at my offence.

But another uſe may be made of theſe quotations; a diſcovery of the Author of this recited Play; which, letting us into a circumſtance of our Author's life (as a writer) hitherto unknown, was the reaſon I have been ſo large upon this queſtion. I think then it appears, from what has been ſaid, that the Play in diſpute was *Shakeſpear*'s own: and that this was the occaſion of writing it. He was deſirous, as ſoon as he had found his ſtrength, of reſtoring the chaſtneſs and regularity of the ancient Stage; and therefore compoſed this Tragedy on the model of the *Greek* Drama, as may be ſeen by throwing ſo much *action* into *relation*. But his attempt proved fruitleſs; and the raw, unnatural taſte then prevalent, forced him back again into his old *Gothic* manner. For which he took this revenge upon his Audience. WARB.

OTHELLO,

THE

MOOR of *VENICE*.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE of Venice.
Brabantio, *a noble* Venetian.
Gratiano, *Brother to* Brabantio.
Lodovico, *Kinſman to* Brabantio *and* Gratiano.
Othello, *the Moor.*
Caſſio.
Iago, *Standard-bearer to* Othello.
Rodorigo, *a Gentleman.*
Montano, *the Moor's Predeceſſor in the Government of* Cyprus.
Clown, Servant to the Moor.
Herald.

Deſdemona, *Wife to* Othello.
Æmilia, *Wife to* Iago.
Bianca, *Miſtreſs to* Caſſio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Meſſengers, Muſicians, Sailors, and Attendants.

SCENE, *for the Firſt Act, in* Venice; *during the reſt of the Play, in* Cyprus.

Of this Play the Editions are,

1. Quarto, —— Preface by Thomas Walkely.
2. 1622. N. O. for Thomas Walkely.
3. 1630. A. M. for Richard Hawkins.
4. 1650. for William Lenk.
5. Folio, 1623.

*** I have the folio, and the third Quarto collated with the ſecond, and the fourth.

[1]OTHELLO,

The Moor of VENICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in VENICE.

Enter Rodorigo *and* Iago.

RODORIGO.

NEVER tell me. I take it much unkindly,
That thou, *Iago*, who haſt had my purſe,
As if the ſtrings were thine, ſhouldſt know this.

Iago. But you'll not hear me.
If ever I did dream of ſuch a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou toldſt me, thou didſt hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Deſpiſe me,
If I do not. Three Great ones of the city,
In perſonal ſuit to make me his lieutenant,

[1] *Othello, the Moor of* Venice.] The ſtory is taken from *Cynthio's* Novels. POPE.

Off-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I'm worth no worſe a Place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purpoſe;
Evades them with a bombaſt circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuft with epithets of war,
And, in concluſion,
Non-ſuits my mediators. "Certes, ſays he,
"I have already choſe my officer."
And what was he?
Forſooth, a great arithmetician,
One *Michael Caſſio*, [2] a *Florentine*,
A fellow almoſt damn'd [3] in a fair wife;

[2] ——*a* Florentine,] It appears from many paſſages of this play, (rightly underſtood) that *Caſſio* was a *Florentine*, and *Iago* a *Venetian*. HANMER.

[3] —*in a fair wife*;] In the former editions this hath been printed, *a fair wife*; but ſurely it muſt from the beginning have been a miſtake, becauſe it appears from a following part of the play, that *Caſſio* was an unmarried man: On the other hand, his beauty is often hinted at, which it is natural enough for rough ſoldiers to treat with ſcorn and ridicule. I read therefore,

A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair phyz. HANMER.

——————*a* Florentine,
A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife;] But it was *Iago*, and not *Caſſio*, who was the *Florentine*, as appears from *Act* 3. *Scene* 1. The paſſage therefore ſhould be read thus,

————————(*a* Florentine's
A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife;—)

Theſe are the words of *Othello*, (which *Iago* in this relation repeats) and ſignify, that a *Florentine* was an unfit perſon for command, as being always a ſlave to a fair wife; which was the caſe of *Iago*. The *Oxford Editor*, ſuppoſing this was ſaid by *Iago* of *Caſſio*, will have *Caſſio* to be the *Florentine*; which, he ſays, *is plain from many paſſages in the Play, rightly underſtood*. But becauſe *Caſſio* was *no* married man, (tho' I wonder it did not appear he *was*, from ſome *paſſages rightly underſtood*) he alters the line thus,

A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair Phyz.

A *White-friers'* phraſe. WARB.

This is one of the paſſages which muſt for the preſent be reſigned to corruption and obſcurity. I have nothing that I can, with any approach to confidence, propoſe. I cannot think it very plain from Act III. Scene 1. that *Caſſio* was or was not a *Florentine*.

That

That never ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the diviſion of a battle knows
More than a ſpinſter; but the bookiſh theorick,
[4] Wherein the toged conſuls can propoſe
As maſterly as he. Meer prattle, without practice,
Is all his ſoldierſhip. He had th' election;
And I, of whom his eyes had ſeen the proof
At *Rhodes*, at *Cyprus*, and on other grounds
Chriſtian and heathen, [5] muſt be belee'd and calm'd
By *Debitor* and *Creditor*. This *Counter-caſter*
He, in good time, muſt his lieutenant be,
And I, Sir, (bleſs the mark!) his Moor-ſhip's Ancient.

Rod. By heav'n, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy; 'tis the curſe of ſervice!
Preferment goes [6] by letter and affection,
[7] And not by old gradation, where each ſecond
Stood

[4] *Wherein the* tongued Conſuls—] So the generality of the impreſſions read; but the oldeſt *quarto* has it *toged*; the Senators, that aſſiſted the Duke in Council, in their proper *Gowns*. ——But let me explain, why I have ventured to ſubſtitute *Conſellors* in the room of *Conſuls*: The *Venetian* nobility conſtitute the great *Council* of the Senate, and are a part of the adminiſtration; and ſummon'd to aſſiſt and counſel the *Doge*, who is Prince of the Senate. So that they may very properly be called *Counſellors*. Tho' the Government of *Venice* was democratick at firſt, under *Conſuls* and *Tribunes*; that form of power has been totally abrogated, ſince *Doges* have been elected. THEOBALD.

Wherein the toged Conſuls—] *Conſuls*, for couns'lors. WARB.

[5] *—muſt be* LED *and calm'd*] So the old Quarto. The firſt Folio reads *belee'd*: but that ſpoils the meaſure. I read LET, hindered. WARBURTON.

Belee'd ſuits to *calmed*, and the meaſure is not leſs perfect than in many other places.

[6] *——by letter——*] By *recommendation* from powerful friends.

[7] *And not* by old *gradation*,—] What is *old* gradation? He immediately explains *gradation* very properly. But the idea of *old* does not come into it,

 —— *where*

Stood heir to th' firſt. Now, Sir, be judge yourſelf,
[a] If I in any juſt term am affin'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir, content you;
I follow him to ſerve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You ſhall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obſequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his maſter's aſs,
For nought but provender; and when he's old, caſhier'd;
Whip me ſuch [9] honeſt knaves. Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and viſages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themſelves;
And, throwing but ſhows of ſervice on their Lords,
Well thrive by them; and when they've lin'd their coats,
Do themſelves homage. Theſe folks have ſome ſoul,
And ſuch a one do I profeſs myſelf.
It is as ſure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moor, I would not be *Iago*.
In following him, I follow but myſelf,
Heav'n is my judge!—Not I, for love and duty,
But ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end.

——*where each ſecond*
Stood heir to th' firſt.——
I read therefore.

Not (as of old) *gradation*——*i. e.* it does not go by gradation, as it did of old. WARBURTON.

Old gradation, is *gradation* eſtabliſhed by *ancient* practice. Where is the difficulty?

[a] *If I in any juſt term am affin'd*] *Aſſined* is the reading of the third quarto and the firſt folio. The ſecond quarto and all the modern editions have *aſſign'd*. The meaning is, *Do I ſtand* within *any ſuch* terms *of propinquity or relation to the Moor, as that it is my duty to love him?*

[9] *—honeſt knaves.—*] *Knave* is here for *ſervant*, but with a mixture of ſly contempt.

For

For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
The native act and figure of my heart
[1] In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my ſleeve,
For daws to peck at. I'm not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry't thus?

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouſe him. Make after him, poiſon his delight,
Proclaim him in the ſtreets; incenſe her kinſmen;
And though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies; though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw ſuch changes of vexation on't,
As it may loſe ſome colour.

Rod. Here is her father's houſe, I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
[2] As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is ſpied in populous cities.

[1] *In compliment extern,*—] In that which I do only for an *outward* ſhew of *civility*.

[2] *As when, by night and negligence, the fire*
Is SPIED *in populous cities.*] This is not ſenſe, take it which way you will. If *night* and *negligence* relate to *ſpied*, it is abſurd to ſay *the fire was ſpied by negligence*. If *night* and *negligence* refer only to the time and occaſion, it ſhould then be *by night*, and *thro' negligence*. Otherwiſe the particle *by* would be made to ſignify *time* applied to one word, and *cauſe* applied to the other. We ſhould read therefore, *Is* SPRED, by which all theſe faults are avoided. But what is of moſt weight, the ſimilitude, thus emended, agrees beſt with the fact it is applied to. Had this notice been given to *Brabantio* before his daughter ran away and married, it might then indeed have been well enough compared to the alarm given of a fire juſt *ſpied*, aſſoon as it was begun. But being given after the parties were bedded, it was more fitly compared to a fire *ſpred by night and negligence*, ſo as not to be extinguiſhed.

WARBURTON.

The particle is uſed equivocally; the ſame liberty is taken by writers more correct.

The wonderful creature! a woman of reaſon!
Never grave out of *pride*, *never gay* out of *ſeaſon*.

Rod. What, ho! *Brabantio!* Signior *Brabantio!*
Iago. Awake! what, ho! *Brabantio!* ho! Thieves
thieves!
Look to your houſe, your daughter, and your bag
Thieves! thieves!

SCENE II.

Brabantio *appears above, at a Window.*

Bra. What is the reaſon of this terrible ſummon
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are all doors lock'd?
Bra. Why? Wherefore aſk you this?
Iago. Sir, you are robb'd. For ſhame, put on yo
Gown.
Your heart is burſt, you have loſt half your ſoul;
Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Ariſe, ariſe,
Awake the ſnorting citizens with the bell,
Or elſe the Devil will make a grandſire of you.
Ariſe, I ſay.
Bra. What, have you loſt your wits?
Rod. Moſt reverend ſignior, do you know my voic
Bra. Not I. What are you?
Rod. My name is *Rodorigo.*
Bra. The worſer welcome.
I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors.
In honeſt plainneſs thou haſt heard me ſay,
My daughter's not for thee; and now in madneſs,
Being full of ſupper and diſtemp'ring draughts,
Upon malicious bravery doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet.
Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir——
Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My ſpirit and my place have in their power

To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What tell'ſt thou me of robbing? This is *Venice*,
My houſe is not a grange.

Rod. Moſt grave *Brabantio*,
In ſimple and pure ſoul, I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you are one of thoſe that will not ſerve God, if the Devil bid you. Becauſe we come to do you ſervice, you think we are ruffians. You'll have your daughter cover'd with a *Barbary* horſe, you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have courſers for couſins, and gennets for germanes.

Bra. † What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beaſt with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are a ſenator.

Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwer. I know thee, *Rodorigo.*

Rod. Sir, I will anſwer any thing. But I beſeech you,

* *If't be your pleaſure and moſt wiſe conſent,*
As partly, I find, it is, that your fair daughter,
At [3] *this odd even and dull watch o' th' night,*
Tranſported with no worſe nor better guard,
But with a knave of hire, a Gondelier,
To the groſs claſps of a laſcivious Moor:
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and ſaucy wrongs.

† *What profane wretch art thou?*] That is, *what wretch of groſs and licentious language?* In that ſenſe *Shakeſpeare* often uſes the word *profane.*

* The lines printed in *Italicks* are not in the firſt edition, but in the folio of 1623.

3 —*this odd even*——] The *even* of *night* is *midnight*, the time when night is divided into *even* parts,

But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That from the ſenſe of all civility
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence.
Your daughter, if you have not giv'n her leave,
I ſay again, hath made a groſs revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes
To an extravagant and wheeling ſtranger,
Of here and every where. Straight ſatisfy yourſelf.
If ſhe be in her chamber, or your houſe,
Let looſe on me the juſtice of the State
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper. Call up all my people.
This accident is not unlike my Dream,
Belief of it oppreſſes me already.
Light! I ſay, light!

Iago. Farewel; for I muſt leave you.
It ſeems not meet, nor wholeſome to my place,
To be produc'd, as, if I ſtay, I ſhall,
Againſt the Moor. For I do know, the State,
However this may gall him with [4] ſome check,
Cannot with ſafety [5] caſt him. For he's embark'd
With ſuch loud reaſon to the *Cyprus'* wars,
Which ev'n now ſtand in act, that, for their ſouls,
Another of his fadom they have none,
To lead their buſineſs. In which regard,
Tho' I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
Yet, for neceſſity of preſent life,
I muſt ſhew out a flag and ſign of love:
Which is, indeed, but ſign. That you may ſurely find him,
Lead to the *Sagittary* the rais'd ſearch;
And there will I be with him. So, farewel. [*Exit.*

4 —*ſome check,*] Some rebuke.

5 —*caſt him.*—] That is, *diſmiſs* him; *reject* him. We ſtill ſay, a *caſt* coat, and a *caſt* ſerving man.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Brabantio, *and ſervants with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone ſhe is;
[6] And what's to come of my deſpiſed time,
Is nought but bitterneſs. Now, *Rodorigo*,
Where didſt thou ſee her?—Oh unhappy girl!——
With the Moor, ſaidſt thou? — Who would be a father?—
How didſt thou know 'twas ſhe? Oh, thou deceiv'ſt me
Paſt thought.—What ſaid ſhe to you?—Get more tapers,
Raiſe all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?
Rod. Truly, I think, they are.
Bra. Oh heaven! how gat ſhe out?
Oh treaſon of my blood!
Fathers, from hence truſt not your daughters' minds
By what you ſee them act. Are there not charms,
[7] By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, *Rodorigo*,
Of ſome ſuch thing?
Rod. Yes, Sir, I have, indeed.

[6] *And what's to come of my* DESPISED *time,*] Why deſpiſed time? We ſhould read,

——DESPITED *time,*

i. e. vexatious. WARBURTON.

Deſpiſed time is eaſily explained; it is *time of no value*; time in which

There's nothing ſerious in mortality,
The wine of life is drawn, and the meer dregs
Are left, this vault to brag of.
Macbeth.

[7] *By which the property of youth and maidhood*
May be abus'd?] *By which the* faculties of *a young virgin* may be *infatuated*, and made *ſubject to illuſions and to falſe imagination.*

Wicked dreams abuſe
The curtain'd ſleep. Macbeth.

Bra. Call up my brother.—Oh, 'would you had had her.
—Some one way, ſome another——Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?
Rod. I think, I can diſcover him, if you pleaſe
To get good guard, and go along with me.
Bra. Pray you, lead on. At ev'ry houſe I'll call,
I may command at moſt. Get weapons, hoa!
And raiſe ſome ſpecial officers of might.
On, good *Rodorigo*, I'll deſerve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to another STREET, *before the* Sagittary.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and attendants with Torches.*

Iago. THO' in the trade of war I have ſlain men,
Yet do I hold it very [8] ſtuff o' th' conſcience
To do no contriv'd murder. I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me ſervice.——Nine or ten times
I thought to've jerk'd him here under the ribs.
Oth. It's better as it is.
Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcurvy and provoking terms
Againſt your honour;
That, with the little godlineſs I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,
Are you faſt married? for, be ſure of this,

[8] ——*ſtuff o' th' conſcience*] This expreſſion to common readers appears harſh. *Stuff* of the *conſcience* is, *ſubſtance*, or *eſſence*, of the conſcience. *Stuff* is a word of great force in the *Teutonick* languages. The elements are called in *Dutch*, *beaſd ſtoffen*, or *head ſtuffs*.

That

That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
[9] As double as the Duke's: he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what reſtraint or grievance
The law, with all his might t'enforce it on,
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his ſpight:
My ſervices, which I have done the Signory,

9 As *double* as the Duke's:—] *Rymer* ſeems to have had his eye on this paſſage, amongſt others, where he talks ſo much of the impropriety and barbarity in the ſtyle of this play. But it is an elegant *Greciſm*. *As double* ſignifies as large, as extenſive; for thus the *Greeks* uſe διπλῶς. *Dioſc.* l. 2. c. 213. And in the ſame manner and conſtruction, the *Latins* ſometimes uſed *duplex*. And the old *French* writers ſay, *La plus double*. Dr. *Bentley* has been as ſevere on *Milton* for as elegant a *Greciſm*,

Yet Virgin of Proſerpina *from* Jove. *lib.* 9. *ver.* 396.

'Tis an imitation of the Παρθένον ἐν θαλάμῳ of *Theocritus* for an *unmarried virgin*. WARB.

This note has been much cenſured by Mr. *Upton*, who denies, that the quotation is in *Dioſcorides*, and diſputes, not without reaſon, the interpretation of *Theocritus*.

All this learning, if it had even been what it endeavours to be thought, is, in this place, ſuperfluous. There is no ground of ſuppoſing, that our author copied or knew the *Greek* phraſe; nor does it follow, that, becauſe a word has two ſenſes in one language, the word which in another anſwers to one ſenſe, ſhould anſwer to both. *Manus*, in *Latin*, ſignifies both a *band* and *troop of ſoldiers*, but we cannot ſay, that *the captain marched at the* head *of his* hand; or, that *he laid his* troop *upon his ſword*. It is not always in books that the meaning is to be ſought of this writer, who was much more acquainted with naked reaſon and with living manners.

Double has here its natural ſenſe. The preſident of every deliberative aſſembly has a *double* voice. In our courts, the chief juſtice and one of the inferiour judges, prevail over the other two, becauſe the chief juſtice has a *double* voice.

Brabantio had, *in his effect*, tho' not by law yet by *weight* and *influence*, a voice not *actual* and formal, but *potential* and operative, as *double*, that is, a voice that when a queſtion was ſuſpended, would turn the balance as effectually *as the Duke's*. *Potential* is uſed in the ſenſe of ſcience; a *cauſtick* is called *potential* fire.

Shall

Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which, when I know that Boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall promulgate, I fetch my Life and Being
From [1] men of royal ſiege; and my demerits
May [2] ſpeak, and bonnetted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Deſdemona*,
I would not my [3] unhouſed free condition
Put into circumſcription and confine,
[4] For the ſea's worth. But look, what light comes yonder?

SCENE V.

Enter Caſſio, *with torches.*

Iago. Thoſe are the raiſed father, and his friends: You were beſt go in.

Oth. Not I: I muſt be found.

1 —*men of royal ſiege*;——] Men who have ſat upon royal *thrones*. The quarto has,

——*men of royal* height.

2—*ſpeak*, UNBONNETTED,--] Thus all the copies read. It ſhould be UNBONNETTING, *i. e.* without putting off the bonnet. POPE.

——*and my demerits*
May ſpeak unbonnetted *to as proud a Fortune*
As this that I have reach'd—] Thus all the copies read this paſſage. But, to ſpeak *unbonnetted*, is to ſpeak *with the cap off*, which is directly oppoſite to the poet's meaning. *Othello* means to ſay, that his birth and ſervices ſet him upon ſuch a rank, that he may ſpeak to a ſenator of *Venice* with his hat *on*; i. e. without ſhewing any marks of deference, or inequality. I, therefore, am inclined to think, *Shakeſpeare* wrote;

May ſpeak, and bonnetted, *&c.* THEOBALD.

I do not ſee the propriety of Mr. *Pope*'s emendation, though adopted by Dr. *Warburton*. *Unbonnetting* may as well be, *not putting on*, as *not putting off*, the bonnet. *Hanmer* reads *e'en* bonnetted.

3 ——*unhouſed*—] Free from *domeſtick* cares. A thought natural to an adventurer.

4 *For the ſea's worth*] I would not marry her, though ſhe were as rich as the *Adriatick*, which the Doge annually marries.

My

My parts, my title and my perfect Soul
Shall manifeſt me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. [5] By *Janus*, I think no.
Oth. The Servants of the Duke, and my lieutenant.
—The goodneſs of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?
Caſ. The Duke does greet you, General,
And he requires your haſte, poſt-haſte, appearance,
Ev'n on the inſtant.
Oth. What is the matter, think you?
Caſ. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine;
It is a buſineſs of ſome heat. The Gallies
Have ſent a dozen ſequent meſſengers
This very night, at one anothers heels:
[6] And many of the Council, rais'd and met,
Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for,
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
[7] The ſenate hath ſent out three ſeveral queſts,
To ſearch you out.
Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but ſpend a word here in the houſe,
And go with you. [*Exit* Othello.
Caſ. Ancient, what makes he here?

5 *By* Janus, *I think, no.*] There is great propriety in making the double *Iago* ſwear by *Janus*, who has two faces. The addreſs of it likewiſe is as remarkable, for as the people coming up appeared at different diſtances to have different ſhapes, he might ſwear by *Janus*, without ſuſpicion of any other emblematical meaning. WARBURTON.

6 *And many of the* Conſuls *rais'd and met,*
Are at the Duke's already—] Thus all the editions concur in reading; but there is no ſuch character as a *Conſul* appears in any part of the play. I change it to *Counſellors*; i. e. the Grandees that conſtitute the great *Council* at *Venice*. THEOB.

Hanmer reads, *Council.*

7 *The Senate hath ſent out*—] The early quarto's, and all the modern editors, have,
The Senate ſent above *three ſeveral queſts.*
The folio,
The Senate hath *ſent* about, *&c.* that is, *about* the city.

Iago.

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded [8] a land-carrack;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.
Caſ. I do not underſtand.
Iago. He's married.
Caſ. To whom?
Iago. Marry, to——Come, Captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.
Caſ. Here comes another troop to ſeek for you.

SCENE VI.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, *with officers and torches.*

Iago. It is *Brabantio:* General, [9] be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent,
Oth. Holla! ſtand there.
Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.
Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both ſides.*
Iago. You, *Rodorigo!* come, Sir, I am for you—
Oth. Keep up your bright ſwords, for the dew will ruſt 'em.
Good Signior, you ſhall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.
Bra. O thou foul thief! where haſt thou ſtow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou haſt enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of ſenſe,

[8] —*a land-carrack,*] A *carrack* is a ſhip of great bulk, and commonly of great value; perhaps what we now call, a *gallion.*

[9] —*be advis'd;*] That is, be *cool;* be *cautious;* be *aviſe'd,*

If ſhe in chains of magick were not bound,
Whether a maid, ſo tender, fair, and happy,
So oppoſite to marriage, that ſhe ſhunn'd
[1] The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, t' incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the ſooty boſom
Of ſuch a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight?
[2] *Judge me the world, if 'tis not groſs in ſenſe,*
That thou haſt practis'd on her with foul charms,
[3] *Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,*
That weaken Notion.——I'll hav't diſputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.

[1] *The wealthy* CURLED *darlings of our nation.*] I read CULLED, *i. e.* ſelect, choſen. *Shakeſpear* uſes this word very frequently,

Theſe CULL'D *and choice drawn*
Cavaliers from France.
Henry V.

Curled was an improper mark of difference between a *Venetian* and a *Moor*, which latter people are remarkably *curl'd* by nature.
WARBURTON.

Curled is *elegantly and oſtentatiouſly dreſſed.* He had not the hair particularly in his thought.

[2] *Judge me the world*, &c.] The five following lines are not in the firſt edition. POPE.

[3] *Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,*
That weaken Motion.] *Brabantio* is here accuſing *Othello* of having uſed ſome foul play, and intoxicated *Deſdemona* by drugs and potions to win her over to his love. But why, *drugs* to weaken *motion?* How then could ſhe have run away with him voluntarily from her father's houſe? Had ſhe been averſe to chuſing *Othello*, tho' he had given her medicines that took away the uſe of her limbs, might ſhe not ſtill have retain'd her ſenſes, and oppos'd the marriage? Her father, 'tis evident, from ſeveral of his ſpeeches, is poſitive, that ſhe muſt have been *abuſed* in her *rational* faculties; or ſhe could not have made ſo prepoſterous a choice, as to wed with a *Moor*, a *Black*, and refuſe the fineſt young gentlemen in *Venice*. What then have we to do with her *motion* being weaken'd? If I underſtand any thing of the poet's meaning here, I cannot but think, he muſt have wrote;

Abus'd her delicate youth with
drugs, or minerals,
That weaken Notion.

i. e. her *apprehenſion*, right *conception* and *idea* of things, *underſtanding, judgment*, &c. THEOB.

Hanmer reads with equal probability,

That waken motion.——

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuſer of the world, a practicer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.
—Lay hold upon him; if he do reſiſt,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the reſt.
Were it my cue to fight, I ſhould have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you I go
To anſwer this your charge?

Bra. To priſon, 'till fit time
Of law, and courſe of direct Seſſion
Call thee to anſwer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith ſatisfied,
Whoſe meſſengers are here about my ſide,
Upon ſome preſent buſineſs of the State,
To bring me to him?

Offi. True, moſt worthy ſignior,
The Duke's in Council; and your noble ſelf,
I'm ſure, is ſent for.

Bra. How! the Duke in Council?
In this time of the night? Bring them away;
Mine's not an idle cauſe. The Duke himſelf,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;
For if ſuch actions may have paſſage free,
Bond-ſlaves, and Pagans, ſhall our Stateſmen be.

[*Exeunt.*

[4] *Bond-ſlaves, and Pagans*—] Mr. *Theobald* alters *Pagans* to *Pageants*, for this reaſon, *That Pagans are as ſtrict and moral all the world over, as the moſt regular Chriſtians in the preſervation of private property.* But what then? The ſpeaker had not this high opinion of pagan morality, as is plain from hence, that this important diſcovery, ſo much to the honour of paganiſm, was firſt made by our editor.

WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Senate Houſe.

Duke and Senators, ſet at a table with lights, and attendants.

Duke. [5] THERE is no compoſition in theſe news,
That gives them credit.
1 *Sen.* Indeed, they're diſproportion'd;
My letters ſay, a hundred and ſeven Gallies.
Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.
2 *Sen.* And mine, two hundred;
But though they jump not on a juſt account,
[6] As in theſe caſes where they aim reports,
'Tis oft with diff'rence; yet do they all confirm
A *Turkiſh* fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus*.
Duke. Nay, it is poſſible enough to judgment.
I do not ſecure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful ſenſe.
Sailors within.] What hoa! what hoa! what hoa!

5 *There is no* compoſition—] *Compoſition*, for conſiſtency, concordancy. WARBURTON.

6 *As in theſe caſes, where* THEY *aim reports,*] Theſe *Venetians* ſeem to have had a very odd ſort of perſons in employment, who did all by hazard, as to *what*, and *how*, they ſhould report; for this is the ſenſe of man's *aiming reports*. The true reading, without queſtion, is,

——*where* THE *aim reports.*

i. e. *where there is no better ground for information than conjecture:* Which not only improves the ſenſe, but, by changing the verb into a noun, and the noun into a verb, mends the expreſſion. WARBURTON.

The folio has,

——*the* aim reports.

But, *they aim reports*, has a ſenſe ſufficiently eaſy and commodious. Where men *report* not by certain knowledge, but by *aim* and conjecture.

Enter

Enter Sailors.

Offi. A meſſenger from the Gallies.

Duke. Now?—What's the buſineſs?

Sail. The *Turkiſh* preparation makes for *Rhodes.* So was I bid report here to the State.

Duke. How ſay you by this change?

1 *Sen.* This cannot be,

[7] By no aſſay of reaſon. 'Tis a pageant,
To keep us in falſe gaze; when we conſider
Th' importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk*,
And let ourſelves again but underſtand,
That as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes*,
So may he with more [8] facile queſtion bear it;
[9] *For that it ſtands not in ſuch* [1] *warlike brace,*
But altogether lacks th' abilities
That Rhodes *is dreſs'd in. If we make thought of this,*
We muſt not think the Turk is ſo unſkilful,
To leave that lateſt which concerns him firſt;
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitleſs.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for *Rhodes.*

Offi. Here is more news.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The *Ottomites*, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due courſe toward the Iſle of *Rhodes*,
Have there injointed them with an after-fleet——

1 Sen. *Ay, ſo I thought; how many, as you gueſs?*

7 *By no aſſay of reaſon.*] Bring it to the *teſt*, examine it by reaſon as we examine metals by the *aſſay*, it will be found counterfeit by all trials.

8 ——*facile queſtion*——] *Queſtion* is for the *act of ſeeking*. With more *eaſy endeavour*.

9 *For that it ſtands not*, &c.] The ſeven following lines are added ſince the firſt edition. Pope.

1 ——*warlike brace*,] State of defence. To arm was called to *brace on* the armour.

Meſ.

Meſ. Of thirty ſail; and now they do re-ſtem
Their backward courſe, bearing with frank appearance
Their purpoſes toward *Cyprus.* Signior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant Servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
[a] And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus.* *Marcus Luccicos*,
Is he not here in town?

1 *Sen.* He's now in *Florence.*

Duke. Write from us, to him, poſt, poſt-haſte. Deſpatch.

1 *Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio*, and the valiant *Moor.*

SCENE VIII.

To them, enter Brabantio, Othello, Caſſio, Iago, Rodorigo, *and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtraight employ you,
Againſt the general enemy *Ottoman.*
I did not ſee you; welcome, gentle ſignior, [*To* Brab.
We lack'd your counſel, and your help to night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your Grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of buſineſs,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the [b] general care
Take hold on me, for my particular grief

[a] *And prays you to believe him.*] The late learned and ingenious Mr. *Thomas Clark* of *Lincoln's Inn*, read the paſſage thus,

And prays you to relieve *him.*

But the preſent reading may ſtand. *He intreats you not to doubt the truth of this intelligence.*

[b] —*general care.*] The word *care*, which encumbers the verſe, was probably added by the players. *Shakeſpeare* uſes *the general* as a ſubſtantive, though, I think, not in this ſenſe.

Is of ſo flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it ingluts and ſwallows other ſorrows,
And yet is ſtill itſelf.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! oh, my daughter!——

Sen. Dead?——

Bra. To me;
She is abus'd, ſtoll'n from me, and corrupted
[4] By ſpells and medicines, bought of mountebanks
For nature ſo prepoſterouſly to err,
Being not deficient, blind, nor lame of ſenſe,
Sans witchcraft could not ——

Duke. Who-e'er he be, that in this foul proceedi
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herſelf,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You ſhall yourſelf read in the bitter letter,
After your own ſenſe; yea, though our proper So
[5] Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now it ſeems,
Your ſpecial mandate for the State-affairs,
Hath hither brought.

[4] *By ſpells and medicines, bought of mountebanks;*] *Rymer* has ridiculed this circumſtance as unbecoming (both for its weakneſs and ſuperſtition) the gravity of the accuſer, and the dignity of the tribunal: But his criticiſm only expoſes his own ignorance. The circumſtance was not only exactly in character, but urged with the greateſt addreſs, as the thing chiefly to be inſiſted on. For, by the *Venetian* law, the giving Love-potions was very criminal, as *Shakſpear* without queſtion well underſtood. Thus the Law, *Dei maleficii & herbarie*, cap. 17. of the *Code* intitl *Della promiſſion del maleficio.* *twino etiandio, che ſe alcun h o femina haya fatto malif iquali ſe dimandano volgarm* amatorie, *overamente alcuni a maleficii, che alcun homo o fem ſe haveſſon in odio. Ne frafta bollado, & che hara conſegli patiſca ſimile pena.* And th fore in the preceding Sc *Brabantio* calls them,

——*Arts inhibited, and o warrant.* WARBURT

[5] *Stood in your action.*] W the man expoſed to your *ch* or *accuſation.*

All. We're very ſorry for't.

Duke. What in your own part can you ſay to this? [*To* Othello.

Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.

Oth. Moſt potent, grave, and reverend ſignors,
My very noble and approv'd good maſters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is moſt true; true, I have married her;
[6] The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in ſpeech,
[7] And little bleſs'd with the ſoft phraſe of peace;
For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years Pith,
'Till now, ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
[8] Their deareſt action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for myſelf. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver
Of my whole courſe of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withal,
I won his daughter with.

[6] *The very head and front of my offending*] The *main*, the *whole* unextenuated.

[7] *And little bleſs'd with the* SOFT *phraſe of peace*;] This apology, if addreſſed to his *miſtreſs*, had been well expreſſed. But what he wanted, in ſpeaking before a *Venetian* Senate, was not the ſoft blandiſhments of ſpeech, but the art and method of maſculine eloquence. The old Quarto reads it, therefore, as I am perſuaded *Shakeſpear* wrote,

——*the* SET *phraſe of peace*;
WARBURTON.

Soft is the reading of the folio.

[8] *Their deareſt action*——] That is *dear*, for which much is paid, whether money or labour; *dear action*, is *action* performed at *great expence*, either of eaſe or ſafety,

Bra. A maiden, never bold;
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill and quiet, that her motion
Bluſh'd at itſelf; and ſhe, in ſpight of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what ſhe fear'd to look on—
It is a judgment maim'd, and moſt imperfect,
That will confeſs, [9] Perfection ſo could err
Againſt all rules of nature; and muſt be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this ſhould be. I therefore vouch again,
That with ſome mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with ſome dram, conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this is no proof,
Without more certain and more [1] overt teſt,
Than theſe [2] thin habits and poor likelyhoods
Of modern Seeming do prefer againſt him.

1 *Sen.* But, *Othello*, ſpeak;
Did you by indirect and forced courſes
Subdue and poiſon this young maid's affections?

[9] —Perfection *ſo could err*
Againſt all rules of nature;] *Perfection erring*, ſeems a contradiction *in terminis*, as the ſchoolmen call it. Beſides, *Brabantio* does not blazon his daughter out for a thing of abſolute perfection; he only ſays, ſhe was indued with ſuch an extreme innate modeſty, that for her *to fall in love* ſo prepoſterouſly, no ſound judgment could allow, but it muſt be by magical practice upon her. I have ventur'd to imagine that our author wrote;

That will confeſs, Affection *ſo could err*, &c.

This is entirely conſonant to what *Brabantio* would ſay of her; and one of the ſenators, immediately after, in his examination of the *Moor*, thus addreſſes himſelf to him;

——*But*, Othello, *ſpeak*;
Did you by indirect and forced courſes
Subdue and poiſon this young maid's affections, &c.

THEOBALD.

The objection is childiſh; *perfection* is uſed here, as almoſt every where elſe, for a high degree of excellence.

[1] ——*overt teſt*,] *Open proof*, external evidence.

[2] ——*thin habits*—
Of modern ſeeming—] Weak ſhew of ſlight appearance.

Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch fair queſtion
As ſoul to ſoul affordeth?

Oth. I beſeech you,
Send for the lady to the *Sagittary*,
And let her ſpeak of me before her father;
If you do find me foul in her report,
The Truſt, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your Sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Deſdemona* hither.

[*Exeunt two or three.*

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you beſt know the *place.* [*Exit* Iago.
And till ſhe come, as truly as to heav'n
I do confeſs the vices of my blood,
So juſtly to your grave ears I'll preſent,
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And ſhe in mine.

Duke. Say it, *Othello.*

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still queſtion'd me the ſtory of my life,
From year to year, the battles, ſieges, fortunes,
That I have paſt.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyiſh days,
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'ſcapes in th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlavery; of my redemption thence,
[a] And portance in my travel's hiſtory:

Wherein

[a] *And portance*, &c.] I have reſtored,

And with it, all my travel's hiſtory:

from the old edition. It is in the reſt,

And portance in my travel's hiſtory.

Rymer, in his criticiſm on this play, has charged it to *portents*, inſtead of *portance*. POPE.

[4] Wherein of [5] antres vaſt, and deſarts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whoſe heads touch heav'n,
[6] It was my hint to ſpeak; ſuch was the proceſs;
And

Mr. *Pope* has reſtored a line, to which there is little objection, but which has no force. I believe *portance* was the authour's word in ſome reviſed copy. I read thus,

Of being——fold
To ſlavery, of my redemption thence,
And portance in't; my travel's hiſtory.

My redemption from ſlavery, and *behaviour in it.*

[4] *Wherein of antres vaſt*, &c.] Diſcourſes of this nature made the ſubject of the politeſt converſations, when voyages into, and diſcoveries of, the new world were all in vogue. So when the *Baſtard Faulconbridge*, in *King John*, deſcribes the behaviour of upſtart greatneſs, he makes one of the eſſential circumſtances of it to be this kind of table-talk. The *faſhion* then running altogether in this way, it is no wonder a young lady of quality ſhould be ſtruck with the hiſtory of an adventurer. So that *Rymer*, who profeſſedly ridicules this whole circumſtance, and the noble authour of the *Characteriſtics*, who more obliquely ſneers it, only expoſe their own ignorance.

WARBURTON.

Whoever ridicules this account of the progreſs of love, ſhews his ignorance, not only of hiſtory, but of nature and manners. It is no wonder that, in any age, or in any nation, a lady, recluſe, timorous, and delicate, ſhould deſire to hear of events and ſcenes which ſhe could never ſee, and ſhould admire the man who had endured dangers, and performed actions, which, however great, were yet magnified by her timidity.

Wherein of antres vaſt, and deſarts idle, *&c.*] Thus it is in all the old editions: But Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to change the epithet. *Deſarts* idle; *in the former editions*; (ſays he) *doubtleſs, a corruption from* wilde.—But he muſt pardon me, if I do not concur in thinking this ſo *doubtleſs*. I don't know whether Mr. *Pope* has obſerved it, but I know that *Shakeſpeare*, eſpecially in deſcriptions, is fond of uſing the more uncommon word, in a poetick latitude. And *idle*, in ſeveral other paſſages, he employs in theſe acceptations, *wild, uſeleſs, uncultivated*, &c. THEOB.

Every mind is liable to abſence and inadvertency, elſe *Pope* could never have rejected a word ſo poetically beautiful.

[5] ——*antres*——] *French*, Grottoes. POPE.

Rather *caves* and *dens*.

[6] *It was my* HINT *to ſpeak*;—] This implies it as done by a trap laid

And of the *Canibals* that each other eat,
The *Anthropophagi*; and [7] men whoſe heads
Do grow beneath their ſhoulders. All theſe to hear
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriouſly incline;
But ſtill the houſe-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my diſcourſe: which I obſerving,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a pray'r of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not intentively. I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains [8] a world of ſighs:
She ſwore, "In faith, 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange,
"'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful"——
She wiſh'd, ſhe had not heard it;—yet ſhe wiſh'd,
That heav'n had made her ſuch a man.—She thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,

laid for her: But the old Quarto reads HENT, i. e. uſe, cuſtom. WARBURTON.

Hent is not *uſe* in *Shakeſpeare*, nor, I believe, in any other authour; *hint*, or *cue*, is commonly uſed for occaſion of ſpeech, which is explained by, *ſuch was the proceſs*, that is, the courſe of the tale required it. If *hent* be reſtored, it may be explained by *handle*. I had a *handle*, or *opportunity* to ſpeak of Cannibals.

[7] ——*men whoſe heads Do grow beneath their ſhoulders.*——] Of theſe men there is an account in the interpolated travels of *Mandeville*, a book of that time.

[8] ——*a world of ſighs:*] It was *kiſſes* in the later editions: But this is evidently the true reading. The lady had been forward indeed to give him a *world of kiſſes* upon the bare recital of his ſtory; nor does it agree with the following lines. POPE.

And that would woo her. On this hint I ſpake,
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſt,
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them:
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
Here comes the lady, let her witneſs it.

SCENE IX.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, *and Attendants.*

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.
Good *Brabantio*,
Take up this mangled matter at the beſt.
Men do their broken weapons rather uſe,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her ſpeak;
If ſhe confeſs that ſhe was half the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle miſtreſs,
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where you moſt owe obedience?

Deſ. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty;
To you I'm bound for life and education,
My life and education both do learn me
How to reſpect you. You're the Lord of duty;
I'm hitherto your daughter. But here's my huſband;
And ſo much duty as my mother ſhew'd
To you, preferring you before her father;
So much I challenge, that I may profeſs
Due to the Moor, my Lord.

Bra. God be with you. I have done.
Pleaſe it your Grace, on to the State-affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.
Come hither, Moor:

I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou haſt already, with all my heart,
I would keep from thee. For your ſake, jewel,
I'm glad at ſoul I have no other child;
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my Lord.

Duke. [9] Let me ſpeak like yourſelf; and lay a ſentence,
Which, as a griſe, or ſtep, may help theſe lovers
"Into your favour"——— *
When remedies are paſt, the griefs are ended
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a miſchief that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw new miſchief on.
What cannot be preſerv'd when Fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that ſmiles, ſteals ſomething from the thief;
He robs himſelf, that ſpends a bootleſs grief.

Bra. So, let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
We loſe it not, ſo long as we can ſmile;
He bears the ſentence well, that nothing bears
[1] But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the ſentence, and the ſorrow,
That, to pay grief, muſt of poor patience borrow.
Theſe ſentences, to ſugar or to gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are equivocal.

[9] *Let me ſpeak like* YOUR *ſelf*;] It ſhould be, *like* OUR *ſelf*, i. e. Let me meditate between you as becomes a prince and common father of his people: For the prince's opinion, here delivered, was quite contrary to *Brabantio*'s ſentiment. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads,

Let me now ſpeak *more* like your ſelf.

Dr. *Warburton*'s emendation is ſpecious; but I do not ſee how *Hanmer*'s makes any alteration. The Duke ſeems to mean, when he ſays he will ſpeak like *Brabantio*, that he will ſpeak ſententiouſly.

* The paſſages marked thus (") are wanting in the folio, but found in the quarto.

[1] *But the free comfort which from thence he hears*;] But the moral precepts of conſolation, which are liberally beſtowed on occaſion of the ſentence.

But

[2] But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pieced through th
Beſeech you, now to the affairs o' th' State.

Duke. The *Turk* with a mighty preparation for *Cyprus*. *Othello*, the fortitude of the plac known to you; and though we have there a ſu of moſt allowed ſufficiency; yet opinion, a ſo miſtreſs of effects, throws a more ſafe voice o you muſt therefore be content to ſlubber the your new fortunes, with this more ſtubborn a ſterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant cuſtom, moſt grave ſenato Hath made the flinty and ſteel couch of war My [3] thrice-driven bed of down. I do agniae A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardneſs; and do undertake
This preſent war againſt the *Ottomites*.
Moſt humbly therefore bending to your State, [4] I crave fit diſpoſition for my wife,
Due reference of place, and exhibition,

[2] *But words are words; I never yet did hear,*
That the bruis'd heart was pierced *through the ear.*] The Duke had by ſage ſentences been exhorting *Brabantio* to patience, and to forget the grief of his daughter's ſtol'n marriage, to which *Brabantio* is made very pertinently to reply to this effect: *My lord, I apprehend very well the wiſdom of your advice; but tho' you would* comfort *me, words are but words; and the heart, already* bruis'd, *was never* pierc'd, *or* wounded, *through the* ear. It is obvious that the text muſt be reſtor'd thus,

That the bruis'd he
pieced *through the*
i. e. That the wounds o were ever cur'd, or a ma *heart-whole* meerly by w conſolation. WARB

[3] *—thrice-driven bed o*
A *driven* bed, is a bed fo the feathers are ſelected, *ving* with a fan, which ſe the light from the heavy

[4] *I crave fit diſpoſition*
wife,
Due reference of place,
hibition, &c.] I de a proper *diſpoſition* be m my wife, that ſhe may ha cedency, and revenue,
mo

With ſuch accommodation and beſort
As levels with her breeding.
Duke. Why, at her father's.
Bra. I will not have it ſo.
Oth. Nor I.
Def. Nor would I there reſide,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Moſt gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend your proſperous ear,
And let me find [5] a charter in your voice
T'aſſiſt my ſimpleneſs.
Duke. What would you, *Deſdemona?*
Def. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
[6] My down-right violence and ſtorm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world. My heart's ſubdu'd
Ev'n to the very quality of my Lord;
[7] I ſaw *Othello*'s viſage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my ſoul and fortunes conſecrate.
So that, dear Lords, if I be left behind
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me:
And I a heavy interim ſhall ſupport,
By his dear abſence. Let me go with him.

modation, and company, ſuitable to her rank.

For *reference* of place, the old quarto's have *reverence*, which *Hanmer* has received. I ſhould read,

Due preference of place.——

[5] ——*a charter in your voice*] Let your favour *privilege* me.

[6] *My down-right violence* AND STORM OF *fortunes*] But what violence was it that drove her to run away with the Moor? We ſhould read,

My down-right violence TO FORMS, MY *fortunes*. WARB.

There is no need of this emendation. *Violence* is not *violence ſuffered*, but *violence acted*. Breach of common rules and obligations. The old quarto has, *ſcorn* of fortune, which is perhaps the true reading.

[7] *I ſaw* Othello's *viſage in his mind.*] It muſt raiſe no wonder, that I loved a man of an appearance ſo little engaging; I ſaw his face only in his mind; the greatneſs of his character reconciled me to his form.

Oth.

Oth. Your voices, Lords. 'Beſeech you, let her will
Have a free way. I therefore beg it not,
To pleaſe the palate of my appetite;
[s] Nor to comply with heat, the young Affects,
In my defunct and proper Satisfaction;

But

[s] *Nor to comply with heat the young affects,*
In my defunct *and proper ſatisfaction*;] As this has been hitherto printed and ſtopp'd, it ſeems to me a period of as ſtubborn nonſenſe, as the editors have obtruded upon poor *Shakeſpeare* throughout his works. What a prepoſterous creature is this *Othello* made, to fall in love with, and marry, a fine young lady, when *appetite* and *heat*, and *proper ſatisfaction* are *dead* and *defunct* in him! (For, *defunct* ſignifies nothing elſe, that I know of, either primitively or metaphorically:) But if we may take *Othello*'s own word in the affair, he was not reduc'd to this fatal ſtate.

——————*or, for I am declin'd*
Into the vale of years; yet
That's not much.

Again, Why ſhould our poet ſay, (for ſo he ſays, as the paſſage has been pointed;) that the young *affect* heat? Youth, certainly, *has* it, and has no occaſion or pretence of *affecting* it. And, again, after *defunct*, would he add ſo abſurd a collateral epithet as *proper*? But, *affects* was not deſigned there as a verb, and *defunct* was not deſigned here at all. I have, by reading *diſtinct* for *defunct*, reſcued the poet's text from abſurdity; and this I take to be the tenour of what he would ſay; "I do not beg her "company with me, merely to "pleaſe myſelf; nor to indulge "the heat and *affects* (i. e. af-"fections) of a new-married "man, in my own diſtinct and "proper ſatisfaction; but to "comply with her in her re-"queſt, and deſire, of accom-"panying me." *Affects* for *affections*, our author in ſeveral other paſſages uſes. THEOB.

Nor to comply with heat, the young affects
In my defunct and proper ſatisfaction;] i. e. With that heat and new affections which the indulgence of my appetite has raiſed and created. This is the meaning of *defunct*, which has made all the difficulty of the paſſage. WARBURTON.

I do not think that Mr. *Theobald*'s emendation clears the text from embaraſſment, though it is with a little imaginary improvement received by *Hanmer*, who reads thus,

Nor to comply with heat, affects the young
In my diſtinct *and proper ſatisfaction.*

Dr. *Warburton*'s explanation is not

But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
And heav'n defend your good ſouls, that you think,
I will your ſerious and great buſineſs ſcant,
For ſhe is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd *Cupid* foil with wanton dulneſs
My ſpeculative and active inſtruments,
That my diſports corrupt and taint my buſineſs,
Let houſewives make a ſkillet of my helm,
And all indign and baſe adverſities
Make head againſt my eſtimation.

Duke. Be it as you ſhall privately determine,
Or for her ſtay or going; th' affair cries haſte;
And ſpeed muſt anſwer it. You muſt hence to-night.

Deſ. To-night, my Lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' th' morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave ſome officer behind,
And he ſhall our commiſſion bring to you,
And ſuch things elſe of quality and reſpect
As doth import you.

Oth. Pleaſe your Grace, my Ancient;
A man he is of honeſty and truſt,
To his conveyance I aſſign my wife,
With what elſe needful your good grace ſhall think
To be ſent after me.

not more ſatisfactory: what made the difficulty, will continue to make it. I read,

——*I beg it not,*
To pleaſe the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat, (the young affects
In me *defunct) and proper ſatisfaction;*
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.

Affects ſtands here, not for *love*, but for *quality*, for that by which any thing is affected. *I aſk it not*, ſays he, *to pleaſe appetite, or ſatisfy looſe deſires*, the paſſions of youth which I have now outlived, or *for any particular gratification of myſelf, but merely that I may indulge the wiſhes of my wife.*

Duke.

uſurped beard. I ſay, put mony in thy purſe. It cannot be, that *Deſdemona* ſhould long continue her love to the Moor—Put mony in thy purſe—nor he his to her. [4] It was a violent commencement in her, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration.—Put but mony in thy purſe——Theſe Moors are changeable in their wills.—Fill thy purſe with mony. The food, that to him now is [5] as luſcious as lohocks, ſhall ſhortly be as bitter as a coloquintida. When ſhe is ſated with his body, ſhe will find the errors of her choice.———She muſt have change, ſhe muſt: therefore put mony in thy purſe.———If thou wilt needs damn thyſelf, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the mony thou canſt. If ſanctimony and a frail vow, [6] betwixt an erring *Barbarian* and a ſuper-ſubtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enjoy her; therefore make mony. A pox of drowning thyſelf! it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compaſſing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue?

Iago. Thou art ſure of me.——Go, make mony.—

[4] *It was a violent commencement in her, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration,*] There ſeems to be an oppoſition of terms here intended, which has been loſt in tranſcription. We may read, *It was a violent* conjunction, *and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration*; or, what ſeems to me preferable, *It was a violent commencement, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable* ſequel.

[5] *As luſcious as* locuſts,] Whether you underſtand by this the inſect or the fruit, it cannot be given as an inſtance of a delicious morſel, notwithſtanding the exaggerations of lying travellers. The true reading is *lobocks*, a very pleaſant confection introduced into medicine by the *Arabian* phyſicians: and ſo very fitly oppoſed both to the bitterneſs and uſe of *Coloquintida*. WARB.

[6] *betwixt an* ERRING Barbarian] We ſhould read ERRANT, that is a vagabond, one who has no houſe nor country. WARB.

Hanmer reads, *arrant*. *Erring* is as well as either.

I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cauſe is hearted; thine hath no leſs reaſon. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge againſt him. If thou canſt cuckold him, thou doſt thyſelf a pleaſure, and me a ſport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverſe, go. Provide thy mony. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meet i' th' morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to, farewel. Do you hear, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. What ſay you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am chang'd. I'll go ſell all my land.

Iago. "Go to, farewel, put mony enough in your purſe"——— [*Exit* Rodorigo.

SCENE XI.

Manet Iago.

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purſe;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge ſhould profane;
If I ſhould time expend with ſuch a ſnipe,
But for my ſport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my ſheets
He has done my office. I know not, if 't be true;
But I, for mere ſuſpicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for ſurety. He holds me well;
The better ſhall my purpoſe work on him.
Caſſio's a proper man. Let me ſee now;——
To get his place, and to plume up my Will,
A double knavery——How? how?—Let's ſee——
After ſome time t' abuſe *Othello*'s ear,

That he is too familiar with his wife——
He hath a perſon, and a ſmooth diſpoſe,
To be ſuſpected; fram'd to make women falſe.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honeſt that but ſeem to be ſo;
And will as tenderly be led by th' noſe,
As aſſes are.
I hav't—it is engender'd—Hell and Night
Muſt bring this monſtrous birth to the world's light.
[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The capital City of Cyprus.

Enter Montano, *Governor of* Cyprus, *and Gentlemen.*

MONTANO.

WHAT from the cape, can you diſcern at ſea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood;
I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
Deſcry a ſail.

Mont. Methinks the wind hath ſpoke aloud at land;
A fuller blaſt ne'er ſhook our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd ſo upon the ſea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortiſe? What ſhall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A ſegregation of the *Turkiſh* fleet;
For do but ſtand upon the foaming ſhore,

The

The chiding billows ſeem to pelt the clouds;
The wind-ſhak'd ſurge, with high and monſtrous main,
Seems to caſt water on the burning Bear,
[7] And quench the guards of th' ever-fixed pole.
I never did like moleſtation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mont. If that the *Turkiſh* fleet
Be not inſhelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd;
It is impoſſible to bear it out.

SCENE II.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, Lads, our wars are done:
The deſperate tempeſt hath ſo bang'd the *Turks*,
That their deſignment halts. A noble ſhip of *Venice*
Hath ſeen a grievous wreck and ſufferance
Of moſt part of the fleet.

Mont. How! is this true?

3 *Gent.* The ſhip is here put in,
A *Veroneſe*; *Michael Caſſio*,
Lieutenant of the warlike Moor *Othello*,
Is come on ſhore; the Moor himſelf's at ſea,
And is in full commiſſion here for *Cyprus*.

Mont. I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy Governor.

3 *Gent.* But this ſame *Caſſio*, though he ſpeak of comfort
Touching the *Turkiſh* loſs, yet he looks ſadly,
And prays the Moor be ſafe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempeſt.

[7] *And quench the guard of th' ever fixed pole.*] Alluding to the ſtar *Arctophylax*.

Mont. Pray heav'ns, he be:
For I have ſerv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full ſoldier. Let's to the ſea-ſide,
As well to ſee the veſſel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*,
Ev'n till we make the main and th' aerial blue
An indiſtinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do ſo;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

SCENE III.

Enter Caſſio.

Caſ. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike iſle,
That ſo approve the Moor: oh, let the heav'ns
Give him defence againſt the elements,
For I have loſt him on a dangerous ſea.

Mont. Is he well-ſhipp'd?

Caſ. [8] His bark is ſtoutly timber'd; and his pilot
[9] Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not ſurfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Within.] A ſail, a ſail, a ſail!

8 *His bark is ſtoutly timber'd—*
Therefore my hopes, not ſurfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.] I do not underſtand theſe lines. I know not, how *hope* can be *ſurfeited to death*, that is, *can be encreaſed, till it is deſtroyed*; nor what it is, *to ſtand in bold cure*; or why *hope* ſhould be conſidered as a diſeaſe. In the copies there is no variation. Shall we read,
Therefore my fears, *not ſurfeited to death,*
Stand in bold cure?
This is better, but it is not well. Shall we ſtrike a bolder ſtroke, and read thus?
Therefore my hopes, not forfeited *to death,*
Stand bold, not ſure.

9 *Of very expert and approv'd allowance*;] I read,
Very expert, and of approv'd allowance.

Caſ.

Caſ. What noiſe?

Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' th' ſea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, a ſail.

Caſ. My hopes do ſhape him for the Governor.

Gent. They do diſcharge their ſhot of courteſy.
Our friends, at leaſt. [*Sound of Cannon.*

Caſ. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I ſhall. [*Exit.*

Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your General wiv'd?

Caſ. Moſt fortunately: He hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragons deſcription and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blaz'ning pens,
[1] And in th' eſſential veſture of creation
[2] Does bear all excellency———

[1] *And in th'* ESSENTIAL *veſture of creation.*

Does bear all excellency——] It is plain that ſomething very hyperbolical was here intended. But what is there as it ſtands? Why this, that in the eſſence of creation he bore all excellency. The expreſſion is intolerable, and could never come from one who ſo well underſtood the force of words as our Poet. The *eſſential veſture* is the ſame as *eſſential form*. So that the expreſſion is nonſenſe. For the *veſture of creation* ſignifies the *forms* in which created beings are caſt. And *eſſence* relates not to the *form*, but to the *matter*. *Shakeſpear* certainly wrote,

And in TERRESTRIAL *veſture of creation.*

And in this lay the wonder, That all created excellence ſhould be contained within an earthly mortal form. WARB.

I do not think the preſent reading inexplicable. The authour ſeems to uſe *eſſential*, for *exiſtent*, *real*. She excels the praiſes of invention, ſays he, and in *real* qualities, with which *creation* has *inveſted* her, *bears all excellency*.

[2] *Does bear all excellency*——] Such is the reading of the quartos, for which the folio has this.

And in th' eſſential veſture of creation
Do's tyre the ingeniuer.

Which I explain thus:

Does tire th' ingenious verſe.

This is the beſt reading, and that which the authour ſubſtituted in his reviſal.

SCENE IV.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? who has put in?

Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the General.

Caſ. H'as had moſt favourable and happy ſpeed;
Tempeſts themſelves, high ſeas, and howling winds;
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated ſands,
Traitors enſteep'd to clog the guiltleſs keel;
As having ſenſe of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting ſafe go by
The divine *Deſdemona*.

Mont. What is ſhe?

Caſ. She that I ſpake of, our great Captain's Captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*:
Whoſe footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A ſe'nnight's ſpeed. Great *Jove*, *Othello* guard!
And ſwell his ſail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bleſs this bay with his tall ſhip,
Make love's quick pants in *Deſdemona*'s arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted ſpirits,
" And bring all *Cyprus* comfort———

SCENE V.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, *and* Æmilia.

O behold!
The riches of the ſhip is come on ſhore.
Ye men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heav'n,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel thee round.

Deſ.

Def. I thank you, valiant *Caſſio.*
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?
Caſ. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be ſhortly here.
Def. O, but I fear—How loſt you company?
Caſ. The great contention of the ſea and ſkies
Parted our fellowſhip. But, hark, a ſail!
Within. A ſail, a ſail! [*Sound of Cannon.*
Gent. They give this greeting to the Citadel:
This likewiſe is a friend.
Caſ. See for the news.
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, miſtreſs.
[*To* Æmilia.
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago,*
That I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold ſhew of courteſy. [*Kiſſes her.*
Iago. Sir, would ſhe give you ſo much of her lips,
As of her tongue ſhe oft beſtows on me,
You'd have enough.
Def. Alas! ſhe has no ſpeech.
Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it ſtill, when I have liſt to ſleep.
Marry, before your ladyſhip, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Æmil. You have little cauſe to ſay ſo.
Iago. Come on, come on; you're pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,
[3] Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your houſewifery, and houſewives in your beds!
Def. O, fy upon thee, ſlanderer!
Iago. Nay, it is true, or elſe I am a *Turk*;
You riſe to play, and go to bed to work.

[3] When you have a mind to do injuries, you put on an air of ſanctity.

Æmil. You ſhall not write my praiſe.

Iago. No, let me not.

Deſ. What wouldſt thou write of me, if thou ſhou'dſt praiſe me?

Iago. Oh gentle lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not [4] critical.

Deſ. Come, one aſſay. There's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ah, Madam.

Deſ. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe.
—Come, how wouldſt thou praiſe me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze,
It plucks out brains and all. But my muſe labours,
And thus ſhe is deliver'd,

If ſhe be fair and wiſe, fairneſs and wit,
The one's for uſe, the other uſeth it.

Deſ. Well prais'd. How if ſhe be black and witty?

Iago. *If ſhe be black, and thereto have a wit,*
She'll find a white that ſhall her blackneſs fit.

Deſ. Worſe and worſe.

Æmil. How, if fair and fooliſh?

Iago. [5] *She never yet was fooliſh, that was fair;*
For ev'n her folly helpt her to an heir.

Deſ. Theſe are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' th' alehouſe. What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her that's foul and fooliſh?

[4] ——*critical.*] That is, *cenſorious.*

[5] *She never yet was fooliſh*, &c.] We may read,

She ne'er *was yet* ſo *fooliſh that*
was fair,
But *ev'n her folly help'd her to*
an heir.

Yet I believe the common reading to be right: The law makes the power of cohabitation a proof that a man is not a *neuter*; therefore, ſince the fooliſheſt woman, if *pretty*, may have a child, no *pretty* woman is ever fooliſh.

Iago,

Iago. *There's none ſo foul and fooliſh thereunto,*
But does foul pranks, which fair and wiſe ones do.

Deſ. O heavy ignorance! thou praiſeſt the worſt beſt. But what praiſe couldſt thou beſtow on a deſerving woman indeed? [6] one, that in the authority of her merit, did juſtly put on the vouch of very malice itſelf?

Iago. *She that was ever fair, and never proud,*
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lackt gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid, now I may;
She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure fly;
She that in wiſdom never was ſo frail
To change the cod's head for the ſalmon's tail;

[6] *One, that in the authority of her merit, did juſtly put* on *the vouch of very malice itſelf?*] Tho' all the printed copies agree in this reading, I cannot help ſuſpecting it. If the text ſhould be genuine, I confeſs, it is above my underſtanding. In what ſenſe can merit be ſaid to put on the vouch of malice? I ſhould rather think, merit was ſo ſafe in itſelf, as to repel and put off all that malice and envy could advance and affirm to its prejudice. I have ventur'd to reform the text to this conſtruction, by writing *put down*, a very ſlight change that makes it intelligible. THEOB.

One, that in the authority of her merit, did juſtly put on *the vouch of very malice itſelf?*] The editor, Mr. *Theobald*, not underſtanding the phraſe, *To put on the vouch of malice*, has alter'd it to *put down*, and wrote a deal of unintelligible ſtuff to juſtify his blunder. *To put on the vouch of any one*, ſignifies, to call upon any one to vouch for another. So that the ſenſe of the place is this, One that was ſo conſcious of her own merit, and of the authority her character had with every one, that ſhe durſt venture to call upon malice itſelf to vouch for her. This was ſome commendation. And the character only of the cleareſt virtue; which could force malice, even againſt its nature, to do juſtice. WARB.

To put on the vouch of malice, is to aſſume a character vouched by the teſtimony of malice itſelf.

She

She that could think, and ne'er diſcloſe her mind,
See ſuitors following, and ne'er look behind;
She was a wight, if ever ſuch wight were——

Deſ. To do what?

Iago. [7] *To ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer.*

Deſ. Oh moſt lame and impotent concluſion! Do not learn of him, *Æmilia*, tho' he be thy huſband. How ſay you, *Caſſio*, is he not a moſt profane [8] and [9] liberal counſellor?

Caſ. He ſpeaks home, Madam; you may reliſh him more in the ſoldier, than in the ſcholar.

Iago. [*Aſide.*] He takes her by the palm; ay, well ſaid. Whiſper. With as little a web as this, will I enſnare as great a fly as *Caſſio*. Ay, ſmile upon her, do. [1] I will gyve thee in thine own courtſhip. You ſay true, 'tis ſo, indeed. If ſuch tricks as theſe ſtrip

7 *To ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer.*] In this line there ſeems to be more humour deſigned, than I can eaſily diſcover or explain. Why ſhould ſhe *ſuckle fools?* Perhaps, that theſe to whom nature had denied wit, might derive it from a lady to whom it was given in ſo much ſuperfluity. She would be *a wight to chronicle ſmall beer*, in alluſion, I ſuppoſe, to the *Roman* practice, of marking the jars with the name of the Conſul. The appearance of ſuch a woman would make an æra; but as the merit of the beſt woman is but ſmall, that æra might be properly applied to the diſtinction of the different ages of ſmall beer.

8 *profane*] Groſs of language, of expreſſion broad and brutal. So *Brabantio*, in the firſt act, calls *Iago*, *profane* wretch.

9 liberal *counſellor?*] *Liberal*, for licentious. WARB.

How ſay you, Caſſio? *Is he not a moſt profane and liberal* counſellor?] But in what reſpect was *Iago* a *counſellor?* He caps ſentences, indeed; but they are not by way of *advice*, but *deſcription:* what he ſays, is, Reflexions on character and conduct in life. For this reaſon, I am very apt to think, our author wrote *cenſurer*. THEOB.

Counſellor ſeems to mean, not ſo much a man that *gives* counſel, as one that diſcourſes fearleſly and volubly. A talker.

1 *I will* gyve *thee*] *i. e.* catch, ſhackle. POPE.

you

you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kiſs'd your three fingers ſo oft, which now again you are moſt apt to play the Sir in. Very good, [a] well kiſs'd, and excellent courteſy; 'tis ſo, indeed. Yet again, your fingers to your lips? 'would, they were cliſter pipes for your ſake. [*Trumpet.*

The Moor. I know his trumpet.

Caſ. 'Tis truly ſo.

Def. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Caſ. Lo, where he comes!

SCENE VI.

Enter Othello *and Attendants.*

Oth. Oh my fair warrior!

Def. My dear *Othello!*

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To ſee you here before me. Oh my ſoul's joy!
If after every tempeſt come ſuch calms,
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death;
And let the labouring bark climb hills of ſeas
Olympus high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heav'n! If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be moſt happy; for, I fear,
My ſoul hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Def. The heaven's forbid,
But that our loves and comforts ſhould encreaſe,
Even as our days do grow!

[a] *well kiſs'd*, and *excellent courteſy*—] This I think ſhould be printed, *well kiſſed!* an *excellent courteſy!* Spoken when *Caſſio* kiſſes his hand, and *Deſdemona* courteſies.

Oth.

Oth. Amen to that, ſweet Powers!
I cannot ſpeak enough of this content,
It ſtops me here, it is too much of joy,
And this, and this, the greateſt diſcords be [*Kiſſing her.*
That e'er our hearts ſhall make!

Iago. Oh, you are well-tun'd now;
But I'll let down the pegs that make this muſic,
As honeſt as I am. [*Aſide.*

Oth. Come, let's to the caſtle.
Now, friends, our wars are done; the *Turks* are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this iſle!
Honey, you ſhall be well deſir'd in *Cyprus*,
I've found great love amongſt them. Oh my ſweet,
[3] I prattle out of faſhion, and I dote
In mine own comfort. Pr'ythee, good *Iago*,
Go to the bay, and diſembark my coffers:
Bring thou [5] the maſter to the citadel,
He is a good one, and his worthineſs
Does challenge much reſpect. Come, *Deſdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

[*Exeunt* Othello *and* Deſdemona.

SCENE VII.

Manent Iago *and* Rodorigo.

Iago. Do you meet me preſently at the harbour. Come thither, if thou be'ſt valiant; as, they ſay, baſe men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures, more than is native to them. Liſt me, the lieutenant to-night watches on the Court of Guard. Firſt,

[3] *I prattle out of faſhion,*—] Out of method, without any ſettled order of diſcourſe.

[4] *—the maſter—*] The pilot of the ſhip.

I muſt tell thee, this *Deſdemona* is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not poſſible?

Iago. [5] Lay thy finger thus; and let thy ſoul be inſtructed. Mark me with what violence ſhe firſt lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſtical lies. And will ſhe love him ſtill for prating? let not thy diſcreet heart think it. Her eye muſt be fed. And what delight ſhall ſhe have to look on the Devil? [6] When the blood is made dull with the act of ſport, there ſhould be again to inflame it, and give Satiety a freſh appetite, lovelineſs in favour, ſympathy in years, manners, and beauties: all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of theſe required conveniences, her delicate tenderneſs will find itſelf abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, diſreliſh and abhor the Moor; very nature will inſtruct her in it, and compel her to ſome ſecond choice. Now, Sir, this granted, as it is a moſt pregnant and unforc'd poſition, who ſtands ſo eminent in the degree of this fortune, as *Caſſio* does? a knave very voluble; no farther conſcionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane Seeming, for the better compaſſing of his ſalt

[5] *Lay thy finger thus*;] On thy mouth, to ſtop it while thou art liſtening to a wiſer man.

[6] *When the blood is made dull with the act of ſport, there ſhould be* a game *to inflame it, and to give ſatiety a freſh appetite; lovelineſs in favour, ſympathy in years, manners, and beauties.*] This, 'tis true, is the reading of the generality of the copies: but, methinks, 'tis a very peculiar experiment, when the blood and ſpirits are dull'd and exhauſted with ſport, to raiſe and recruit them by ſport: for *ſport* and *game* are but two words for the ſame thing. I have retriev'd the pointing and reading of the elder *quarto*, which certainly gives us the poet's ſenſe; that when the blood is dull'd with the exerciſe of pleaſure, there ſhould be proper incentives on each ſide to raiſe it *again*, as the charms of beauty, equality of years, and agreement of manners and diſpoſition: which are wanting in *Othello* to rekindle *Deſdemona*'s paſſion. THEOB.

and

and moſt hidden looſe affection; a ſlippery and ſubtle knave, a finder of warm occcaſions, that has an eye can ſtamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never preſent itſelf. A deviliſh knave! beſides, the knave is handſome, young, and hath all thoſe requiſites in him, that folly and [7] green minds look after. A peſtilent compleat knave! and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that of her, ſhe's full of moſt bleſs'd [8] condition.

Iago. Bleſs'd figs' end! the wine ſhe drinks is made of grapes. If ſhe had been bleſs'd, ſhe would never have lov'd the Moor. Bleſs'd pudding! Didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palm of his hand? didſt not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courteſy.

Iago. Letchery, by this hand; an index, and *obſcure* prologue to the hiſtory of luſt, and foul thoughts. They met ſo near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villainous thoughts, *Roderigo!* when theſe mutualities ſo marſhal the way, hard at hand comes the main exerciſe, the incorporate concluſion. Piſh——But, Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you to-night. For the command, I'll lay't upon you. *Caſſio* knows you not: I'll not be far from you. Do you find ſome occaſion to anger *Caſſio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or [9] tainting his diſcipline, or from what other courſe you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more favourably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's raſh, and very ſudden [1] in choler:

[7] *green minds*] Minds unripe, minds not yet fully formed.

[8] *condition.*] Qualities, diſpoſition of mind.

[9] *tainting*] Throwing a ſtain upon his diſcipline.

[1] *ſudden in choler:*] *Sudden*, is *precipitately violent.*

and,

and, haply, may ſtrike at you. Provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cauſe thoſe of *Cyprus* to mutiny, [2] whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again, but by diſplanting of *Caſſio*. So ſhall you have a ſhorter journey to your deſires, by the means I ſhall then have to prefer them, and the impediments moſt profitably removed, without which there were no expectation of our proſperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I muſt fetch his neceſſaries aſhore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Manet Iago.

Iago. That *Caſſio* loves her, I do well believe:
That ſhe loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit.
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a conſtant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to *Deſdemona*
A moſt dear huſband. Now I love her too,
Not out of abſolute luſt, though, peradventure,
I ſtand accountant for as great a ſin;
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do ſuſpect, the luſty Moor
Hath leapt into my ſeat. The thought whereof
Doth, [3] like a poiſonous mineral, gnaw my inwards,
And nothing can, or ſhall content my ſoul,

[2] *whoſe qualification ſhall come*, &c.] Whoſe reſentment ſhall not be ſo *qualified* or *tempered*, as to be *well taſted*, as not to *retain ſome bitterneſs*. The phraſe is harſh, at leaſt to our ears.

[3] —*like a poiſonous mineral*,—] This is philoſophical. Mineral poiſons kill by corroſion.

Till I am even with him, wife for wife.
Or failing ſo, yet that I put the Moor
At laſt into a jealouſy ſo ſtrong,
That judgment cannot cure. [4] Which thing to do;
If this poor traſh of *Venice*, [5] whom I trace
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on,
[6] I'll have our *Michael Caſſio* on the hip,
Abuſe him to the Moor in the right garb,
For I fear *Caſſio* with my night-cap too,

[4] ——*Which thing to do,*
If this poor Traſh *of* Venice,
whom I trace
For his quick hunting, ſtand the
putting on.] A trifling, inſignificant fellow may, in ſome reſpects, very well be call'd *traſh*; but the metaphor is not preſerved. For what agreement is there betwixt *traſh*, and *quick-hunting*, and *ſtanding the putting on?* The alluſion to the *chaſe*, *Shakeſpear* ſeems to be fond of applying to *Rodorigo*, who ſays of himſelf towards the concluſion of this *Act*;

I follow her in the chaſe, *not like a* hound *that* hunts, *but one that fills up the* cry.

I ſuppoſe therefore that the poet wrote,

If this poor brach *of* Venice,—which is a low ſpecies of *hounds of the chace*, and a term generally us'd in contempt: and this compleats and perfects the metaphorical alluſion, and makes it much more ſatirical. *Vlitius*, in his notes on *Gratius*, ſays, Racha *Saxonibus canem ſignificabat, unde Scoti hodie* Rache *pro cane femina habent, quod Anglis eſt* Brache. *Nos verò* (he ſpeaks of the *Hollanders*) Brach *non quemvis canem ſed ſagacem vocamus.* So the *French*, Braque, *eſpece de chien de chaſſe.* Menage Etimol. WARB.

[5] ——*whom I do* TRACE
For his quick hunting,——] Juſt the contrary. He did not *trace* him, he *put him on*, as he ſays immediately after. The old Quarto leads to the true reading:

——*whom I do* CRUSH
For his quick hunting,——

Plainly corrupted from CHERISH. WARBURTON.

—*whom* I *do* TRACE] It is a term of hunting or field-ſport; to *trace* ſometimes ſignifies to *follow*, as *Hen.* VIII. Act. iii. ſcene 2.

Now all joy trace *the conjunction*;

and a dog or a man *traces a hare*; but to *trace a dog*, in thoſe ſports, is to put a *trace*, or *pair of cuples*, upon him, and ſuch a dog is ſaid to be *traced*. The ſenſe, then, of

——*whom I do trace*
For his quick hunting——

is this, Whom I do aſſociate to me for the purpoſe of ruining *Caſſio* the ſooner. T. ROW.

[6] *I'll have our* Michael Caſſio *on the hip.*] A phraſe from the art of wreſtling.

Make

Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me
For making him egregiouſly an aſs,
And practiſing upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madneſs. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd;
7 Knavery's plain face is never ſeen till us'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

The STREET.

Enter Herald with a Proclamation.

Her. IT is *Othello*'s pleaſure, our noble and valiant General, that upon certain tidings now arriv'd, importing the meer perdition of the *Turkiſh* fleet, every man put himſelf into triumph, ſome to dance, ſome to make bonfires, each man to what ſport and revels his mind leads him; for, beſides this beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleaſure, ſhould be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feaſting, from this preſent hour of five, till the bell have told eleven. Bleſs the iſle of *Cyprus*, and our noble Generneral *Othello!*

SCENE X.

The CASTLE.

Enter Othello, Deſdemona, Caſſio, *and Attendants.*

Oth. GOOD *Michael*, look you to the guard tonight.
Let's teach ourſelves that honourable ſtop,

7 *Knavery's plain face is never ſeen*—] An honeſt man acts upon a plan, and forecaſts his deſigns; but a knave depends upon temporary and local opportunities, and never knows his own purpoſe, but at the time of execution.

Not to out-ſport diſcretion.

Caſ. *Iago* hath direction what to do:
But, notwithſtanding, with my perſonal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. *Iago* is moſt honeſt.
Michael, good-night. To-morrow, with your earlieſt,
Let me have ſpeech with you. Come, my dear love,
The purchaſe made, the fruits are to enſue; [*To* Deſd.
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
—Good-night. [*Exeunt* Othello *and* Deſdemona.

Enter Iago.

Caſ. Welcome, *Iago*. We muſt to the Watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o' th' clock. [8] Our General caſt us thus early for the love of his *Deſdemona*, whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and ſhe is ſport for *Jove*.

Caſ. She's a moſt exquiſite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Caſ. Indeed, ſhe's a moſt freſh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye ſhe has? methinks, it ſounds a parley to provocation.

Caſ. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modeſt.

Iago. And when ſhe ſpeaks, is it not [9] an alarum to love?

Caſ. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happineſs to their ſheets. Come, lieutenant, I have a ſtoop of wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* gallants, that would fain have a meaſure to the health of the black *Othello*.

[8] *Our General caſt us.*] That is, *appointed us to our ſtations*. To *caſt the play*, is, in the ſtile of the theatres, to aſſign to every actor his proper part.

[9] *an alarum.*] The *voice* may *ſound* an *alarm* more properly than the *eye* can *ſound* a *parley*.

Caſ.

Caſ. Not to-night, good *Iago*. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking; I could well wiſh courteſy would invent ſome other cuſtom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends. But one cup; I'll drink for you.

Caſ. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was [1] craftily qualified; and behold what innovation it makes here! I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taſk my weakneſs with any more.

Iago. What, man? 'tis a night of revels, the gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door. I pray you, call them in.

Caſ. I'll do't, but it diſlikes me. [*Exit* Caſſio.

Iago. If I can faſten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence,
As my young miſtreſs' dog.——
Now, my ſick fool, *Rodorigo*,
Whom love hath turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide out,
To *Deſdemona* hath to-night carouz'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
Three lads of *Cyprus*, noble ſwelling ſpirits,
That hold their honours in a wary diſtance,
[2] The very elements of this warlike iſle,
Have I to-night fluſter'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongſt this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our *Caſſio* in ſome action
That may offend the iſle. But here they come.
[3] If conſequence do but approve my dream,
My boat ſails freely, both with wind and ſtream.

SCENE

[1] *craftily qualified*;] Slily mixed with water.

[2] *The very elements*——] As quarrelſome as the *diſcordia ſemina rerum*; as quick in oppoſition as fire and water.

[3] *If conſequence do but approve my* Dream.] All the printed copies

SCENE XI.

Enter Caſſio, Monſtano, *and Gentlemen.*

Caſ. 'Fore heav'n, they have given me rouſe already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one. Not paſt a pint, as I am a ſoldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [Iago *ſings.*

And let me the canakin clink, clink, clink,
And let me the canakin clink.
A ſoldier's a man; oh, man's life's but a ſpan;
Why, then let a ſoldier drink.

Some wine, boys.

Caſ. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent ſong.

Iago. I learn'd it in *England:* where, indeed, they are moſt potent in potting. Your *Dane*, your *German* and your ſwag-belly'd *Hollander*,——Drink, ho!——are nothing to your *Engliſh.*

Caſ. Is your *Engliſhman* ſo exquiſite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your *Dane* dead drunk; he ſweats not to overthrow your *Almain*; he gives your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Caſ. To the health of our General.

copies concur in this reading, but, I think, it does not come up to the poet's intention; I rather imagine that he wrote,

If conſequence do but approve my Deem,

i. e. my opinion, the judgment I have form'd of what muſt happen. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*;

Creſ. *I true? how now? what wicked* Deem *is this?*

THEOBALD.

This reading is followed by the ſucceeding editions, I rather read,

If conſequence do but approve my ſcheme.

But why ſhould *dream* be rejected? Every ſcheme ſubſiſting only in the imagination may be termed a *dream.*

Mon.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you juſtice.

Iago. Oh ſweet *England.*

[4] *King* Stephen *was an a worthy peer,*
His breeches coſt him but a crown;
He held them ſix-pence all too dear.
With that he call'd the tailor [5] *lown.*

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Caſ. Why, this is a more exquiſite ſong than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Caſ. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does thoſe things. Well—Heaven's above all; and there be ſouls that muſt be ſaved, and there be ſouls muſt not be ſaved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Caſ. For mine own part, no offence to the General, nor any man of quality; I hope to be ſaved.

Iago. And ſo I do too, lieutenant.

Caſ. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be ſaved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this. Let's to our affairs. Forgive our ſins. Gentlemen, let's look to our buſineſs. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk. This is my Ancient. This is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now; I can ſtand well enough, and I ſpeak well enough.

[4] *King* Stephen, &c.] Theſe ſtanzas are taken from an old ſong, which the reader will find recovered and preſerved in a curious work lately printed, intituled, *Relics of Ancient Poetry, conſiſting of old heroic Ballads, Songs,* &c. 3 vols. 12mo.

[5] — *lown*] Sorry fellow, paltry wretch.

Gent. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why, very well then; you muſt not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

Manent Iago *and* Montano.

Mont. To the platform, maſters. Come, let's ſet the Watch.

Iago. You ſee this fellow, that is gone before?
He is a ſoldier fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*,
And give direction. And do but ſee his vice;
'Tis to his virtues a juſt equinox,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him;
I fear, the Truſt *Othello* puts him in,
On ſome odd time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this iſland.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his ſleep.
[6] He'll watch the horologue a double ſet,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well,
The General were put in mind of it:
Perhaps, he ſees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in *Caſſio*,
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now, *Rodorigo!*
I pray you after the lieutenant, go. [*Exit* Rod.

[6] *He'll watch the horologue a double ſet.*] If he have no drink, he'll keep awake while the clock ſtrikes two rounds, or four and twenty hours.

Mont.

Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard ſuch a place as his own Second,
With one of an [7] ingraft infirmity:
It were an honeſt action to ſay ſo
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair iſland.
I do love *Caſſio* well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. Hark, what noiſe?
[*Within*, help! help!

Re-enter Caſſio, *purſuing* Rodorigo.

Caſ. You rogue! you raſcal!

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Caſ. A knave teach me my duty! I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me———

Caſ. Doſt thou prate, rogue?

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; [*Staying him.*
I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.

Caſ. Let me go, Sir, or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Caſ. Drunk? [*They fight.*

Iago. Away, I ſay, go out and cry a mutiny.
[*Exit* Rodorigo.
Nay, good Lieutenant—Alas, Gentlemen——
Help, ho!—Lieutenant—Sir—*Montano*—
Help, maſters! here's a goodly watch, indeed—
Who's that, who rings the bell—diablo, ho!
[*Bell rings.*
The town will riſe. Fy, fy, Lientenant! hold.
You will be ſham'd for ever.

[7] —*ingraft infirmity*:] An infirmity *rooted, ſettled* in his conſtitution.

SCENE XIII.

Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Oth. What is the matter here?
Mont. I bleed ſtill: I am hurt to the death.
Oth. Hold, for your lives.
Iago. Hold, ho! lieutenant—Sir——*Montano*——
Gentlemen———
Have you forgot [8] all ſenſe of place and duty?
The General ſpeaks to you. Hold, hold, for ſhame---
Oth. Why, how now, ho? From whence ariſeth this?
Are we turn'd *Turks?* and to ourſelves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the *Ottomites?*
For chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawl;
He, that ſtirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his ſoul light: he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell; [9] it frights the iſle
From her propriety. What is the matter?
Honeſt *Iago*, that looks dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know. Friends all, but now, even now
[1] In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Diveſting them for bed; and then, but now
As if ſome planet had unwitted men,
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breaſt,
In oppoſition bloody. I can't ſpeak
Any beginning to this peeviſh odds,
And, 'would, in action glorious I had loſt
Thoſe legs that brought me to a part of it!

[8] So *Hanmer.* The reſt, *—all place of ſenſe and duty.*
[9] *—it frights the iſle From her propriety.*—] From her regular and *proper ſtate.*
[1] *In quarter.*——] In their quarters; at their lodging.

Oth.

Oth. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus forgot?
Caſ. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot ſpeak.
Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont be civil,
The gravity and ſtillneſs of your youth
The world hath noted; and your name is great
In mouths of wiſeſt cenſure. What's the matter,
[2] That you unlace your reputation thus,
And [3] ſpend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? Give me anſwer to it.
Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger.
Your officer, *Iago*, can inform you,
While I ſpare ſpeech, which ſomething now offends me,
Of all that I do know; nor know I aught
By me that's ſaid or done amiſs this night,
Unleſs [4] ſelf-charity be ſometimes a vice,
And to defend ourſelves it be a ſin,
When violence aſſails us.
Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my ſafer guides to rule;
And paſſion, having my beſt judgment choler'd,
Aſſays to lead the way. If I once ſtir,
Or do but lift this arm, the beſt of you
Shall ſink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began; who ſet it on;
And [5] he, that is approv'd in this offence,
Tho' he had twinn'd with me both at a birth,
Shall loſe me.—What, in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domeſtick quarrel
In night, and on the Court of Guard and Safety?

[2] *That you unlace*] Slacken, or *looſen*. Put in danger of dropping; or perhaps *ſtrip of its ornaments*.

[3] —*ſpend your rich opinion*,—] *Throw away* and *ſquander* a *reputation* ſo *valuable* as yours.

[4] ——*ſelf charity*——] *Care of one's ſelf*.

[5] —*he, that is approv'd in this offence*.] He that is *convicted* by *proof*, of having been engaged in this offence.

'Tis

'Tis monſtrous. Say, *Iago*, who began't?
Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou doſt deliver more or leſs than truth,
Thou art no ſoldier.
Iago. Touch me not ſo near:
I'd rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it ſhould do offence to *Michael Caſſio*:
Yet I perſuade myſelf, to ſpeak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus 'tis, General:
Montano and myſelf being in ſpeech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And *Caſſio* following with determin'd ſword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to *Caſſio*, and intreats his pauſe;
Myſelf the crying fellow did purſue,
Leſt by his clamour (as it ſo fell out)
The town might fall in fright. He, ſwift of foot,
Out-ran my purpoſe. I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of ſwords,
And *Caſſio* high in oath; which 'till to-night
I ne'er might ſay before. When I came back,
For this was brief, I found them cloſe together
At blow and thruſt; even as again they were,
When you yourſelf did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report.
But men are men; the beſt ſometimes forget;
Tho' *Caſſio* did ſome little wrong to him,
As men in rage ſtrike thoſe that wiſh them beſt,
Yet, ſurely, *Caſſio*, I believe, receiv'd
From him, that fled, ſome ſtrange indignity,
Which patience could not paſs.
Oth. I know, *Iago*,
Thy honeſty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Caſſio*. *Caſſio*, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine.

Enter

Enter Deſdemona *attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up.
I'll make thee an example.

Deſ. What's the matter?

Oth. All is well. Here, Sweeting, come away to bed. Sir, for your hurts, myſelf will be your ſurgeon.
[*To* Montano.

Lead him off.
Iago, look with care about the town,
And ſilence thoſe whom this vile brawl diſtracted.
Come, *Deſdemona*, 'tis the ſoldiers' life,
To have their balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV.

Manent Iago *and* Caſſio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Caſ. Paſt all Surgery.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!

Caſ. Reputation, reputation, reputation! oh, I have loſt my reputation! I have loſt the immortal part of myſelf, and what remains is beſtial. My reputation! *Iago*, my reputation ——

Iago. As I am an honeſt man, I had thought, you had receiv'd ſome bodily wound; there is more ſenſe in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle, and moſt falſe impoſition; oft got without merit, and loſt without deſerving. You have loſt no reputation at all, unleſs you repute yourſelf ſuch a loſer. What, man? There are ways to recover the General again. You are but now [6] caſt in his mood, a puniſhment more in

[6] *caſt in his mood,*] Ejected in his anger.

policy

policy than in malice; even ſo as one would beat his offenceleſs dog, to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, than to deceive ſo good a commander, with ſo ſlight, ſo drunken, and ſo indiſcreet an officer. *Drunk,* [7] *and ſpeak Parrot, and ſquabble? ſwagger? ſwear? and diſcourſe fuſtian with one's own ſhadow?* oh thou inviſible ſpirit of wine; if thou haſt no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your ſword? what had he done to you?

Caſ. I know not.

Iago. Is't poſſible?

Caſ. I remember a maſs of things, but nothing diſtinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men ſhould put an enemy in their mouths, to ſteal away their brains! that we ſhould with joy, pleaſance, revel, and applauſe, transform ourſelves into beaſts.

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough. How came you thus recover'd?

Caſ. It has pleas'd the devil, Drunkenneſs, to give place to the devil, Wrath; one unperfectneſs ſhews me another, to make me frankly deſpiſe myſelf.

Iago. Come, you are too ſevere a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country ſtands, I could heartily wiſh this had not befallen, but ſince it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caſ. I will aſk him for my place again; he ſhall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as *Hydra*, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To

[7] *And ſpeak Parrot,*] A phraſe ſignifying to act fooliſhly and childiſhly. So *Skelton*,

Theſe maidens full mekely with many a divers flour,
Freſhly they dreſs and make ſweete my boure,
With ſpake parrot *I pray you full courteouſly thei ſaye.*

WARBURTON.

be

be now a ſenſible man, by and by a fool, and preſently a beaſt!———Every inordinate cup is unbleſs'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd: exclaim no more againſt it. And good lieutenant, I think, you think, I love you.

Caſ. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at ſome time, man. I tell you what you ſhall do: our General's wife is now the General. I may ſay ſo, in this reſpect, [8] for that he hath devoted and giv'n up himſelf to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces. Confeſs yourſelf freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your Place again. She is of ſo free, ſo kind, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſs not to do more than ſhe is requeſted. This broken joint between you and her huſband, intreat her to ſplinter. And, my fortunes againſt any lay worth naming, this crack of your love ſhall grow ſtronger than it was before.

Caſ. You adviſe me well.

Iago. I proteſt, in the ſincerity of love, and honeſt kindneſs.

Caſ. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning

[8] *For that he hath devoted, and given up himſelf to the contemplation, mark, and* devotement *of her parts and graces.*] I remember, it is ſaid of *Antony*, in the beginning of *his* tragedy, that he, who uſed to fix his eyes altogether on the dreadful ranges of war,

———*now bends, now turns,*
The office and devotion *of their view*
Upon a ſtrumpet's front.

This is finely expreſs'd; but I cannot perſuade myſelf that our poet would ever have ſaid, any one *devoted* himſelf to the *devotement* of any thing. All the copies agree; but the miſtake certainly aroſe from a ſingle letter being turn'd upſide down at preſs.

THEOBALD.

I will beſeech the virtuous *Deſdemona* to undertake for me. I am deſperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good-night, lieutenant, I muſt to the Watch.

Caſ. Good-night, honeſt *Iago.* [*Exit* Caſſio.

SCENE XV.

Manet Iago.

Iago. And what's he then, that ſays, I play the villain?
When [9] this advice is free I give, and honeſt,
Likely to thinking, and, indeed, the courſe
To win the Moor again. For 'tis moſt eaſy
Th' inclining *Deſdemona* to ſubdue
In any honeſt ſuit; ſhe's fram'd as fruitful
As the [1] free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, were't to renounce his baptiſm,
All ſeals and ſymbols of redeemed ſin,
His ſoul is ſo enfetter'd to her love
That ſhe may make, unmake, do what ſhe liſt,
Even as her appetite ſhall play the god
With his weak function. Am I then a villain,
To counſel *Caſſio* [2] to this parallel courſe,
Directly to his Good? Divinity of Hell!
When Devils will their blackeſt ſins put on,
They do ſuggeſt at firſt with heav'nly Shews,
As I do now.——For while this honeſt fool

[9] —*this advice is free*—] This counſel has an appearance of honeſt *openneſs*, of *frank* good-will.

[1] ——— *free elements*—] *Liberal, bountiful*, as the elements, out of which all things are produced.

[2] —*to this* parallel *courſe*.] *Parallel*, for even; becauſe parallel lines run even and equidiſtant. WARBURTON.

Parallel courſe; i. e. a courſe level, and even with his deſign.

Plies

Plies *Deſdemona* to repair his fortune,
And ſhe for him pleads ſtrongly to the Moor;
[3] I'll pour this peſtilence into his ear,
[4] That ſhe repeals him from her body's luſt:
And by how much ſhe ſtrives to do him good,
She ſhall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into Pitch;
And out of her own goodneſs make the net,
[5] That ſhall enmeſh them all. How now, *Rodorigo!*

SCENE XVI.

Enter Rodorigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My mony is almoſt ſpent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think, the iſſue will be, I ſhall have ſo much experience for my pains; and ſo with no mony at all, and a little more wit, return again to *Venice.*

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'ſt, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? *Caſſio* hath beaten thee,
And thou by that ſmall hurt haſt caſhier'd *Caſſio.*
[6] Tho' other things grow fair againſt the Sun,
Yet

[3] *I'll pour this* peſtilence——] *Peſtilence,* for poiſon. WARB.

[4] *That ſhe repeals him* ——] That is, *recalls* him.

[5] *That ſhall* enmeſh *them all.*] A metaphor from taking birds in meſhes. POPE.

[6] *Tho' other things grow fair againſt the Sun,*
Yet fruits, that bliſſom firſt,
will firſt be ripe,] Of many different things, all planned with the ſame art, and promoted with

Yet fruits, that bloſſom firſt, will firſt be ripe.
Content thyſelf a while. In troth, 'tis morning,
Pleaſure and action make the hours ſeem ſhort.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted.
Away, I ſay. Thou ſhalt know more hereafter.
—Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* Rodorigo.
Two things are to be done;
My wife muſt move for *Caſſio* to her miſtreſs:
I'll ſet her on:———
Myſelf, the while, will draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump, when he may *Caſſio* find
Solliciting his Wife,——ay, that's the way:
Dull not Device by coldneſs and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before Othello's *Palace.*

Enter Caſſio, *with Muſicians.*

CASSIO.

MASTERS, play here,---I will content your pains,——
Something that's brief; and bid, Good-morrow, General.
[*Muſick plays*; *and enter* Clown *from the Houſe.*

with the ſame diligence, ſome muſt ſucceed ſooner than others, by the order of nature. Every thing cannot be done at once; we muſt proceed by the neceſſary gradation. We are not to *deſpair* of ſlow events any *more* than of tardy fruits, while the cauſes are in regular progreſs, and the fruits *grow fair againſt the Sun.* *Hanmer* has not, I think, rightly conceived the ſentiment, for he reads,

Thoſe fruits which bloſſom firſt,
are not firſt *ripe.*

I have therefore drawn it out at length, for there are few to whom that will be eaſy which was difficult to *Hanmer.*

Clown.

Clown. [7] Why, maſters, have your inſtruments been in *Naples*, that they ſpeak i' th' noſe thus?

Muſ. How, Sir, how?

Clown. Are theſe, I pray you, wind inſtruments?

Muſ. Ay, marry are they, Sir.

Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a tail.

Muſ. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir?

Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a wind-inſtrument that I know. But, Maſters, here's mony for you: and the General ſo likes your muſick, that he deſires you of all loves to make no more noiſe with it.

Muſ. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any muſick that may not be heard, to't again; but, as they ſay, to hear muſick the General does not greatly care.

Muſ. We have none ſuch, Sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, [8] for I'll away. Go. Vaniſh into air. Away. [*Exeunt* Muſ.

Caſ. Doſt thou hear, mine honeſt friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honeſt friend; I hear you.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman, that attends the General's wife, be ſtirring, tell her, there's one *Caſſio* entreats of her a little favour of ſpeech. Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is ſtirring, Sir, if ſhe will ſtir hither. I ſhall ſeem to notify unto her. [*Exit* Clown.

Caſ. Do, my good friend.

To him, enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago.*

[7] *Why, maſters, have your inſtruments been in* Naples, *that they ſpeak i' th' noſe thus?*] The venereal diſeaſe firſt appeared at the ſiege of *Naples.*

[8] *for I'll away.*] *Hanmer* reads, *and hie away.*

Iago. You have not been abed then?
Caſ. Why, no; the day had broke before we parted.
I have made bold to ſend in to your wife;
My ſuit to her
Is, that ſhe will to virtuous *Deſdemona*
Procure me ſome acceſs.
Iago. I'll ſend her preſently;
And I'll deviſe a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converſe and buſineſs
May be more free. [*Exit.*
Caſ. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honeſt.

To him, enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Good-morrow, good lieutenant. I am ſorry
For your diſpleaſure; but all will, ſure, be well.
The General and his wife are talking of it:
And ſhe ſpeaks for you ſtoutly. The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in *Cyprus*,
And great affinity; and that in wholeſome wiſdom
He might not but refuſe you. But he proteſts, he loves you;
And needs no other ſuitor, but his likings,
"To take the firſt occaſion by the front
To bring you in again.
Caſ. Yet I beſeech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of ſome brief diſcourſe
With *Deſdemona* alone.
Æmil. Pray you, come in;
I will beſtow you where you ſhall have time
To ſpeak your boſom freely.
Caſ. *I am much bound to you.* [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Gentlemen.*

Oth. Theſe letters give, *Iago*, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the ſenate;
That done, I will be walking on the Works.
Repair there to me.
Iago. My good Lord, I'll do't.
Oth. This fortification, gentlemen—ſhall we ſee't?
Gent. We'll wait upon your Lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Deſdemona, Caſſio, *and* Æmilia.

Deſ. BE thou aſſur'd, good *Caſſio*, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Æmil. Good Madam, do. I know, it grieves my husband
As if the cauſe were his.
Deſ. Oh, that's an honeſt fellow. Doubt not, *Caſſio*,
But I will have my Lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
Caſ. Moſt bounteous Madam,
Whatever ſhall become of *Michael Caſſio*,
He's never any thing but your true ſervant.
Deſ. I know't; I thank you. You do love my Lord;
You've known him long; and, be you well aſſur'd,
He ſhall in ſtrangeneſs ſtand no farther off
Than in a politick diſtance.
Caſ. Ay, but, lady,

[9] That policy may either laſt ſo long,
Or feed upon ſuch nice and wateriſh diet,
Or breed itſelf ſo out of circumſtances,
That I being abſent, and my place ſupply'd,
My General will forget my love and ſervice.
Deſ. Do not doubt that; before *Æmilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy Place. Aſſure thee,
If I do vow a friendſhip, I'll perform it
To the laſt article. My Lord ſhall never reſt;
[1] I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed ſhall ſeem a ſchool, his board a ſhrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With *Caſſio*'s ſuit; therefore be merry, *Caſſio*;
For thy ſollicitor ſhall rather die,
Than give thy cauſe away.

SCENE V.

Enter Othello, *and* Iago, *at diſtance.*

Æmil. Madam, here comes my Lord.
Caſ. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Deſ. Why, ſtay, and hear me ſpeak.
Caſ. Madam, not now. I am very ill at eaſe,
Unfit for mine own purpoſes.
Deſ. Well, do your diſcretion. [*Exit* Caſſio.
Iago. Hah! I like not that.———
Oth. What doſt thou ſay?

[9] *That policy may either laſt ſo long,*] He may either of himſelf think it politick to keep me out of office ſo long, or he may be ſatisfied with ſuch ſlight reaſons, or ſo many accidents may make him think my re-admiſſion at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten.

[1] *I'll watch him tame,*—] It is ſaid, that the ferocity of beaſts, inſuperable and irreclaimable by any other means, is ſubdued by keeping them from ſleep.

Iago.

Iago. Nothing, my Lord; or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that *Caſſio*, parted from my wife?
Iago. Caſſio, my Lord? no, ſure, I cannot think it,
That he would ſteal away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I believe, 'twas he.
Def. How now, my Lord?
I have been talking with a ſuitor here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who is't you mean?
Def. Why, your lieutenant *Caſſio*. Good my Lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
[a] His preſent reconciliation take.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, [b] and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honeſt face.
I pr'ythee, call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Def. I'ſooth, ſo humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To ſuffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, ſweet *Deſdemona*; ſome other time.
Def. But ſhall't be ſhortly?
Oth. The ſooner, Sweet, for you.
Def. Shall't be to-night at ſupper?
Oth. Not to night.
Def. To-morrow dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home.
I meet the Captains at the citadel.
Def. Why then to-morrow night, or *Tueſday* morn,

[a] *His preſent reconciliation* TAKE.] *Caſſio* was to be reconciled to his General, not his General to him, therefore *take* cannot be right. We ſhould read MAKE. WARB.

To *take his reconciliation*, may be to *accept* the *ſubmiſſion* which he makes in order to be *reconciled*.

[b] ——*and not in* cunning,] *Cunning*, for deſign, or purpoſe, ſimply. WARB.

Or *Tueſday* noon, or night, or *Wedneſday* morn,
I pr'ythee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days; in faith, he's penitent,
And yet his treſpaſs, in our common reaſon,
Save that, they ſay, [4] the wars muſt make examples
Out of their beſt, is not almoſt a fault
T' incur a private check. When ſhall he come?
Tell me, *Othello*. I wonder in my ſoul,
What you ſhould aſk me, that I would deny,
Or ſtand ſo mummering on? What? *Michael Caſſio!*
That came a wooing with you, and many a time,
When I have ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly,
Hath ta'en your part, to have ſo much to do
To bring him in? Truſt me, I could do much——

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more. Let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.

Deſ. Why, this is not a boon.
'Tis as I ſhould entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nouriſhing meats, or keep you warm;
Or ſue to you, to do peculiar profit
To your own perſon. Nay, when I have ſuit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It ſhall be full of poiſe and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing;
Whereon I do beſeech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myſelf.

Deſ. Shall I deny you? No. Farewel, my Lord.

Oth. Farewel, my *Deſdemona*; I'll come ſtraight.

Deſ. *Æmilia*, come. Be as your fancies teach you:
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exeunt.*

[4] ——*the wars muſt make examples*
Out of their beſt,——] The ſeverity of military diſcipline muſt not ſpare the *beſt men* of the army, when their puniſhment may afford a wholeſome *example*.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Manent Othello, *and* Iago.

Oth. [5] Excellent Wretch!——Perdition catch my ſoul,
But I do love thee; and [6] when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble Lord,——

Oth. What doſt thou ſay, *Iago?*

Iago. Did *Michael Caſſio*, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from firſt to laſt. Why doſt thou aſk?

5 *Excellent* Wretch! *Perdition catch my ſoul,*
But I do love thee; &c.] Tho' all the printed copies concur in this reading; I think, it is very reaſonably to be ſuſpected. *Othello* is exclaiming here with admiration and rapturous fondneſs: but *Wretch* can ſcarce be admitted to be uſed, unleſs in compaſſion or contempt. I make no queſtion, but the poet wrote;

Excellent Wench!—*Perdition catch my ſoul*, &c.

It is to be obſerv'd, that, in SHAKESPEARE's time, *Wench*, *Laſs*, and *Girl*, were not uſed in that low and vulgar acceptation as they are at this time of day; but very frequently with dignity. THEOBALD.

The meaning of the word *wretch*, is not generally underſtood. It is now, in ſome parts of *England*, a term of the ſofteſt and fondeſt tenderneſs. It expreſſes the utmoſt degree of amiableneſs, joined with an idea, which perhaps all tenderneſs includes, of feebleneſs, ſoftneſs, and want of protection. *Othello*, conſidering *Deſdemona* as excelling in beauty and virtue, ſoft and timorous by her ſex, and by her ſituation abſolutely in his power, calls her, *Excellent Wretch*. It may be expreſſed,

Dear, harmleſs, helpleſs Excellence.

6 ——*when I love thee not,*
Chaos is come again.] When my love is for a moment ſuſpended by ſuſpicion, I have nothing in my mind but diſcord, tumult, perturbation, and confuſion.

Iago. But for a ſatisfaction of my thought,
No farther harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago?*

Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with it.

Oth. Oh, yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Diſcern'ſt thou aught in that?
Is he not honeſt?

Iago. Honeſt, my Lord?

Oth. Honeſt? ay, honeſt.

Iago. My Lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dōſt thou think?

Iago. Think, my Lord!——

Oth. Think, my Lord! why doſt thou echo me;
As if there were ſome monſter in thy thought,
Too hideous to be ſhewn? Thou doſt mean ſomething:
I heard thee ſay but now, *thou lik'dſt not that,*—
When *Caſſio* left my wife. What did'ſt not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counſel,
In my whole courſe of wooing, thou cry'dſt, *indeed?*
And didſt contract and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadſt ſhut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou doſt love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My Lord, you know, I love you.

Oth. I think, thou doſt:
And for I know, thou art full of love and honeſty,
And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giv'ſt them breath,
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine fright me the more.
For ſuch things, in a falſe diſloyal knave,
Are tricks of cuſtom; but, in a man that's juſt,
They're

[7] They're cloſe dilations working from the heart,
That paſſion cannot rule.
Iago. For *Michael Caſſio*,
I dare be ſworn, I think, that he is honeſt.
Oth. I think ſo too.
Iago. Men ſhould be what they ſeem;
[8] Or, thoſe that be not, 'would they might ſeem none!
Oth. Certain, men ſhould be what they ſeem.
Iago. Why, then, I think, *Caſſio*'s an honeſt man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;
I pray thee, ſpeak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou doſt ruminate; and give thy worſt of thoughts
The worſt of words.
Iago. Good my Lord, pardon me.
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that, all ſlaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts!——Why, ſay, they're vile and falſe;

[7] *They're* cold dilations *working from the heart,*
That paſſion cannot rule.] *i. e.* theſe ſtops and breaks are *cold dilations*, or cold keeping back a ſecret, which men of phlegmatic conſtitutions, whoſe hearts are not ſway'd or govern'd by their paſſions, we find, can do: while more ſanguine tempers reveal themſelves at once, and without reſerve. But the *Oxford Editor* for *cold dilations*, reads *diſtillations*. WARBURTON.

I know not why the modern editors are ſatisfied with this reading, which no explanation can clear. They might eaſily have found, that it is introduced without authority. The old copies uniformly give, *cloſe dilations*, except that the earlier quarto has *cloſe denotements*; which was the authour's firſt expreſſion, afterwards changed by him, not to *cold dilation*, for *cold* is read in no ancient copy; nor, I believe, to *cloſe dilations*, but to *cloſe delations*; to *occult* and *ſecret accuſations*, *working* involuntarily *from the heart*, which tho' reſolved to conceal the fault, cannot rule its *paſſion* of reſentment.

[8] *Or, thoſe that be not, 'would they might ſeem* NONE!] There is no ſenſe in this reading. I ſuppoſe *Shakeſpear* wrote,

——'*would they might ſeem* KNAVES. WARB.

I believe the meaning is, *would they might no longer ſeem*, or bear the ſhape of *men*.

As

As where's that Palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breaſt ſo pure,
But ſome uncleanly apprehenſions
[9] Keep leets and law-days, and in ſeſſions ſit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou doſt conſpire againſt thy friend, *Iago*,
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beſeech you,
[1] Though, I——perchance, am vicious in my gueſs,
As, I confeſs, it is my nature's plague
To ſpy into abuſe; and oft my jealouſy
Shapes faults that are not; I intreat you then,
From one that ſo [2] improbably conceits,
Your wiſdom would not build yourſelf a trouble
Out of my ſcattering and unſure obſervance.
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty, and wiſdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What doſt thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls,

9 *Keep leets and law-days,*—] *i.e.* govern. A metaphor, wretchedly forced and quaint. WARB.

Rather *viſit* than *govern*, but viſit with authoritative intruſion.

1 THOUGH *I, perchance, am vicious in my gueſs,*] Not to mention that, in this reading, the ſentence is abrupt and broken, it is likewiſe highly abſurd. I beſeech you give yourſelf no uneaſineſs from my unſure obſervance, *though* I am vicious in my gueſs. For his being an ill gueſſer was a reaſon why *Othello* ſhould not be uneaſy: in propriety, therefore, it ſhould either have been, *though I am not vicious*, or *becauſe I am vicious*. It appears then we ſhould read,

I do beſeech you,
THINK *I, perchance, am vicious in my gueſs.*

Which makes the ſenſe pertinent and perfect. WARBURTON.

2 ——*imperfectly conceits,*] In the old quarto it is,

——improbably *conceits,*

Which I think preferable.

Who

Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh; 'tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his; and has been ſlave to thouſands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts———

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor ſhall not, whilſt 'tis in my cuſtody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware, my Lord, of jealouſy;
It is a green-ey'd monſter, [3] which doth make
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliſs,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts; ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves!

Oth. Oh miſery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
[4] But riches fineleſs is [5] as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor.

[3] ———*which doth mock*
The meat it feeds on.———] *i. e.* loaths that which nouriſhes and ſuſtains it. This being a miſerable ſtate, *Iago* bids him beware of it. The *Oxford Editor* reads,

———*which doth make*
The meat it feeds on———

implying that its ſuſpicions are unreal and groundleſs, which is the very contrary to what he would here make his General think, as appears from what follows,

That cuckold lives in bliſs, &c. In a word, the villain is for fixing him jealous: and therefore bids him beware of jealouſy, not that it was an *unreaſonable* but a *miſerable* ſtate, and this plunges him into it, as we ſee by his reply, which is only

Oh miſery! WARB.

I have received the emendation; becauſe to *mock*, does not ſignify to *loath*; and becauſe, when *Iago* bids *Othello beware of jealouſy, the green eyed monſter*, it is natural to tell why he ſhould beware, and for caution he gives him two reaſons, that jealouſy *often* creates its own cauſe, and that when the cauſes are real, jealouſy is miſery.

[4] *But riches fineleſs*—] Unbounded, endleſs, unnumbered treaſures.

[5] ———*as poor as winter*,] Finely expreſſed: *Winter* producing no fruits. WARB.

Good heaven! the ſouls of all my tribe defend
From jealouſy!

Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'ſt thou, I'd make a life of jealouſy?
To follow ſtill the changes of the moon
With freſh ſuſpicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I ſhall turn the buſineſs of my ſoul
[6] To ſuch exſufflolate and blown ſurmiſes,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To ſay, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, plays, and dances well;
[7] Where virtue is, theſe are moſt virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The ſmalleſt fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me. No, *Iago*,
I'll ſee, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove:
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love, or jealouſy.

Iago. I am glad of this; for now I ſhall have reaſon

[6] *To ſuch exſufflolate and blown ſurmiſes,*] This odd and far-fetch'd word was made yet more uncouth in all the editions before *Hanmer's*, by being printed, *exſufficate.* The alluſion is to a bubble. Do not think, ſays the Moor, that I ſhall change the noble deſigns that now employ my thoughts, to ſuſpicions which, like bubbles *blown* into a wide extent, have only an empty ſhew without ſolidity, or that in conſequence of ſuch empty fears, I will *cloſe* with *thy inference* again ſt the virtue of my wife.

[7] *Where virtue is, theſe* ARE MOST *virtuous.*] But how can a virtuous conduct make the *indifferent* actions of ſuch a character, virtuous, or moſt virtuous? The old Quarto reads, a little nearer the truth,

Where virtue is, theſe are
more *virtuous.*

But *Shakeſpear* wrote,

Where virtue is, theſe MAKE
more virtuous.

i. e. where virtue is, the civil accompliſhments of polite life make that virtue more illuſtrious, as coming off victorious from all the temptations which ſuch accompliſhments throw in the way.

WARBURTON.

The old reading will, I think, approve itſelf to every underſtanding that has not an intereſt in changing it. An action in itſelf *indifferent*, grows *virtuous* by its end and application.

To

To ſhew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker ſpirit. Therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I ſpeak not yet of proof,
Look to your wife, obſerve her well with *Caſſio*;
Wear your eye, thus; not jealous, nor ſecure.
I would not have your free and noble nature
[8] Out of ſelf-bounty be abus'd; look to't;
I know [9] our country-diſpoſition well;
In *Venice* they do let heaven ſee the pranks,
They dare not ſhew their huſbands; their beſt conſcience
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
[1] And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them moſt.

Oth. And ſo ſhe did.

Iago. Go to, then;
She, that, ſo young, could give out ſuch a Seeming
[2] To ſeal her father's eyes up, cloſe as oak———

[8] *Out of* ſelf-bounty *be abus'd*;] *Self-bounty*, for inherent generoſity. WARBURTON.

[9] *—our country-diſpoſition—*

In Venice———] there *Iago* ſeems to be a *Venetian*.

[1] *And when ſhe ſeem'd*] This and the following argument of *Iago* ought to be deeply impreſſed on every reader. Deceit and falſehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promiſe or produce, are, in the ſum of life, obſtacles to happineſs. Thoſe who profit by the cheat, diſtruſt the deceiver, and the act by which kindneſs was ſought, puts an end to confidence.

The ſame objection may be made with a lower degree of ſtrength againſt the imprudent generoſity of diſproportionate marriages. When the firſt heat of paſſion is over, it is eaſily ſucceeded by ſuſpicion, that the ſame violence of inclination which cauſed one irregularity, may ſtimulate to another; and thoſe who have ſhewn, that their paſſions are too powerful for their prudence, will, with very ſlight appearances againſt them, be cenſured, as not very likely to reſtrain them by their virtue.

[2] *To ſeal her father's eyes up, cloſe as oak*—] There is little relation between *eyes* and *oak*. I would read,

She ſeal'd her father's eyes up cloſe as owls.

As blind as an owl, is a proverb.

He thought, 'twas witchcraft——But I'm much to blame:
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.
Oth. I'm bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I ſee, this hath a little daſh'd your ſpirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. Truſt me, I fear, it has:
I hope, you will conſider, what is ſpoke
Comes from my love. But, I do ſee, you're mov'd—
I am to pray you, not to ſtrain my ſpeech
[3] To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,
Than to ſuſpicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do ſo, my Lord,
[4] My ſpeech would fall into ſuch vile ſucceſs,
As my thoughts aim not at. *Caſſio*'s my worthy friend.
My Lord, I ſee, you're mov'd———
Oth. No, not much mov'd———
I do not think, but *Deſdemona*'s honeſt.
Iago. Long live ſhe ſo! and long live you to think ſo!
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itſelf——
Iago. Ay, there's the point; as, to be bold with you,
Not to affect many propoſed matches
Of her own clime, complexion and degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things Nature tends,
Foh! one may ſmell, in ſuch, a [5] will moſt rank,

[3] *To groſſer* iſſues,—] *Iſſues*, for concluſions. WARB.

[4] *My ſpeech would fall into ſuch vile* ſucceſs,] *Succeſs*, for ſucceſſion, *i. e.* concluſion; not proſperous iſſue. WARBURTON.

I rather think there is a depravation, and would read,

My ſpeech would fall into ſuch vile exceſs.

If *ſucceſs* be the right word, it ſeems to mean *conſequence* or *event*, as *ſucceſſo* is uſed in *Italian*.

[5] ——*will moſt rank*,] *Will* is for *wilfulneſs*. It is ſo uſed by *Aſcham*. A *rank will*, is *ſelf-will overgrown* and *exuberant*.

Foul

Foul diſproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in poſition
Diſtinctly ſpeak of her; tho' I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, haply, ſo repent.
Oth. Farewel, farewel;
If more thou doſt perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife t'obſerve. Leave me, *Iago.*
Iago. My Lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*
Oth. Why did I marry?———
This honeſt creature, doubtleſs,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
Iago. My Lord, I would, I might entreat your honour
To ſcan this thing no farther; leave it to time;
Altho' 'tis fit that *Caſſio* have his place,
For, ſure, he fills it up with great ability;
Yet if you pleaſe to hold him off a while,
[6] You ſhall by that perceive him, and his means.
Note, if your lady [7] ſtrain his entertainment
With any ſtrong, or vehement importunity;
Much will be ſeen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too buſy in my fears,
As worthy cauſe I have to fear, I am;
And hold her free, I do beſeech your honour.
Oth. [8] Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

[6] *You ſhall by that perceive him, and his means;*] You ſhall diſcover, whether he thinks his beſt *means*, his moſt powerful *intereſt*, is by the ſolicitation of your lady.

[7] ——*ſtrain his entertainment*] Preſs hard his re-admiſſion to his pay and office. *Entertainment* was the military term for admiſſion of ſoldiers.

[8] *Fear not my government.*] Do not diſtruſt my ability to contain my paſſion.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Manet Othello.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honeſty,
And knows all qualities, [9] with a learned ſpirit,
Of human dealings. [1] If I prove her haggard,
[2] Tho' that her jeſſes were my dear heart-ſtrings,
[3] I'd whiſtle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black,
And have not thoſe ſoft parts of converſation
That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years, yet that's not much;
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Muſt be to loath her. Oh the curſe of marriage!
That we can call theſe delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For other's uſe. Yet 'tis the plague of Great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they leſs than the baſe;
'Tis deſtiny unſhunnable, like death.
Ev'n then, this [4] forked plague is fated to us,

9 ——*with a* learned *ſpirit*,] *Learned*, for experienced. WARBURTON.

The conſtruction is, *He knows with a learned ſpirit all qualities of human dealings.*

1 ——*If I prove her haggard*,] A *haggard* hawk, is a *wild* hawk, a *hawk unreclaimed*, or *irreclaimable*.

2 *Tho' that her jeſſes were my dear heart-ſtrings*,] *Jeſſes* are ſhort ſtraps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which ſhe is held on the fiſt. HANMER.

3 *I'd whiſtle her off, and let her down the wind To prey at fortune.*—] The falconers always let fly the hawk againſt the wind; if ſhe flies with the wind behind her ſhe ſeldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reaſon to be diſmiſſed, ſhe was *let down the wind*, and from that time ſhifted for herſelf, and *prey'd at fortune*. This was told me by the late Mr. *Clark*.

4 ——*forked plague*—] In alluſion to a *barbed* or *forked* arrow, which, once infixed, cannot be extracted.

Or rather, the *forked plague* is the cuckold's horns. Mr. PERCY.

When

When we do quicken. *Deſdemona* comes!

Enter Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

If ſhe be falſe, oh, then heaven mocks itſelf:
I'll not believe't.

Def. How now, my dear *Othello?*
Your dinner, and the generous Iſlanders,
By you invited, do attend your preſence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Def. Why do you ſpeak ſo faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Def. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away again;
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little,

[*She drops her handkerchief.*

Let it alone: Come, I'll go in with you.

Def. I am very ſorry, that you are not well.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Manet Æmilia.

Æmil. I am glad, I have found this napkin;
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward huſband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to ſteal it. But ſhe ſo loves the token,
For he conjur'd her, ſhe ſhould ever keep it,
That ſhe reſerves it evermore about her,
To kiſs and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And giv't *Iago*;
What he'll do with it, heav'n knows, not I:
I nothing know, but for his fantaſy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? what do you here alone?
Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.
Iago. You have a thing for me?
It is a common thing———
Æmil. Ha?
Iago. To have a fooliſh wife.
Æmil. Oh, is that all? What will you give me now
For that ſame handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief?
Æmil. What handkerchief?
Why, that the Moor firſt gave to *Deſdemona*;
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteal.
Iago. Haſt ſtolen it from her?
Æmil. No; but ſhe let it drop by negligence;
And, [5] to th' advantage, I, being here, took 't up.
Look, here 'tis.
Iago. A good wench, give it me.
Æmil. What will you do with 't, you have been ſo earneſt
To have me filch it?
Iago. Why, what is that to you? [*Snatching it.*
Æmil. If 't be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Give 't me again. Poor lady! ſhe'll run mad
When ſhe ſhall lack it.
Iago. [6] Be not you known on't:
I have uſe for it. Go, leave me—— [*Exit* Æmil.
I will in *Caſſio*'s lodging loſe this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmations ſtrong
As proofs of holy Writ. This may do ſomething,

[5] —*to th' advantage*, &c.—] I being *opportunely* here, took it up.

[6] *Be not you known on't:*] Should it not rather be read,
Be not you known in't?
The folio reads,
Be not unknown *on't.*
The ſenſe is plain, but of the expreſſion I cannot produce any example.

The

The Moor already changes with my poiſons:
Dang'rous conceits are in their nature poiſons,
Which at the firſt are ſcarce found to diſtaſte;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of ſulphur.—I did ſay ſo.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowſy Syrups of the world,
[7] Shall ever med'cine thee to that ſweet Sleep,
Which thou owedſt yeſterday.

Oth. Ha! Falſe? To me! to me!

Iago. Why, how now, General? No more of that.

Oth. Avant! be gone! thou'ſt ſet me on the rack.
I ſwear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How, my Lord?

Oth. What ſenſe had I of her ſtoll'n hours or luſt?
I ſaw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
I ſlept the next night well; was free, and merry;
I found not *Caſſio*'s kiſſes on her lips:
He, that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtoll'n,
Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am ſorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general Camp,

[7] *Shall ever med'cine thee to that ſweet ſleep,*
Which thou HADST *yeſterday.*] The old quarto reads,
Which thou OWEDST *yeſterday.* And this is right, and of much greater force than the common reading; not to ſleep, being finely called defrauding the day of a debt of nature. WARBURTON.

To *owe* is, in our authour, oftener to *poſſeſs*, than *to be indebted*, and ſuch was its meaning here; but as that ſenſe was growing leſs uſual, it was changed unneceſſarily by the editors to *hadſt*; to the ſame meaning, more intelligibly expreſſed.

Pioneers and all, had taſted her ſweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind, farewel content,
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That makes ambition virtue! oh, farewel!
[8] Farewel the neighing ſteed, and the ſhrill trump,
The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war!
And, oh, you mortal engines, whoſe rude throats
Th' immortal *Jove*'s dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! *Othello*'s Occupation's gone!

Iago. Is't poſſible, my Lord?

Oth. Villain, be ſure, thou prove my love a whore;
Be ſure of it: give me the ocular proof,
[*Catching hold on him.*
Or, by the worth of mine eternal ſoul,
Thou hadſt been better have been born a dog,
Than anſwer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to ſee't; or, at the leaſt, ſo prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble Lord———

Oth. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,

[8] *Farewel the neighing ſteed, and the* ſhrill *trump,*
The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, th' EAR PIERCING *fife,*] The attributes to the *trumpet* and *fife*, in the preſent reading, ſeem to be too much alike for the richneſs and variety of *Shakſpear*'s ideas. Beſides, as the *ſteed* and *trumpet* in the one line where deſigned to be characterized by their ſounds; ſo the *drum* and *fife*, by their effects on the hearers; as appears in part from the epithet given to the drum of *ſpirit ſtirring*: I would read then,
The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, th' FEAR-'SPERSING *fife,*
i. e. the *fear-diſperſing*. WARB.

Ear-piercing is an epithet ſo eminently adapted to the *fife*, and ſo diſtinct from the ſhrilneſs of the trumpet, that it certainly ought not to be changed. Dr. *Warburton* has been cenſured for this propoſed emendation with more noiſe than honeſty, for he did not himſelf put it in the text.

Never

Never pray more; [9] abandon all remorſe;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canſt thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. Oh grace! oh heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a ſoul? or ſenſe?
God be w' you. Take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'ſt to make thine honeſty a vice!
Oh monſtrous world! take note, take note, oh world,
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, ſith love breeds ſuch offence.

Oth. Nay, ſtay. Thou ſhouldſt be honeſt——

Iago. I ſhould be wiſe, for honeſty's a fool,
And loſes what it works for.

Oth. [1] *By the world,*
I think, my wife is honeſt; and think, ſhe is not;
I think, that thou art juſt; and think, thou art not,
I'll have ſome proof. Her name, that was as freſh
As Dian's *viſage, is now begrim'd and black*
As my own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poiſon, or fire, or ſuffocating ſtreams,
I'll not endure't. 'Would, I were ſatisfied!

Iago. I ſee, Sir, your are eaten up with paſſion;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be ſatisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, and will,

Iago. And may; but how? how ſatisfied, my Lord?
Would you be ſuperviſor, groſly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?

[9] —*abandon all* remorſe;] *Remorſe*, for repentance. WARB.
I rather think it is, Let go all ſcruples, throw aſide all reſtraints. POPE.

[1] *By the world*, &c.] This ſpeech not in the firſt edition.

Oth. Death and damnation! oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that proſpect: damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do ſee them bolſter,
More than their own. What then? how then?
What ſhall I ſay? where's ſatisfaction?
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this,
[a] Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As ſalt as wolves in pride, and fools as groſs
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I ſay,
If imputation and ſtrong circumſtances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you ſatisfaction, you might hav't.

Oth. [b] Give me a living reaſon ſhe's diſloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;
But ſince I'm enter'd in this cauſe ſo far,
Prick'd to't by fooliſh honeſty and love,
I will go on. I lay with *Caſſio* lately,
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not ſleep.———
There are a kind of men, ſo looſe of ſoul,
That in their ſleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is *Caſſio:*
In ſleep I heard him ſay, "Sweet *Deſdemona*,
"Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!"
And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand;
Cry—"Oh ſweet creature!" and then kiſs me hard,
As if he pluckt up kiſſes by the roots,
That grew upon my lips; then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and ſigh and kiſs, and then
Cry, "Curſed fate! that gave thee to the Moor."

Oth. Oh monſtrous! monſtrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

[a] *Were they as prime as goats,*] *Prime*, is *prompt*, from the *Celtic* or *Britiſh* PRIM. HANMER.

[b] *Give me a* living *reaſon*—] *Living*, for ſpeaking, manifeſt. WARBURTON.

Oth.

Oth. But this denoted [4] a foregone concluſion;
[5] 'Tis a ſhrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonſtrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wiſe; [6] yet we ſee nothing done;
She may be honeſt yet.——Tell me but this,
Have you not ſometimes ſeen a handkerchief,
Spotted with ſtrawberries in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her ſuch a one; 'twas my firſt gift.

Iago. I know not that; but ſuch a handkerchief,
(I'm ſure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See *Caſſio* wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that——

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers
It ſpeaks againſt her with the other proofs.

Oth. Oh, that the ſlave had forty thouſand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
[7] Now do I ſee, 'tis true.——Look here, *Iago*,
All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n:
'Tis gone;——

[4] ——*a foregone* concluſion;] *Concluſion*, for fact. WARB.

[5] Othel. *'Tis a ſhrewd doubt*, &c.] The old Quarto gives this line with the two following to *Iago*; and rightly. WARB.

I think it more naturally ſpoken by *Othello*, who, by dwelling ſo long upon the proof, encouraged *Iago* to enforce it.

[6] ——*yet we* ſee *nothing done*;] This is an oblique and ſecret mock at *Othello*'s ſaying, *Give me the ocular proof.* WARBURTON.

[7] *Now do I ſee 'tis* TRUE.—] The old Quarto reads,

Now do I ſee 'tis TIME.——

And this is *Shakeſpear*'s, and has in it much more force and ſolemnity, and preparation for what follows; as alluding to what he had ſaid before,

——*No*, Iago!
I'll ſee *before I doubt, when I doubt, prove*;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love *or jealouſy.*

This *time* was now come. WARBURTON.

Ariſe, black vengeance, from thy [8] hollow cell!
Yield up, oh love, thy crown and [9] hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! [1] ſwell, boſom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aſpicks' tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood———

Iago. Patience, I ſay; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, *Iago.* [2] *Like to the* Pontick *Sea,*
Whoſe icy current and compulſive courſe,
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontick, *and the* Helleſpont;
Even ſo my bloody thoughts with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.——Now, by yond marble heav'n,
In the due reverence of a ſacred vow [*He kneels.*
I here engage my words———

Iago. Do not riſe yet. [Iago *kneels.*

[8] —*hollow* hell!] This is a poor unmeaning epithet. The old quarto reads,

Ariſe black vengeance from thy HOLLOW cell!

Which the editors not knowing what to make of, alter'd it as above. It ſhould be read thus,

Ariſe black vengeance from th' UNHALLOW'D *cell!*

Meaning the infernal regions. WARBURTON.

[9] ——— HEARTED *throne*] *Hearted* throne is ſtrange nonſenſe. The old Quarto reads,

———*and* harted *throne:*

Which the editors took for a word *miſſpelt*, whereas it was a word *miſcalled*. We ſhould read,

Yield up, oh love, thy crown and PARTED *throne,*

i. e. thy throne which was parted between me and *Deſdemona:* This preſents us with a fine image. The union of *Othello* and *Deſdemona* was ſo perfect, that love divided his throne between them: which he is now bid to reſume, and give to hatred. WARBURTON.

Hearted throne, is the heart on which thou waſt *enthroned. Parted* throne has no meaning.

[1] ——*ſwell, boſom*, &c.] *i. e. ſwell*, becauſe the fraught is of poiſon. WARBURTON.

[2] —*Like to the* Pontick *Sea*, &c.] This ſimile is omitted in the firſt edition: I think it ſhould be ſo, as an unnatural excurſion in this place. POPE.

Witneſs, ye ever-burning lights above!
Ye elements, that clip us round about!
Witneſs, that here *Iago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello*'s ſervice. [3] Let him command,
And to obey, ſhall be in me Remorſe,
What bloody buſineſs ever.

Oth.

[3] ——*Let him command,*
And to obey, ſhall be in me Remorſe,
What bloody buſineſs ever.] Thus all the old copies, to the manifeſt depravation of the poet's ſenſe. Mr. *Pope* has attempted an emendation, but with his old luck and dexterity,

Not *to obey, ſhall be in me Remorſe*, &c.

I read, with the change only of a ſingle letter;

Nor, *to obey, ſhall be in me Remorſe*, &c.

i. e. Let your commands be ever ſo bloody, Remorſe and Compaſſion ſhall not reſtrain me from obeying them.

THEOBALD.

——*Let him command,*
And to obey, ſhall be in me Remorſe,
What bloody buſineſs ever.] Thus the old copies read, but evidently wrong. Some editions read, *Not to obey*; on which the editor Mr. *Theobald* takes occaſion to alter it to, *Nor to obey*; and thought he had much mended matters. But he miſtook the ſound end of the line for the corrupt; and ſo by his emendation, the deep-deſigning *Iago* is fooliſhly made to throw off his maſk, when he had moſt occaſion for it; and without any provocation, ſtand before his Captain a villain confeſſed; at a time, when, for the carrying on his plot, he ſhould make the leaſt ſhow of it. For thus Mr. *Theobald* forces him to ſay, *I ſhall have no remorſe to obey your commands, how bloody ſoever the buſineſs be.* But this is not *Shakeſpear*'s way of preſerving the unity of character. *Iago*, till now, pretended to be one, *who, tho' in the trade of war he had ſlain men, yet held it the very ſtuff of th' conſcience to do no contriv'd murder*; when, of a ſudden, without cauſe or occaſion, he owns himſelf a ruffian without *remorſe*. *Shakeſpear* wrote and pointed the paſſage thus,

——*Let him command,*
And to obey ſhall be in me. REMORD
What bloody buſineſs ever.

i. e. however the buſineſs he ſets me upon may ſhock my honour and humanity, yet I promiſe to go through with it, and obey without reſerve. Here *Iago* ſpeaks in character, while the ſenſe and grammar are made better by it. So *Skelton*,

And if ſo him fortune to write
and plaine,

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous;
And will upon the inſtant put thee to't.
Within theſe three days let me hear thee ſay,
That *Caſſio*'s not alive.
Iago. My friend is dead;
'Tis done at your requeſt. But, let her live.
Oth. Damn her, lewd Minx! oh, damn her, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift means of death
For the fair Devil. Now art thou my Lieutenant.—
Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

As ſometimes he muſt vices REMORDE.
And again,
Squire, Knight, and Lord,
Thus the Churche REMORDE.
WARBURTON.

Of theſe two emendations, I believe, *Theobald*'s will have the greater number of ſuffrages; it has at leaſt mine. The objection againſt the propriety of the declaration in *Iago* is a cavil; he does not ſay that he has no principle of remorſe, but that it ſhall not operate againſt *Othello*'s commands. *To obey ſhall be in me*, for *I will obey you*, is a mode of expreſſion not worth the pains here taken to introduce it; and the word *remorde* has not in the quotation the meaning of *withhold*, or *make reluctant*, but of *reprove*, or *cenſure*; nor do I know that it is uſed by any of the contemporaries of *Shakeſpeare*.

I will offer an interpretation, which, if it be received, will make alteration unneceſſary, but it is very harſh and violent. *Iago* devotes himſelf to *wrong'd Othello*, and ſays, *Let him command whatever bloody buſineſs*, and in me it ſhall be an act, not of cruelty, but *of tenderneſs, to obey him*; not of malice to others, but of *tenderneſs* for him. If this ſenſe be thought too violent, I ſee nothing better than to follow *Pope*'s reading, as it is improved by *Theobald*.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and Clown.*

Deſ. DO you know, ſirrah, where Lieutenant *Caſſio* lies?

Clown. I dare not ſay, he lies any where.

Deſ. Why, man?

Clown. He's a ſoldier; and for me to ſay a ſoldier lies, 'tis ſtabbing.

Deſ. Go to; where lodges he?

Clown. *To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.*

Deſ. *Can any thing be made of this?*

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to deviſe a lodging, and ſay, he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Deſ. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

[4] *Clown.* I will catechize the world for him; that is, make queſtions, and bid them anſwer.

Deſ. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have mov'd my Lord on his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compaſs of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.

[*Exit Clown.*

Deſ. Where ſhould I loſe that handkerchief, *Æmilia?*

[4] Clown. *I will catechize the world for him; that is, make queſtions, and* by *them anſwer.*] This *Clown* is a Fool to ſome purpoſe. He was to go ſeek for one; he ſays, he will aſk for him, and by his own queſtions make anſwer. Without doubt, we ſhould read; *and* bid *them anſwer: i. e.* the world; thoſe, whom he queſtions. WARB.

Æmil.

Æmil. I know not, Madam.

Def. Believe me, I had rather have loſt my purſe
Full of [5] Cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no ſuch baſeneſs
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Def. Who, he? I think, the Sun, where he was born,
Drew all ſuch humours from him.

Æmil. Look where he comes.

Def. I will not leave him now, till *Caſſio* be
Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?

SCENE X.

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady. [*Aſide.*] Oh, hardneſs to diſſemble!
How do you, *Deſdemona?*

Def. Well, my Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand. This hand is moiſt, my lady.

Def. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no ſorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulneſs, and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moiſt. This hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from liberty, faſting and prayer,
Much caſtigation, exerciſe devout;
For here's a young and ſweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Def. You may, indeed, ſay ſo;
For 'twas that hand, that gave away my heart.

[5] —*Cruzadoes.*—] A *Portuguese* coin, in value three ſhillings Sterling. Dr. GREY.— So called from the Croſs ſtamped upon it.

Oth.

Oth. A liberal hand. [6] The hearts, of old, gave hands:
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.
Deſ. I cannot ſpeak of this. Come, now your promiſe.

[6] —*The* hearts, of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry *is hands, not hearts.*] It is evident that the firſt line ſhould be read thus,
The hands of old gave hearts:
Otherwiſe it would be no reply to the preceding words,
For 'twas that hand, that gave away my heart:
Not ſo, ſays her huſband: *The hands of old indeed gave hearts: But the cuſtom now is to give hands without hearts.* The expreſſion of *new heraldry* was a ſatirical alluſion to the times. Soon after *James* the Firſt came to the Crown, he created the new dignity of *Baronets* for money. Amongſt their other prerogatives of honour, they had an addition to their paternal *arms*, of a HAND *gules* in an Eſcutcheon *argent*. And we are not to doubt but that this was the *new heraldry* alluded to by our author: By which he inſinuates, that ſome then created had *hands* indeed, but not *hearts*; that is, *mony* to pay for the *creation*, but no *virtue* to purchaſe the *honour*. But the fineſt part of the poet's addreſs in this alluſion, is the compliment he pays to his old miſtreſs *Elizabeth*. For *James*'s pretence for raiſing mony by this creation, was the reduction of *Ulſter*, and other parts of *Ireland*; the memory of which he would perpetuate by that addition to their arms, it being the arms of *Ulſter*. Now the method uſed by *Elizabeth* in the reduction of that kingdom was ſo different from this, the dignities ſhe conferred being on thoſe who employed their *ſteel* and not their *gold* in this ſervice, that nothing could add more to her glory, than the being compar'd to her ſucceſſor in this point of view; Nor was it uncommon for the dramatick poets of that time to ſatirize the ignominy of *James*'s reign. So *Fletcher*, in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*. One ſays, *I will ſend thee to* Amboyna *i' th'* Eaſt Indies *for pepper*. The other replies, *To* Amboyna? *ſo I might be pepper'd*. Again, in the ſame play, a ſailor ſays, *Deſpiſe not this pitch'd Canvas, the time was we have known them lined with* Spaniſh *Ducats*. WARB.

The hiſtorical obſervation is very judicious and acute, but of the emendation there is no need. She ſays, that her hand gave away *her heart*. He goes on with his ſuſpicion, and the hand which he had before called *frank*, he now terms *liberal*; then proceeds to remark, that *the hand was formerly given by the heart*; but now it neither gives it, nor is given by it.

Oth.

Oth. What promiſe, chuck?

Deſ. I've ſent to bid *Caſſio* come ſpeak with you.

Oth. I have a [7] ſalt and ſorry Rheum offends me! Lend me thy handkerchief.

Deſ. Here, my Lord.

Oth. That, which I gave you.

Deſ. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?——

Deſ. No, indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief
Did an *Ægyptian* to my mother give;
She was a Charmer, and could almoſt read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while ſhe kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, ſubdue my father
Intirely to her love; but if ſhe loſt it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his ſpirits hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did ſo; and take heed on't;
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To loſe't, or giv't away, were ſuch perdition,
As nothing elſe could match.

Deſ. Is't poſſible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it;
A *Sybil*, that had [8] numbred in the world
The Sun to courſe two hundred compaſſes,
In her prophetick fury ſew'd the Work:

[7] ——*ſalt and ſorry Rheum*——] The old quarto has,

——*ſalt and* ſullen *Rheum*——

That is, a *Rheum obſtinately troubleſome*. I think this better.

[8] ——*numbred*——

The Sun to courſe——] i. e. numbe'r'd the Sun's courſes: Badly expreſſed. WARBURTON.

The expreſſion is not very infrequent; we ſay, *I counted the clock to ſtrike four*; ſo ſhe *numbred* the ſun *to courſe*, to run, *two hundred compaſſes*, two hundred annual circuits.

The

The worms were hallowed, that did breed the ſilk;
And it was dy'd in Mummey, which the ſkilful
Conſerv'd of Maidens' hearts.

Deſ. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Moſt veritable, therefore look to't well.

Deſ. Then would to heaven that I had never ſeen't!

Oth. Ha? wherefore?

Deſ. Why do you ſpeak ſo ſtartingly, and [9] raſh?

Oth. Is't loſt? is't gone? ſpeak, is it out o' th' way?

Deſ. Bleſs us!——

Oth. Say you?

Deſ. It is not loſt; but what, an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Deſ. I ſay, it is not loſt.

Oth. Fetch't, let me ſee't.

Deſ. Why, ſo I can, Sir; but I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my ſuit,
Pray you, let *Caſſio* be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief. My mind miſgives.

Deſ. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more ſufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief—

Deſ. *I pray talk me of* Caſſio.

Oth. *The handkerchief.*——

Deſ. A man, that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The handkerchief—

Deſ. Inſooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away!— [*Exit* Othello.

[9] ——*raſh?*] Is *vehement, violent.*

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Manent Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Æmil. Is not this man jealous?
Deſ. I ne'er ſaw this before.
Sure, there's ſome wonder in this handkerchief:
I'm moſt unhappy in the loſs of it.
Æmil. [1] 'Tis not a year, or two, ſhews us a man:
They are all but ſtomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and, when they're full,
They belch us. Look you! *Caſſio*, and my huſband.

Enter Iago *and* Caſſio.

Iago. There is no other way. 'Tis ſhe muſt do't:
And lo, the happineſs. Go and importune her.
Deſ. How now, good *Caſſio*, what's the news with you?
Caſ. Madam, my former ſuit. I do beſeech you,
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exiſt, and be a member of his love;

[1] *'Tis not a year, or two, ſhews us a man:*] From this line it may be conjectured, that the authour intended the action of this play to be conſidered as longer than is marked by any note of time. Since their arrival at *Cyprus*, to which they were hurried on their wedding-night, the fable ſeems to have been in one continual progreſs, nor can I ſee any vacuity into which a *year or two*, or even a month or two, could be put. On the night of *Othello*'s arrival, a feaſt was proclaimed; at that feaſt *Caſſio* was degraded, and immediately applies to *Deſdemona* to get him reſtored. *Iago* indeed adviſes *Othello* to hold him off a while, but there is no reaſon to think, that he has been held off long. A little longer interval would increaſe the probability of the ſtory, though it might violate the rules of the drama.

Whom

Whom I, with all [2] the duty of my heart,
Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd;
If my offence be of ſuch mortal kind,
That neither ſervice paſt, nor preſent ſorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity
Can ranſom me into his love again;
[3] But to know ſo, muſt be my benefit.
So ſhall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
[4] And ſhoot myſelf up in ſome other courſe,
To fortune's alms.

Deſ. Alas! thrice-gentle *Caſſio*,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My Lord is not my Lord; nor ſhould I know him,
Were he [5] in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every ſpirit ſanctified,
As I have ſpoken for you all my beſt;
And ſtood [6] within the blank of his diſpleaſure,
For my free ſpeech! You muſt a-while be patient;
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Than for myſelf I dare. Let that ſuffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now;
And, certainly, in ſtrange unquietneſs.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have ſeen the Cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,

[2] ——*the* office *of my heart*,] The elder quarto reads,
——*the* duty *of my heart*.
The authour uſed the more proper word, and then changed it, I ſuppoſe, for faſhionable diction; but, as faſhion is a very weak protectreſs, the old word is now ready to reſume its place.

[3] *But to know ſo, muſt be my benefit.*] *Si neque placidas affari Cæſaris aures, Saltem aliquis veniat, qui mihi dicat, abi.*

[4] *And ſhoot myſelf up*——] This is the reading of one of the early quartos. The folio, and all the modern editions, have,
And ſhut *myſelf up*——

[5] ——*in favour*,——] In *look*, in *countenance*.

[6] ——*within the blank of his diſpleaſure*,] *Within the* ſhot *of his anger*.

And, like the Devil, from his very arm
Puft his own brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment then. I will go meet him.
There's matter in't, indeed, if he be angry. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

Manent Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and* Caſſio.

Def. I pr'ythee, do ſo.—Something, ſure, of State,
Either from *Venice*, of [7] ſome unhatch'd practice,
Made here demonſtrable in *Cyprus* to him,
Hath puddled his clear ſpirit; and, in ſuch caſes,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho' great ones are their object. 'Tis ev'n ſo.
[8] For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthful members with a ſenſe
Of pain. Nay, we muſt think, men are not Gods;
Nor of them look for ſuch obſervance always,
As fits the bridal. Beſhrew me much, *Æmilia*,
I was, [9] unhandſome warrior as I am,
Arraigning his unkindneſs with my ſoul;
But now I find, I had ſuborn'd the witneſs,
And he's indited falſely.

[7] ——*ſome unhatch'd practice*] Some treaſon that has not taken effect.

[8] *For let our finger ake, and it endues*
Our other healthful members with a ſenſe
Of pain —] *Endue with a ſenſe of pain*, is an expreſſion, which, though it might be endured, if it were genuine, cannot deſerve to be introduced by artifice. The copies, both quarto and folio, read, *Endue our other healthful members even to a ſenſe of pain.* I believe it ſhould be rather, SUBDUE *our other healthful members to a ſenſe of pain.*

[9] —*unhandſome* WARRIOR *as I am,*] How this came to be ſo blundered, I cannot conceive. It is plain *Shakeſpear* wrote,

—*unhandſome* WRANGLER *as I am.*

So *Antony and Cleopatra*,

—*ſit* wrangling *Queen.*
WARBURTON.

Unhandſome warrior, is evidently *unfair aſſailant.*

Æmil.

Æmil. Pray heaven, it be
State-matter, as you think; and no conception,
Nor jealous toy concerning you.
Deſ. Alas-the-day, I never gave him cauſe.
Æmil. But jealous ſouls will not be anſwer'd ſo;
They are not ever jealous for a cauſe;
But jealous, for they're jealous. It's a monſter
Begot upon itſelf, born on itſelf.
Deſ. Heaven keep that monſter from *Othello's* mind!
Æmil. Lady, amen.
Deſ. I will go ſeek him. *Caſſio*, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your ſuit,
And ſeek t' effect it to my uttermoſt.
Caſ. I humbly thank your Ladyſhip.
[*Exeunt* Deſdemona *and* Æmilia *at one door*; Caſſio, *at the other.*

SCENE XIII.

Changes to the Street before the Palace.

Re-enter Caſſio, *meeeting* Bianca.

Bian. SAVE you, friend *Caſſio.*
Caſ. What makes you from home?
How is it with you, my moſt fair *Bianca?*
Indeed, ſweet Love, I was coming to your houſe.
Bian. And I was going to your lodging, *Caſſio.*
What? keep a week away? ſeven days and nights?
Eightſcore eight hours? and lovers' abſent hours,
More tedious than the dial, eightſcore times?
Oh weary reck'ning!
Caſ. Pardon me, *Bianca:*
I have this while with leaden thoughts been preſt;

But I ſhall in a [1] more convenient time
Strike off this ſcore of abſence. Sweet *Bianca*,
[*Giving her* Deſdemona's *Handkerchief.*
[2] Take me this work out.
Bian. Oh *Caſſio*, whence came this?
This is ſome token from a newer friend:
Of thy felt abſence now I feel a cauſe.
Is't come to this? well, well.
Caſ. Go to, woman,
Throw your vile gueſſes in the Devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from ſome miſtreſs, ſome remembrance?
No, in good truth, *Bianca*.
Bian. Why, whoſe is it?
Caſ. I know not neither. I found it in my chamber;
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you? wherefore?
Caſ. I do attend here on the General,
And think it no addition, nor my wiſh,
To have him ſee me woman'd.
Bian. *Why, I pray you?*
Caſ. *Not that I love you not.*
Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And ſay, if I ſhall ſee you ſoon at night?

1 ——*more convenient time*] The folio has, ——*more* continuate *time*, time *leſs interrupted*, time which I can call more my own. It gives a more diſtinct image than *convenient*.

2 *Take me this work out.*] The meaning is not, *Pick out the work and leave the ground plain*; but, *Copy this work in another handkerchief*.

Caſ.

Caſ. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here. But I'll ſee you ſoon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; [3] I muſt be circumſtanc'd.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Court before the Palace.

Enter Othello, *and* Iago.

IAGO.

WILL you think ſo?
Oth. Think ſo, *Iago?*
Iago. What, to kiſs in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiſs.
Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. [4] Naked in bed, *Iago*, and not mean harm?
It is hypocriſy againſt the Devil:
They

[3] —*I muſt be circumſtanc'd.*] *i. e.* your civility is now grown conditional. WARBURTON.

[4] *Naked in bed,* Iago, *and not mean harm?*
It is hypocriſy againſt the Devil:] This obſervation ſeems ſtrangely abrupt and unoccaſioned. We muſt ſuppoſe that *Iago* had, before they appear in this ſcene, been applying caſes of falſe comfort to *Othello*; as that tho' the parties had been even found in bed together, there might be no harm done; it might be only for the trial of their virtue; as was reported of the *Romiſh* Saint, *Robert D'Arbriſſel* and his nuns. To this we muſt ſuppoſe *Othello* here replies; and like a good Proteſtant. For ſo the ſentiment does but ſuit the character of the ſpeaker, *Shakeſpear* little heeds how thoſe ſentiments are circumſtanced WARBURTON.

Hypocriſy againſt the Devil,

They that mean virtuouſly, and yet do ſo,
[5] The Devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.
Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial ſlip.
But if I give my wife a handkerchief——
Oth. What then?
Iago. Why then, 'tis hers, my Lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, beſtow't on any man.
Oth. [6] She is protectreſs of her honour too;
May ſhe give that?

Iago.

means Hypocriſy to cheat the Devil. As common hypocrites cheat men, by ſeeming good, and yet live wickedly, theſe men would cheat the Devil, by giving him flattering hopes, and at laſt avoiding the crime which he thinks them ready to commit.

[5] *The Devil their virtue tempts,* AND *they tempt heav'n.*] It is plain, from the whole tenour of the words, that the ſpeaker would diſtinguiſh this ſtrange fantaſtical preſumption from other leſſer kinds of indiſcretion, where prudence is off its guard. But this reading does not diſtinguiſh it from any other, it being true of all who run into temptation, that *the Devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heav'n.* The true reading, therefore, without queſtion, is this,

The Devil their virtue tempts NOT; *they tempt heav'n.*

i. e. they do not give the Devil the trouble of throwing temptations in their way: they ſeek them out themſelves, and ſo tempt heav'n by their preſumption. This is a juſt character of the extravagance here condemned, and diſtinguiſhes it from other inferior indiſcretions. WARB.

[6] *She is protectreſs of her honour too;*] This is plainly intended an anſwer to *Iago*'s principle, *That what a man is propertied in he may give to whom he pleaſes,* by ſhewing the falſhood of it, in the inſtance of a woman's *honour*, which he ſays ſhe is *protectreſs* of. But this is ſtrange logic that infers from the acknowledged right of my alienating my *property*, that I may alienate my *truſt*, for that *protectreſs* only ſignifies. Had *Iago* catched him arguing thus, we may be ſure he would have expoſed his ſophiſtry. On the contrary he replies, on a ſuppoſition that *Othello* argued right from his principles, and endeavour'd to inſtance in a *property* that could not be alienated; which reduces him to this cavil, that the *property* inſtanced in was of ſo fantaſtic a nature, that one *might* and *might not* have it at the ſame time,

Her honour *is an eſſence that's not ſeen,*
They have it very oft that have it not.

From

Iago. Her honour is an eſſence that's not ſeen,
They have it very oft, that have it not.
But for the handkerchief———
Oth. By heaven, I would moſt gladly have forgot it;
Thou ſaidſt,—oh, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the Raven o'er th' infected houſe,
[7] Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.
Iago. Ay, what of that?
Oth. That's not ſo good now.
Iago. What if I ſaid, I'ad ſeen him do you wrong?
Or heard him ſay, (as knaves be ſuch abroad,
Who having by their own importunate ſuit,
Or voluntary dotage of ſome miſtreſs,
[8] Convinc'd or ſuppled them, they cannot chuſe
But they muſt blab.)
Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?
Iago. He hath, my Lord; but be you well aſſur'd,

From all this I conclude that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

She is PROPERTIED *of her honour too:*
May ſhe give that?

And then *Othello*'s anſwer will be logical, and *Iago*'s reply pertinent. *Shakeſpear* uſes the ſame word again in *Timon*,

———*ſubdues and* PROPERTIES *to his love.* WARB.

Shakeſpeare confounds words more different than *proprietor* and *protector*, therefore this emendation is not neceſſary, and if not neceſſary, ſhould not be received, for it is very unharmonious.

[7] *Boding to all*—] Thus all the old copies. The moderns, leſs grammatically,

Boding to ill ———

[8] Convinc'd *or* ſuppliied *them*,] I cannot underſtand the vulgar reading. I read, *convinc'd or* ſuppled. My emendation makes the ſenſe of the paſſage eaſy and intelligible: that there are ſome ſuch long tongu'd knaves in the world, who, if they thro' the *force of importunity extort* a favour from their miſtreſs, or if thro' *her own fondneſs* they make her *pliant* to their deſires, cannot help boaſting of their ſucceſs. To *convince*, here, is not, as in the common acceptation, to make ſenſible of the truth of any thing by reaſons and arguments; but to *overcome, get the better of*, &c. THEOBALD.

Convinc'd] *Convinc'd*, for conquer'd, ſubdued. WARB.

No more than he'll unſwear.

Oth. What hath he ſaid?

Iago. Why, that he did,——I know not what he did——.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie——

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her; on her——what you will——

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her! We ſay, lie on her, when they belie her. Lie with her! that's fulſome. Handkerchief—confeſſions—handkerchief--handkerchief—[9 *to confeſs, and be hang'd for his labour—Firſt, to be hang'd, and then—to confeſs*—] *I tremble at it—Nature would not inveſt herſelf in ſuch* * *ſhadowing paſſion* 1 *without ſome inſtruction. It is not words that ſhake*

9 —*to confeſs*, &c.] The words between the hooks ſeem to be the player's traſh. WARB.

I have as little value for theſe words as any other commentator; but whether they are the authour's or player's I cannot determine.

* *Shadowing paſſion*] The modern editions have left out *paſſion*.

1 *without ſome inſtruction.*] The ſtarts and broken reflexions in this ſpeech have ſomething very terrible, and ſhew the mind of the ſpeaker to be in inexpreſſible agonies. But the words we are upon, when ſet right, have a ſublime in them that can never be enough admired. The ridiculous blunder of writing INSTRUCTION for INDUCTION (for ſo it ſhould be read) has indeed ſunk it into arrant nonſenſe. *Othello* is juſt going to fall into a ſwoon; and, as is common for people in that circumſtance, feels an unuſual miſt and darkneſs, accompanied with horror, coming upon him. This, with vaſt ſublimity of thought, is compared to the ſeaſon of the Sun's eclipſe, at which time the earth becomes ſhadowed by the *induction* or bringing over of the Moon between it and the Sun. This being the alluſion the reaſoning ſtands thus, *My nature could never be thus overſhadowed, and falling, as it were, into diſſolution for no cauſe. There muſt be an* INDUCTION *of ſomething: there muſt be a real cauſe. My jealouſy cannot be merely imaginary. Ideas,* WORDS *only, could not ſhake me thus, and raiſe all this diſorder. My jealouſy therefore muſt be grounded on matter of fact.* Shakeſpear uſes this word in the ſame ſenſe, *Richard* III.

Act I

ſhake me thus—piſh—noſes, ears, and lips—is't poſſible! —confeſs!—handkerchief!—oh devil—

[Falls in a trance.

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaſte Dames ev'n thus,
All guiltleſs, meet reproach. What hoa! my Lord!
My Lord, I ſay, *Othello*,——

SCENE II.

Enter Caſſio.

How now, *Caſſio?*

Caſ. What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord is fal'n into an Epilepſy.
This is the ſecond Fit; he had one yeſterday.

Caſ. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear,

A dire INDUCTION *am I witneſs to.*

Marſton ſeems to have read it thus in ſome copy, and to allude to it in theſe words of his *Fame*,

Plots ha' you laid? INDUCTIONS dangerous!

WARBURTON.

This is a noble conjecture, and whether right or wrong does honour to its authour. Yet I am in doubt whether there is any neceſſity of emendation. There has always prevailed in the world an opinion, that when any great calamity happens at a diſtance, notice is given of it to the ſufferer by ſome dejection or perturbation of mind, of which he diſcovers no external cauſe. This is aſcribed to that general communication of one part of the univerſe with another, which is called ſympathy and antipathy; or to the ſecret monition, *inſtruction*, and influence of a ſuperior Being, which ſuperintends the order of Nature and of life. *Othello* ſays, *Nature could not inveſt herſelf in ſuch ſhadowing paſſion, without* inſtruction. *It is not words that ſhake me thus.* This paſſion which ſpreads its clouds over me is the effect of ſome agency more than the operation of words; it is one of thoſe notices which men have of unſeen calamities.

The

The lethargy muſt have his quiet courſe:
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to ſavage madneſs. Look, he ſtirs.
Do you withdraw yourſelf a little while,
He will recover ſtraight; when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion ſpeak with you.
[*Exit* Caſſio.
How is it, General? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Doſt thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you not, by heaven;
Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monſter, and a beaſt.

Iago. There's many a beaſt, then, in a populous city,
And many a civil monſter.

Oth. Did he confeſs it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow that's but yok'd,
May draw with you. Millions are now alive,
That nightly lie [a] in thoſe unproper beds,
Which they dare ſwear peculiar. Your caſe is better.
Oh, 'tis the ſpight of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a Wanton in a ſecure couch;
And to ſuppoſe her chaſte. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhall be,

Oth. Oh, thou art wiſe; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine yourſelf but in a patient [3] liſt.
Whilſt you were here, o'er-whelmed with your grief,
A paſſion moſt unſuiting ſuch a man,
Caſſio came hither. I ſhifted him away,
And laid good 'ſcuſes on your ecſtaſy;
Bad him anon return, and here ſpeak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but [4] encave yourſelf,

[a] ——*in thoſe* unproper *beds*] *Unproper*, for common. WARB.

[3] ——*liſt*] For attention; act of liſtening.

[4] ——*encave yourſelf*,] Hide yourſelf in a private place.

And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable ſcorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife.
I ſay, but mark his geſture. Marry, patience;
[5] Or I ſhall ſay, you are all in all in ſpleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Doſt thou hear, *Iago?*
I will be found moſt cunning in my patience;
But, doſt thou hear, moſt bloody?

Iago. That's not amiſs;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[Othello *withdraws.*
Now will I queſtion *Caſſio* of *Bianca*,
A houſewife, that, by ſelling her deſires,
Buys herſelf bread and cloth. It is a creature,
That dotes on *Caſſio*; as 'tis the ſtrumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the exceſs of laughter. Here he comes.

SCENE III.

Enter Caſſio.

As he ſhall ſmile, *Othello* ſhall go mad;
[6] And his unbookiſh jealouſy muſt conſtrue
Poor *Caſſio*'s ſmiles, geſtures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong. How do you now, Lieutenant?

Caſ. The worſer, that you give me the addition,
Whoſe want even kills me.

5 *Or I ſhall ſay, you are all in all in ſpleen,*] I read, *Or ſhall I ſay, you're all in all a ſpleen.*

I think our authour uſes this expreſſion elſewhere.

6 *And his* unbookiſh *jealouſy.*] *Unbookiſh*, for ignorant. WARB.

Iago.

Iago. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't. Now, if this ſuit lay in *Bianca*'s power,

[*Speaking lower.*

How quickly ſhould you ſpeed?

Caſ. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already. [*Aſide.*

Iago. I never knew a woman love man ſo.

Caſ. Alas, poor rogue, I think, indeed, ſhe loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs out. [*Aſide.*

Iago. Do you hear, *Caſſio?*

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er. Go to, well ſaid, well ſaid. [*Aſide.*

Iago. She gives it out, that you ſhall marry her. Do you intend it?

Caſ. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. [7] Do you triumph, *Roman*, do you triumph? [*Aſide.*

Caſ. I marry her!——What? [8] a cuſtomer? pr'ythee, bear ſome charity to my wit, do not think it ſo unwholeſome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, ſo; they laugh, that win. [*Aſide.*

Iago. Why, the Cry goes, that you ſhall marry her.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, ſay true.

Iago. I am a very villain elſe.

Oth. [9] Have you ſcor'd me? well. [*Aſide.*

7 *Do you triumph,* ROMAN? *do you triumph?*] Never was a more ridiculous blunder than the word *Roman*. *Shakeſpear* wrote,

Do you triumph, ROGUE?——

Which being obſcurely written the editors miſtook for *Rome*, and ſo made *Roman* of it. WARB.

Of this I am in doubt. *Othello* calls him *Roman* ironically. *Triumph*, which was a *Roman* ceremony, brought *Roman* into his thoughts. *What*, ſays he, *you are now* triumphing *as great as a* Roman.

8 *A cuſtomer.*] A common woman, one that invites cuſtom.

9 *Have you ſcor'd me?*] Have you made my reckoning, have you ſettled the term of my life? The old quarto reads, *ſtored* me. Have you diſpoſed of me? have you laid me up?

Caſ.

Caſ. This is the monkey's own giving out: ſhe is perſuaded, I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. Iago beckons me: now he begins the ſtory. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. She was here even now: ſhe haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the Sea-bank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck——

Oth. Crying, "Oh dear *Caſſio*, as it were:" his geſture imports it. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me, ſo ſhakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha!——

Oth. Now he tells, how ſhe pluckt him to my chamber. Oh, I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dog I ſhall throw it to. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. Well, I muſt leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where ſhe comes.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bianca.

Caſ. 'Tis ſuch another [1] fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one:——What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the Devil and his Dam haunt you! what did you mean by that ſame handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it:- I muſt take out the work? A likely piece of work, that you ſhould find it in your chamber, and know not who

[1] *Fitchew!*] A polecat. POPE.

Shakeſpeare has in another place mentioned the luſt of this animal. He tells *Iago*, that ſhe is as lewd as the *polecat*, but of better ſcent, the polecat being a very ſtinking animal.

left

left it there. This is ſome minxe's token, and I muſt take out the work? there——give it your hobby-horſe. Whereſoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Caſ. How now, my ſweet *Bianca?* how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that ſhould be my handkerchief. [*Aſide.*

Bian. If you'll come to ſupper to-night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.——

Caſ. I muſt, ſhe'll rail in the ſtreets elſe.

Iago. You ſup there?

Caſ. Yes, I intend ſo.

Iago. Well, I may chance to ſee you; for I would very fain ſpeak with you.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, come. Will you?

Iago. Go to, ſay no more. [*Exit* Caſſio.

SCENE V.

Manent Othello, *and* Iago.

Oth. How ſhall I murder him, *Iago?*

Iago. Did you perceive, how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago!*——

Iago. And did you ſee the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to ſee how he prizes the fooliſh woman your wife——She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing: A fine woman! a fair woman! a ſweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you muſt forget that.

Oth.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and periſh, and be damn'd to-night; for ſhe ſhall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to ſtone: I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a ſweeter creature——She might lie by an Emperor's ſide and command him taſks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but ſay what ſhe is—ſo delicate with her needle.—An admirable muſician. Oh, ſhe will ſing the ſavageneſs out of a bear. Of ſo high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worſe for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thouſand, a thouſand times:
And then of ſo gentle condition!—

Iago. Ah, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain.
But yet the pity of it, *Iago*—Oh, *Iago*, the pity of it, *Iago*——

Iago. If you are ſo fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near no body.

Oth. I will chop her into meſſes. Cuckold me!

Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me ſome poiſon, *Iago*, this night; I'll not expoſtulate with her, leſt her body and her beauty unprovide my mind again; this night, *Iago.*

Iago. Do it not with poiſon, ſtrangle her in her bed,
Even in the bed ſhe hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good.
The juſtice of it pleaſes. Very good.

Iago. And for *Caſſio*, let me be his undertaker.
You ſhall hear more by midnight. [*A Trumpet within.*

Oth. Excellent good.--What Trumpet is that ſame?

Iago. Something from *Venice*, ſure. 'Tis *Ludovico*
Come from the Duke. And, ſee, your wife is with him.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Lodovico, Deſdemona, *and Attendants, from the Palace.*

Lod. Save you, worthy General.

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The Duke and the Senators of *Venice* greet you. [*Gives him a letter.*

Oth. I kiſs the Inſtrument of their pleaſures.

Deſ. And what's the news, good Couſin *Lodovico?*

Iago. I am very glad to ſee you, ſignior.
Welcome to *Cyprus.*

Lod. I thank you; how does lieutenant *Caſſio?*

Iago. Lives, Sir.

Deſ. Couſin, there's fall'n between him and my Lord
An unkind breach, but you ſhall make all well.

Oth. Are you ſure of that?

Deſ. My Lord?—

Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will*— [Reads.

Lod. He did not call; he's buſy in the paper.
Is there diviſion 'twixt my Lord and *Caſſio?*

Deſ. A moſt unhappy one; I would do much
T' [a] atone them, for the love I bear to *Caſſio.*

Oth. Fire and brimſtone!

Deſ. My Lord!

Oth. Are you wiſe?

Deſ. What, is he angry?

Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him.
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing *Caſſio* in his Government.

Deſ. Truſt me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

Deſ. My Lord!

[a] *atone them*—] Make them *one*; reconcile them.

Oth.

Oth. I am glad to ſee you mad.
Def. Why, ſweet *Othello?*
Oth. Devil! ——— [*Striking her.*
Def. I have not deſerv'd this.
Lod. My Lord, this would not be believ'd in *Venice*,
Though I ſhould ſwear, I ſaw't. 'Tis very much.
Make her amends, ſhe weeps.
Oth. Oh devil, devil!
[3] If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop, ſhe falls, would prove a crocodile.
Out of my ſight!
Def. I will not ſtay t' offend you. [*Going.*
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:
I do beſeech your Lordſhip, call her back.
Oth. Miſtreſs,——
Def. My Lord.
Oth. What would you with her, Sir?
Lod. Who, I, my Lord?
Oth. Ay; you did wiſh, that I would make her turn:
Sir, ſhe can turn and turn, and yet go on;
And turn again. And ſhe can weep, Sir, weep;
And ſhe's obedient: as you ſay, obedient;
Very obedient—Proceed you in your tears——
Concerning this, Sir—Oh well-painted paſſion!——
I am commanded home——Get you away,
I'll ſend for you anon,——Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to *Venice.*——Hence, avant!
[*Exit* Deſdemona.
Caſſio ſhall have my Place. And, Sir, to-night
I do entreat that we may ſup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to *Cyprus*———
Goats and Monkies! [*Exit.*

[3] *If that the earth could teem, &c.*] If womens tears could impregnate the earth. By the doctrine of equivocal generation, new animals were ſuppoſed producible by new combinations of matter. See *Bacon.*

SCENE VII.

Manent Lodovico, *and* Iago.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full Senate
Call all-in-all ſufficient? this the Nature,
Which paſſion could not ſhake? [4] whoſe ſolid virtue
The ſhot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?
Iago. He is much chang'd.

4 ——— *whoſe ſolid virtue*
The ſhot of accident *nor dart of*
chance
Could neither graze *nor pierce.*] But 'tis no commendation to the moſt ſolid virtue to be free from the attacks of fortune: but that it is ſo impenetrable as to ſuffer no impreſſion. Now to *graze* ſignifies, only *to touch the ſuperficies* of any thing. That is the attack of fortune: And by that virtue is try'd, but not diſcredited. We ought certainly therefore to read,

Can neither raze *nor pierce.*

i. e. neither lightly touch upon, nor pierce into. The ignorant tranſcribers being acquainted with the Phraſe of a *bullet grazing*, and *ſhot* being mentioned in the line before, they corrupted the true word. Beſides, we do not ſay, *graze* a thing; but *graze on* it. WARBURTON.

I have ventured to attack another part of this ſentence, which my ingenious friend ſlip'd over. I cannot ſee, for my heart, the difference betwixt the ſhot of *accident* and dart of *chance*. The words, and things, they imply, are purely ſynonimous; but that the Poet intended two different things, ſeems plain from the *diſcretive* adverb. Chance may afflict a man in ſome circumſtances; but other diſtreſſes are to be accounted for from a different cauſe. I am perſuaded, our author wrote;

The ſhot of accident, *nor dart*
of change, *&c.*

And, in a number of other places, our Poet induſtriouſly puts theſe two words in oppoſition to each other. THEOBALD.

To *graze* is not merely to touch ſuperficially, but to ſtrike not directly, not ſo as to bury the body of the thing ſtriking in the matter ſtruck.

Theobald trifles as is uſual. *Accident* and *Chance* may admit a ſubtle diſtinction; *Accident* may be conſidered as the *act*, and *Chance* as the *power* or *agency* of Fortune; as, It was by *chance* that this *accident* befel me. At leaſt, if we ſuppoſe all corrupt that is inaccurate, there will be no end of emendation.

Lod.

Lod. Are his wits ſafe? is he not light of brain?
Iago. He's what he is; I may not breathe my cenſure;
What he might be, if what he might he is not,
I would to heaven, he were!
Lod. What, ſtrike his wife!
Iago. 'Faith, that was not ſo well; yet 'would I knew,
That ſtroke would prove the worſt.
Lod. Is it his uſe?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?
Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honeſty in me to ſpeak
What I have ſeen and known. You ſhall obſerve him,
And his own courſes will denote him ſo,
That I may ſave my ſpeech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I'm ſorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Othello *and* Æmilia.

Oth. YOU have ſeen nothing then?
Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did ſuſpect.
Oth. Yes, you have ſeen *Caſſio* and her together.
Æmil. But then I ſaw no harm; and then I heard
Each ſyllable, that breath made up between them.
Oth. What? did they never whiſper?
Æmil. Never, my Lord.
Oth. Nor ſend you out o' th' way?
Æmil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her maſk, nor nothing?

Æmil. Never, my Lord.

Oth. That's ſtrange!

Æmil. I durſt, my Lord, to wager ſhe is honeſt,
Lay down my ſoul at ſtake: if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuſe your boſom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the ſerpent's curſe!
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte and true,
There's no man happy; the pureſt of their wives
Is foul as ſlander.

Oth. Bid her come hither, go. [*Exit* Æmilia.
She ſays enough; yet ſhe's a ſimple bawd,
That cannot ſay as much. This is a ſubtle whore,
A cloſet lock and key of villainous ſecrets;
And yet ſhe'll kneel, and pray. I've ſeen her do't.

SCENE IX.

Enter Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Def. My Lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray you, Chuck, come hither.

Def. What is your pleaſure?

Oth. Let me ſee your eyes. Look in my face.

Def. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. [*To* Æmilia.] Some of your function, miſtreſs;
Leave procreants alone, and ſhut the door,
Cough, or cry, *hem*, if any body come.
Your myſtery, your myſtery.——Nay, diſpatch.
[*Exit* Æmilia.

Def. Upon my knee, what doth your ſpeech import?
I underſtand a fury in your words,
[6] *But not your words.*

[5] *But not your words.*] This line is added out of the firſt edition. POPE.

Oth.

Oth. Why? what art thou?
Deſ. Your wife, my Lord; your true and loyal wife.
Oth. Come, ſwear it; damn thyſelf; leſt, being like one
Of heaven, the devils themſelves ſhould fear to ſeize thee.
Therefore be double-damn'd; ſwear, thou art honeſt.
Deſ. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows,
That thou art falſe as hell.
Deſ. To whom, my Lord?
With whom? How am I falſe?
Oth. Ah, *Deſdemona!* away, away, away——
Deſ. Alas, the heavy day! why do you weep?
Am I the motive of theſe tears, my Lord?
If, haply, you my father do ſuſpect
An inſtrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have loſt him,
Why, I have loſt him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heavens
To try me with affliction, had they rain'd
All kind of ſores and ſhames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Giv'n to captivity me and my utmoſt hopes;
I ſhould have found in ſome place of my ſoul
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of ſcorn
To point his ſlow unmoving finger at——
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
But there, where I have [6] garner'd up my heart,
Where either I muſt live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or elſe dries up; to be diſcarded thence;
Or keep it as a ciſtern, for foul toads

[6] ——*garner'd up my heart,*] That is, *treaſured* up; the *garner* and the *fountain* are improperly conjoined.

To knot and gender in—[7] Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and roſe-lipp'd cherubin;
Ay, here, look grim as hell.

Def. I hope, my noble Lord eſteems me honeſt.

Oth. Oh, ay, as ſummer flies are in the ſhambles,
That quicken ev'n with blowing. Oh thou weed!
Who art ſo lovely fair, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet,
That the ſenſe akes at thee——
Would, thou hadſt ne'er been born!

Def. Alas, what ignorant ſin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this moſt goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? what, what committed?
Committed?——oh, thou publick commoner!
I ſhould make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cynders burn up modeſty,
Did but I ſpeak thy deeds. What, what committed?
Heaven ſtops the noſe at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets,
Is huſh'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear 't. What committed? — Impudent ſtrumpet!

Def. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a ſtrumpet?

Def. No, as I am a chriſtian.
If to preſerve this Veſſel for my Lord
From any other, foul, unlawful, touch,
Be not to be a ſtrumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Def. No, as I ſhall be ſaved.

Oth. Is't poſſible?

Def. Oh, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then.
I took you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello*——

[7] —*Turn thy complexion there*, &c.] At ſuch an object do thou, *Patience*, thyſelf *change colour*; at this do thou, even thou, *roſy cherub* as thou art, *look grim as hell*. The old editions and the new have it,

I *here look grim as hell.*

I was written for *aye*, and not ſince corrected.

SCENE

SCENE X.

Enter Æmilia.

You, miſtreſs,
That have the office oppoſite to St. *Peter*,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!
We have done our courſe, there's mony for your pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counſel.
[*Exit.*

Æmil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Deſ. 'Faith, half aſleep.

Æmil. Good madam, what's the matter with my Lord?

Deſ. With whom?

Æmil. Why, with my Lord, madam!

Deſ. *Who is thy Lord?*

Æmil. *He that is yours, ſweet lady.*

Deſ. I have none; do not talk to me, *Æmilia.*
I cannot weep; nor anſwer have I none,
But what ſhould go by water. Pray, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding ſheets — Remember;—
And call thy huſband hither.

Æmil. Here's a change indeed! [*Exit.*

Deſ. 'Tis meet I ſhould be uſed ſo, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might ſtick
[a] The ſmall'ſt opinion on my leaſt miſuſe?

[a] *The ſmall'ſt opinion on my leaſt miſuſe?*] The old quarto reads,

The ſmall'ſt opinion on my great'ſt abuſe.
Which I think is better.

SCENE, XI.

Enter Iago, *and* Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleaſure, Madam? How is't with you?

Deſ. I cannot tell; thoſe, that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and eaſy taſks;
He might have chid me ſo, for in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Æmil. Alas, *Iago*, my Lord hath ſo bewhor'd her,
Thrown ſuch deſpight and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it.

Deſ. Am I that name, *Iago?*

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Deſ. Such, as, ſhe ſaid, my Lord did ſay I was.

Æmil. He call'd her whore; a beggar in his drink,
Could not have laid ſuch terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he ſo?

Deſ. I do not know; I'm ſure, I am none ſuch.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas, the day!

Æmil. Hath ſhe forſook ſo many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd whore? Would it not make one weep?

Deſ. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beſhrew him for't! How comes this trick upon 'him?

Deſ. Nay, heaven doth know.

Æmil. I will be hang'd, if ſome eternal villain,
Some buſy and inſinuating rogue,

Some cogging, cozening ſlave, to get ſome office,
Has not deviſ'd this ſlander: I'll be hang'd elſe.
Iago. Fie, there is no ſuch man; it is impoſſible.
Deſ. If any ſuch there be, heaven pardon him!
Æmil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!
Why ſhould he call her whore? Who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by ſome moſt villainous knave,
Some baſe [9] notorious knave, ſome ſcurvy fellow.
Oh heaven, that ſuch companions thou'dſt unfold,
And put in every honeſt hand a whip,
To laſh the raſcal naked through the world,
Ev'n from the eaſt to th' weſt!
Iago. [1] Speak within door.
Æmil. Oh, fie upon them! Some ſuch 'ſquire he was,
That turn'd your wit [2] the ſeamy ſide without;
And made you to ſuſpect me with the Moor.
Iago. You are a fool; go to.
Deſ. Alas, *Iago*,
What ſhall I do to win my Lord again?
Good friend, go to him; by this light of heaven,
I know not how I loſt him. *Here I kneel*; [Kneeling.
If e'er my will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his love,
Or in diſcourſe, or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any ſenſe,
Delighted them on any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do ſhake me off

[9] — *notorious*——] For *groſs*, not in its proper meaning for *known*.

[1] *Speak within door.*] Do not clamour ſo as to be heard beyond the houſe.

[2] —— *the ſeamy ſide without*;] That is, *inſide out*.

To

To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forſwear me! Unkindneſs may do much;
And his unkindneſs may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I can't ſay, whore;
It does abhor me, now I ſpeak the word;
To do the act, that might th' addition earn,
Not the world's maſs of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour; The buſineſs of the State does him offence,
" And he does chide with you."

Deſ. If 'twere no other,——

Iago. It is but ſo, I warrant. [*Trumpets.*
Hark, how theſe inſtruments ſummon to ſupper!
And the great meſſengers of *Venice* ſtay;
Go in, and weep not; all things ſhall be well.
[*Exeunt* Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

SCENE XII.

Enter Roderigo, *to* Iago.

How now, *Roderigo?*

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'ſt juſtly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doſt'ſt me with ſome device, *Iago*; and rather, as it ſeems to me now, keep'ſt from me all conveniency, than ſupplieſt me with the leaſt advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perſuaded to put up in peace what already I have fooliſhly ſuffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, *Roderigo?*

Rod. I have heard too much; and your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me moſt unjuſtly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have waſted myſelf out of my means. The jewels you have had from me,

to

to deliver to *Deſdemona*, would half have corrupted a Votariſt. You have told me, ſhe hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of ſudden reſpect and acquaintance; but I find none.

Iago. Well, go to; very well.

Rod. Very well; go to; I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well; nay, I think, it is ſcurvy, and begin to find myſelf fob'd in it.

Iago. very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myſelf known to *Deſdemona*; if ſhe will return me my jewels, I will give over my ſuit, and repent my unlawful ſollicitation; if not, aſſure yourſelf, I will ſeek ſatisfaction of you.

Iago. You have ſaid now——

Rod. Ay, and ſaid nothing, but what, I proteſt intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now, I ſee, there's mettle in thee; and even from this inſtant do I build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, *Roderigo.* Thou haſt taken againſt me a moſt juſt exception; but, I proteſt, I have dealt moſt directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your ſuſpicion is not without wit and judgment. But *Roderigo*, if thou haſt That in thee indeed, which I have greater reaſon to believe now than ever, I mean, purpoſe, courage, and valour, this night ſhew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not *Deſdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and deviſe engines for my life.

Rod. Well; what is it? Is it within reaſon and compaſs?

Iago. Sir, there's is ſpecial commiſſion come from *Venice* to depute *Caſſio* in *Othello*'s Place.

Rod. Is that true? Why, then *Othello* and *Deſdemona* return again to *Venice*.

Iago. Oh, no; he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Deſdemona*, unleſs his abode be linger'd here by ſome accident: wherein none can be ſo determinate, as the removing of *Caſſio*.

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of *Othello*'s Place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourſelf a profit and a right. He ſups to-night with a harlot; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune; if you will watch his going thence, which I will faſhion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleaſure. I will be near to ſecond your attempt, and he ſhall fall between us. Come, ſtand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will ſhew you ſuch a neceſſity in his death, that you ſhall think yourſelf bound to put it on him. It is now high ſupper-time; and the night grows to waſte. About it.

Rod. *I will hear further reaſon for this.*

Iago. *And you ſhall be ſatisfied.* [Exeunt.

SCENE XIII.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beſeech you, Sir, trouble yourſelf no further.

Oth. Oh, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good-night; I humbly thank your ladyſhip.

Deſ. Your Honour is moſt welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir? Oh *Deſdemona!*——

Deſ. My Lord.

Oth.

Oth. Get you to bed on th' inſtant. I will be return'd forthwith. Diſmiſs your attendant there. Look, it be done. [*Exit.*

Deſ. I will, my Lord.

Æmil. How goes it now? He looks gentler than he did.

Deſ. He ſays, he will return incontinent;
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to diſmiſs you.

Æmil. Diſmiſs me?

Deſ. It was his bidding; therefore, good *Æmilia*,
Give me my nightly Wearing, and adieu.
We muſt not now diſpleaſe him.

Æmil. I would, you had never ſeen him!

Deſ. So would not I; my love doth ſo approve him,
That ev'n his ſtubbornneſs, his checks, and frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me, — have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid thoſe ſheets you bade me on the bed.

Deſ. All's one. Good Father! how fooliſh are our minds?
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, ſhroud me
In one of theſe ſame ſheets.

Æmil. Come, come; you talk.

Deſ. My mother had a maid call'd *Barbara*,
She was in love; [3] and he, ſhe lov'd, prov'd mad,
And did forſake her. She had a ſong of *willow*,
An old thing, 'twas, but it expreſs'd her fortune,
And ſhe dy'd ſinging it. That ſong to-night

[3] — *and he, ſhe lov'd, prov'd mad,*
And did forſake her:—] We ſhould read,
——*and he, ſhe lov'd, forſook her.*
And ſhe prov'd mad:—
WARBURTON.
I believe that *mad* only ſignifies, *wild, frantick, uncertain.*

Will not go from my mind; [4] *I've much ado,*
But to go hang my head all at one ſide,
And ſing it like poor Barbara. *Pr'ythee, deſpatch.*

Æmil. *Shall I go fetch your night-gown?*

Deſ. *No, unpin me here.*
This Lodovico *is a proper man.*

Æmil. *A very handſom man.*

Deſ. *He ſpeaks well.*

Æmil. *I know a lady in* Venice *would have walk'd barefoot to* Paleſtine *for a touch of his nether lip.*

Deſ. [5] 'The poor ſoul ſat ſinging by a ſycamore-tree,
'Sing all a green willow: [*Singing.*
'Her hand on her boſom, her head on her knee,
'Sing willow, willow, willow:
'The freſh ſtreams ran by her, and murmur'd her
'moans;
'Sing willow, *&c.*
'Her ſalt tears fell from her, and ſoft'ned the ſtones;
'Sing willow, *&c.* (*Lay by theſe*)
'Willow, willow, *&c.*
(*Pr'ythee, bye thee, he'll come anon*)
'Sing all a green willow muſt be my garland.
'Let no body blame him, his ſcorn I approve.
'*Nay that's not next*—Hark, who is it that knocks?

Æmil. It's the wind.

[4] ——*I've much ado,*
But to go hang my head —] *I have much ado* to do any thing *but hang my head.* We might read,
Not *to go hang my head.*
This is perhaps the only inſertion made in the latter editions which has improved the play. The reſt ſeem to have been added for the ſake of amplification or of ornament. When the imagination had ſubſided, and the mind was no longer agitated by the horror of the action, it became at leiſure to look round for ſpecious additions. This addition is natural. *Deſdemona* can at firſt hardly forbear to ſing the ſong; ſhe endeavours to change her train of thoughts, but her imagination at laſt prevails, and ſhe ſings it.

[5] This ſong, in two parts, is printed in a late collection of old ballads; the lines preſerved here differ ſomewhat from the copy diſcovered by the ingenious collector.

Deſ.

Def. [6] I call'd my love falſe love; but what ſaid he then?
Sing willow, *&c.*
If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.
So get thee gone. Good night. Mine eyes do itch,
Doth that bode weeping?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Def. *I have heard it ſaid ſo. Oh theſe men, theſe men!*
Doſt thou in conſcience think, tell me, Æmilia,
That there be women do abuſe their huſbands
In ſuch groſs kind?

Æmil. *There be ſome ſuch, no queſtion.*

Def. Wouldſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?

Æmil. Why, would not you?

Def. No, by this heavenly light.

Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light: I might do't as well i' th' dark.

Def. Wouldſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?

Æmil. The world is a huge thing,
It is a great price, for a ſmall vice.

Def. In troth, I think, thou wouldſt not.

Æmil. In troth, I think, I ſhould; and undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do ſuch a thing for a joint-ring, nor for meaſures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps; nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world; why, who would not make her huſband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I ſhould venture purgatory for't.

Def. Beſhrew me, if I would do ſuch a wrong For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' th' world;

[6] *I call'd my love falſe love;*—] This couplet is not in the ballad, which is the complaint, not of a woman forſaken, but of a man rejected. Theſe lines were probably added when it was accommodated to a woman.

and

and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Def. I do not think, there is any ſuch woman.

Æmilia. Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage, as would ſtore the world they play'd for.
But, I do think, it is their huſbands' faults,
If wives do fall. Say, that they ſlack their duties
And pour our treaſures into foreign laps;
Or elſe break out in peeviſh jealouſies,
Throwing reſtraint on us; or ſay, they ſtrike us;
Or ſcant [7] our former Having in deſpight;
Why, we have galls, and though we have ſome grace,
Yet have we ſome revenge. Let huſbands know,
Their wives have ſenſe like them; they ſee and ſmell,
And have their palates both for ſweet and ſour,
As huſbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it ſport?
I think, it is; and doth affection breed it?
I think, it doth; is't frailty, that thus errs?
It is ſo too. And have not we affections?
Deſires for ſports? and frailty, as men have?
Then let them uſe us well; elſe let them know,
The ills we do, their ills inſtruct us to.

Def. Good-night, good-night; [8] heaven me ſuch uſage ſend,
Not to pick bad from bad; but by bad, mend!

[*Exeunt.*

7 — *our former Having* ——] Our former allowance of expence.

8 — *heav'n me ſuch uſes ſend,*] Such is the reading of the folio, and of the ſubſequent editions; but the old quarto has,

——*ſuch* uſage *ſend,*——

Uſage is an old word for *cuſtom*, and, I think, better than *uſes*.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street before the Palace.

Enter Iago *and* Roderigo.

IAGO.

HERE, ſtand behind this bulk. Straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick, fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it marrs us: think on that,
And fix moſt firm thy reſolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miſcarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand. Be bold and take thy ſtand.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
Yet he hath giv'n me ſatisfying reaſons.
'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my ſword. He dies.
[*Stands apart.*

Iago. [9] I've rubb'd this young Quat almoſt to the ſenſe,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill *Caſſio*,
Or

9 In ſome editions,
I've rubb'd this young Gnat *almoſt to the ſenſe,*
And he grows angry.] The *rubbing a* Gnat *to ſenſe*, is, I believe, an experiment that never even was communicated to the *Royal Society*. The leaſt frication, on the contrary, would not only rub him out of all ſenſe, but out of life into the bargain. The old quartos have it, *Quat:* a word, which, I confeſs, I am abſolutely a ſtranger to. I have ventur'd to conjecture,
I've rubb'd this young Knot, *&c.*
The *Knat*, or *Knot*, is a ſmall bird, plentiful with us, in *Lincol ſhire*

Or *Caſſio* him, or each to kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live *Roderigo*,
He calls me to a reſtitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As gifts to *Deſdemona*.
It muſt not be.——If *Caſſio* do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, beſides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there ſtand I in peril.
No, he muſt die. Be it ſo; I hear him coming.

Enter Caſſio.

Rod. I know his gait; 'tis he.—Villain thou dieſt.
[*He runs at* Caſſio, *and wounds him.*
Caſ. That thruſt had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'ſt.
I will make proof of thine.
[*Fight.* Iago *cuts* Caſſio *behind in the Leg, and* exit.
[*Then* Roderigo *and* Caſſio *fall.*
Rod. Oh, I am ſlain.
Caſ. I'm maim'd for ever. Help, hoa! murder, murder!

colnſhire and *Lancaſhire*; which took its name, as *Cambden* ſays, from its being a delicious morſel with King *Canute*, who was likewiſe called *Knout*. This bird, being once taken, as *Geſner* tells us, is above all others tame and tractable. In this reſpect it ſorts with *Roderigo*'s character, an eaſy, manageable, Cully. THEOB.

This is a paſſage much controverted among the editors. Sir *T. Hanmer* reads *Quab*, a *Gudgeon*; not that a Gudgeon can be *rubbed* to much *ſenſe*, but that a man groſsly deceived is often called a *Gudgeon*. Mr. *Upton* reads *Quail*, which he proves, by much learning to be a very cholerie bird. Dr. *Warburton* retains *Guat*, which is found in the early quarto. I have followed the text of the folio, and third and fourth quarto's.

A *Quat* in the midland counties is a *pimple*, which by rubbing is made to ſmart, or is *rubbed to ſenſe*. *Roderigo* is called a *Quat* by the ſame mode of ſpeech, as a low fellow is now termed in low language a *Scab*. *To rub to the ſenſe*, is *to rub to the quick*.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Othello *above at a Window.*

Oth. The voice of *Caſſio.*—*Iago* keeps his word.
Rod. Oh, villain that I am!
Oth. It is even ſo.
Caſ. Oh, help, ho! light! a ſurgeon!———
Oth. 'Tis he. Oh brave *Iago*, honeſt and juſt,
That haſt ſuch noble ſenſe of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teacheſt me——Minion, your dear lies dead;
And your fate hyes apace.——Strumpet, I come:
Forth of my heart, thoſe charms, thine eyes, are blotted,
Thy bed, luſt-ſtain'd, ſhall with luſt's blood be ſpotted.
[*Exit* Othello.

SCENE III.

Enter Ludovico *and* Gratiano, *at a diſtance.*

Caſ. What, ho! No watch? [1] No paſſage? Murder, murder!
Gra. 'Tis ſome miſchance; the voice is very direful.
Caſ. Oh help!
Lod. Hark!
Rod. O wretched villain!
Lod. Two or three groans. It is [2] a heavy night;
Theſe may be counterfeits: let's think't unſafe
To come into the cry, without more help.
Rod. No body come? then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, *in his ſhirt, with a Light and Sword.*

Lod. Hark———

[1] ——*No paſſage?*——] No paſſengers? No body going by?

[2] —*a heavy night*;] A *thick cloudy* night, in which an ambuſh may be commodiouſly laid.

Gra. Here one comes in his ſhirt with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? Whoſe noiſe is this, that cries out murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Do not you hear a cry?

Caſ. Here, here. For heaven's ſake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is *Othello*'s Ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The ſame, indeed, a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry ſo grievouſly?

Caſ. *Iago?* oh I'm ſpoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me ſome help.

Iago. Oh me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Caſ. I think, that one of them is hereabout;
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!
What are you there? Come in, and give ſome help.
[*To* Lod. *and* Gra.

Rod. Oh, help me there.

Caſ. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous ſlave! oh villain!
[Iago *ſtabs him.*

Rod. Oh damn'd *Iago!* oh inhuman dog!

Iago. Kill men i' th' dark? Where be theſe bloody thieves?
How ſilent is this town? ho, murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you ſhall prove us, praiſe us.

Iago. Signior *Lodovico?*——

Lod. He, Sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy! Here's *Caſſio*, hurt by villains.

Gra. *Caſſio?*

Iago. How is't, brother?

Caſ. My leg is cut in two.

Iago.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!
Light, gentlemen, I'll bind it with my ſhirt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, hoa, who is't that cry'd?
Iago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. Oh my dear *Caſſio*,
My ſweet *Caſſio*, oh *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*.
Iago. O notable ſtrumpet! *Caſſio*, may you ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be, that have thus mangled you?
Caſ. No.
Gra. I'm ſorry to find you thus:
I have been to ſeek you.
Iago. *Lend me a garter. So—Oh for a chair*
To bear him eaſily hence.
Bian. Alas, he faints. Oh *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſio!*
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do ſuſpect this Traſh,
To be a party in this Injury.
Patience a while, good *Caſſio*. Come, come,
Lend me a Light. Know we this face, or no?
Alas, my friend, and my dear countryman
Roderigo? no: Yes, ſure: yea, 'tis *Roderigo*.
Gra. What, of *Venice?*
Iago. Even he, Sir, did you know him?
Gra. Know him? ah!
Iago. Signior *Gratiano?* I cry your gentle pardon.
Theſe bloody accidents muſt excuſe my manners,
That ſo neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to ſee you.
Iago. How do you, *Caſſio?* Oh, a chair, a chair.
Gra. Roderigo?
Iago. He, he, 'tis he. Oh, that's well ſaid. The chair.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the General's ſurgeon. For you, miſtreſs,
[*To* Bianca.
Save you your labour. He that lies ſlain here, *Caſſio*,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?
Caſ. None in the world; nor do I know the man.
Iago. [*To* Bian.] What, look you pale?—Oh, bear him out o' th' air.
Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, miſtreſs?
Do you perceive the gaſtneſs of her eye?
Nay, if you ſtare, we ſhall hear more anon.
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
Do you ſee, gentlemen? Nay, guiltineſs
Will ſpeak, though tongues were out of uſe.

SCENE V.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, huſband?
Iago. Caſſio hath there been ſet on in the dark
By *Roderigo*, and fellows that are 'ſcap'd:
He's almoſt ſlain, and *Roderigo* dead.
Æmil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good *Caſſio!*
Iago. This is the fruit of whoring—Pray, *Æmilia*,
Go know of *Caſſio* where he ſupt to-night.
What, do you ſhake at that?
Bian. He ſupt at my houſe, but I therefore ſhake not.
Iago. Oh, did he ſo? I charge you go with me.
Æmil. Oh fy upon thee, ſtrumpet!
Bian. I am no ſtrumpet, but of life as honeſt
As you that thus abuſe me.
Æmil. As I? fy upon thee!
Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's ſee poor *Caſſio* dreſt.
Come, miſtreſs, you muſt tell's another tale.

Æmilia,

Æmilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my Lord and lady what hath happ'd.
Will you go on afore?——This is the night,
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.
[*Exeunt*, Iago *following*.

SCENE VI.

A Bed-chamber: Deſdemona *is diſcovered aſleep in her bed.*

Enter Othello, *with a Light and a Sword.*

Oth. [3] IT is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul;
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte Stars!
It is the cauſe.——Yet I'll not ſhed her Blood,
Nor ſcar that whiter ſkin of hers than ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumental alabaſter.
[*Lays down the ſword.*
Yet ſhe muſt die; elſe ſhe'll betray more men.
[4] Put out the light, and, then—Put out the light?
If I quench thee, thou flaming miniſter,
I can again thy former light reſtore,
Should

[3] *It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul;*
Let me not name it——] The abruptneſs of this ſoliloquy makes it obſcure. The meaning I think is this. *I am here*, ſays *Othello* in his mind, *overwhelmed with horror. What is the reaſon of this perturbation? Is it want of reſolution to do juſtice? Is it the dread of ſhedding blood? No; it is not the action that ſhocks me, but* it is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul; let me not name it to you, ye chaſte ſtars! it is the cauſe,

[4] *Put out the light, and then put out the light.*] This, I conceive, to have been the poet's meaning. *Othello*, ſtruck in part with remorſe at the murder he's going to do, thinks it beſt to do it in the dark; this compunction of nature, in the hurry and perturbation of thought, and thoſe remains of tenderneſs ſtill combating in his boſom, ſtrikes him into an inſtant reflexion, that if he puts out the light he can rekindle it; but if he once puts out the light of *her life*, that will be extinguiſh'd for ever.

Should I repent: but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'ſt pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heat,
That can thy light re-lumine.— [*Sets down the taper.*
When I have pluck'd thy roſe,
I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs muſt wither.——I'll ſmell it on the tree;
[*Kiſſing her.*
Oh balmy breath, that doſt almoſt perſuade
Juſtice to break her ſword?—One more; one more.
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after—One more; that's the laſt.
So ſweet, was ne'er ſo fatal! I muſt weep,
But they are cruel tears. [5] This ſorrow's heavenly;
It ſtrikes, where it doth love.——She wakes——
Deſ. Who's there? *Othello?*
Oth. Ay, *Deſdemona.*
Deſ. Will you come to bed, my Lord?
Oth. Have you pray'd to night, *Deſdemona?*
Deſ. Ay, my Lord.
Oth. If you bethink yourſelf of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven, and grace,

While he is buſied in this contemplation, he throws his eyes towards her; and then, ſooth'd with her beauteous appearance, ſets down the light, to go and kiſs her. Upon this, *Deſdemona* wakes; and they continue in diſcourſe together till he ſtifles her. THEOB.

Put out the light, and then——
Put out the light?—] So it ſhould be printed. The meaning is, I will put out the light, and *then* proceed to the execution of my purpoſe. But the expreſſion of *putting out the light*, bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks ſhort, and queſtions himſelf about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of his firſt words, as much as to ſay, But hold, let me firſt weigh the reflexions which this expreſſion ſo naturally excites. WARB.

[5] *—This Sorrow's heavenly;*] This tenderneſs, with which I lament the puniſhment which juſtice compels me to inflict, is a holy paſſion.

I wiſh theſe two lines could be honeſtly ejected. It is the fate of *Shakeſpeare* to counteract his own pathos.

Sollicit

Solicit for it ſtraight.
Def. Alack, my Lord,
What may you mean by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief. I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared ſpirit,
No, heavens forefend! I would not kill thy ſoul.
Def. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Ay, I do.
Def. Then heaven have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Def. If you ſay ſo, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum.
Def. And yet I fear you; for you're fatal then,
When your eyes rowl ſo. Why I ſhould fear, I know not,
Since guilt I know not; yet, I feel, I fear.
Oth. Think on thy ſins.
Def. They're Loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'ſt.
Def. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you ſo your nether lip?
Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very frame;
Theſe are portents, but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be ſtill.
Def. I will ſo. What's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief
Which I ſo lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'ſt *Caſſio.*
Def. No, by my life and ſoul. Send for the man,
And aſk him.
Oth. Sweet Soul, take heed, take heed of perjury;
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Def. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Preſently;
Therefore confeſs thee freely of thy ſin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak the ſtrong conception

That

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Deſ. Oh, heaven have mercy on me!

Oth. I ſay, amen.

Deſ. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd *Caſſio*,
But with ſuch general warranty of heaven,
As I might love. I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I ſaw my handkerchief in's hand.
Oh perjur'd woman! thou doſt ſtone my heart,
And mak'ſt me call, what I intend to do,
[6] A murder, which I thought a ſacrifice.
I ſaw the handkerchief.

Deſ. He found it then;
I never gave it him. Send for him hither,
Let him confeſs a truth.

Oth. He hath confeſt.

Deſ. What, my Lord?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee——

Deſ. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Deſ. He will not ſay ſo.

Oth. No, his mouth is ſtopp'd.
Honeſt *Iago* hath ta'en order for 't.

Deſ. My fear interprets then. What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had ſtomach for them all.

Deſ. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

[6] *A murder, which I thought a ſacrifice*] This line is difficult. *Thou haſt harden'd my heart, and makeſt me* kill thee with the rage of a *murderer*, when *I thought to have ſacrificed* thee to juſtice with the calmneſs of a prieſt ſtriking a victim.

It muſt not be omitted, that one of the elder quarto's reads, *thou doſt ſtone* thy *heart*; which I ſuſpect to be genuine. The meaning then will be, *thou forceſt me* to diſmiſs thee from the world in the ſtate of the *murdered* without preparation for death, *when I intended* that thy puniſhment ſhould have been *a ſacrifice* atoning for thy crime.

I am glad that I have ended my reviſal of this dreadful ſcene. It is not to be endured.

Oth.

Oth. Out, ſtrumpet! Weep'ſt thou for him to my face?

Def. Oh baniſh me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, ſtrumpet.

Def. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you ſtrive———

Def. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done, there is no pauſe.

Def. But while I ſay one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [*He ſmothers her.*

SCENE VII.

Æmilia, *at the door.*

Æmil. My Lord, my Lord! What hoa! my Lord, my Lord!

Oth. What noiſe is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, ſo.

Æmil. *within.*] What hoa! my Lord, my Lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, I would ſpeak a word with you.

Oth. Yes, 'tis *Æmilia.*—By and by—She's dead.
'Tis like, ſhe comes to ſpeak of *Caſſio*'s death;
The noiſe was high.——Ha, no more moving?
Still as the Grave. Shall ſhe come in? Were't good?
I think, ſhe ſtirs again. No. What's the beſt?
If ſhe come in, ſhe'll, ſure, ſpeak to my wife?
My wife! my wife! What wife? I have no wife.
Oh inſupportable! oh heavy hour!
Methinks, it ſhould be now a huge eclipſe

Of

Of Sun, and Moon, and that th' affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Æmil. I do beſeech you, I may ſpeak with you.
Oh, good my Lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: oh, come in, *Æmilia.*
Soft. By and by. Let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?
[*Unlocks the door.*

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What? now?

Æmil. But now, my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the Moon;
She comes more near the Earth than ſhe was wont,
And makes men mad.

Æmil. Caſſio, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young *Venetian*, called *Roderigo.*

Oth. Roderigo kill'd? and *Caſſio* kill'd?

Æmil. No, *Caſſio* is not kill'd.

Oth. Not *Caſſio* kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,
And ſweet revenge grows harſh.

Deſ. Oh, falſly, falſly murder'd!———

Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That? what?

Æmil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.
Help! help, hoa! help! oh lady, ſpeak again;
Sweet *Deſdemona!* oh ſweet miſtreſs, ſpeak.

Deſ. A guiltleſs death I die.

Æmil. Oh, who hath done this deed?

Deſ. No body, I myſelf. Farewel;
Command me to my kind Lord. Oh, Farewel. [*Dies.*

Oth. Why, how ſhould ſhe be murder'd?

Æmil. Alas! who knows?

Oth. You heard her ſay, herſelf, it was not I.

Æmil.

Æmil. She ſaid ſo, I muſt needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a lyar gone to burning hell;
'Twas I, that kill'd her.
Æmil. Oh, the more Angel ſhe, and you the blacker Devil.
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and ſhe was a whore.
Æmil. Thou doſt bely her, and thou art a Devil.
Oth. She was [7] falſe as water.
Æmil. Thou art raſh as fire, to ſay
That ſhe was falſe. Oh, ſhe was heavenly true.
Oth. *Caſſio* did tup her: aſk thy huſband elſe.
Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon juſt grounds
To this extremity. Thy huſband knew it all.
Æmil. My huſband!
Oth. Thy huſband.
Æmil. That ſhe was falſe to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with *Caſſio.* Had ſhe been true,
If heaven would make me ſuch another World,
Of one entire and perfect Chryſolite,
I'd not have ſold her for it.
Æmil. My huſband!
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me firſt;
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime
That ſticks on filthy deeds.
Æmil. My huſband!
Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?
I ſay, thy huſband.
Æmil. *Oh miſtreſs!* [8] *villainy has made mocks with love.*
My huſband ſay, ſhe was falſe!
Oth. *He, woman;*
I ſay, thy huſband; do'ſt underſtand the word?

[7] *—falſe as water.*] As water that will ſupport no weight, nor keep any impreſſion.

[8] *—villainy has made mocks with love.*] *Villainy* has taken advantage to *play upon* the weakneſs of a violent paſſion.

My

My friend, thy huſband, honeſt, honeſt Iago.

Æmil. If he ſay ſo, may his pernicious ſoul
Rot half a grain a day! he lyes o' th' heart.
She was too fond of her moſt filthy bargain.

Oth. Hah!——

Æmil. Do thy worſt.
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou waſt worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were beſt.

Æmil. [9] Thou haſt not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. Oh gull! oh dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou'ſt done a deed——
I care not for thy ſword, I'll make thee known,
Though I loſt twenty lives—Help! help, hoa! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my miſtreſs. Murder, murder!

SCENE VIII.

Enter Montano Gratiano, Iago, *and others.*

Mon. What is the matter? How now, General?

Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Iago?* you have done well,
That men muſt lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Æmil. Diſprove this villain, if thou be'ſt a man;

[9] *Thou haſt not half that* power *to do me harm,*
As I have to be *hurt:*—] *Power* for *will:* For *will* ſignifying both ability and inclination, and *power* ſignifying ability, he uſes *power* for inclination. But the *Oxford Editor*, not underſtanding his author's phraſeology any better when he had ended than when he had begun with him, alters, *As I have to* be *hurt*, to, *As I have to* bear *hurt:* which yet does not mend the matter, had the poet here uſed *power* in the ſenſe of ability. WARB.

The *Oxford* editor ſaw well the meaning of his authour, but weakened his expreſſion. She means to ſay, *I have in this caſe power to endure more than thou haſt power to inflict.*

He ſays, thou toldſt him that his wife was falſe:
I know, thou didſt not; thou'rt not ſuch a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more,
Than what he found himſelf was apt and true.

Æmil. But did you ever tell him, ſhe was falſe?

Iago. I did.

Æmil. You told a lye; an odious, damned, lye:
Upon my ſoul, a lye; a wicked lye.
She falſe with *Caſſio?* Did you ſay, with *Caſſio?*

Iago. With *Caſſio*, miſtreſs. Go to. [1] Charm your tongue.

Æmil. I will not charm my tongue; I'm bound to ſpeak;
My miſtreſs lies here murder'd in her bed.

All. *Oh heavens forefend!*

Æmil. *And your reports have ſet the murderer on.*

Oth. *Nay, ſtare not, maſters. It is true, indeed.*

Gra. *'Tis a ſtrange truth.*

Mon. *Oh monſtrous act!*

Æmil. *Villainy! villainy! villainy!*
I think upon't——I think——I ſmell't——Oh villainy!
I thought ſo then; I'll kill myſelf for grief,——
Oh villainy, villainy!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Æmil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to ſpeak.
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.
Perchance, *Iago*, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. Oh! oh! oh! [Othello *falls on the bed.*

Æmil. Nay, lay thee down and roar:

[1] —— *Charm your tongue.*] I know not whether I have read, or whether my own thoughts have ſuggeſted, an alteration of this paſſage. It ſeems to me not improbable, that *Shakſpeare* wrote *clam* your tongue; to *clam* a bell is to cover the clapper with felt, which drowns the blow, and hinders the ſound.

For

For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt Innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. Oh, ſhe was foul! [*Riſing.*
I ſcarce did know you, Uncle. There lies your Niece,
Whoſe breath, indeed, theſe hands have newly ſtopp'd.
I know, this act ſhews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor *Deſdemona!* I'm glad, thy father's dead:
Thy match was mortal to him; and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This ſight would make him do a deſperate turn;
Yea, curſe his better Angel from his ſide,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet *Iago* knows,
That ſhe with *Caſſio* had the act of ſhame
[a] A thouſand times committed. *Caſſio* confeſt it;
And ſhe did gratify his amorous works,
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I firſt gave her; I ſaw it in his hand;
It was an handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Æmil. Oh heaven! oh heavenly Powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out——I hold my peace? Sir! no!
No, I will ſpeak as liberal as the North;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all cry ſhame againſt me, yet I'll ſpeak.

Iago. Be wiſe, and get you home.

Æmil. I will not. [Iago *offers to ſtab his wife.*

Gra. Fy, your ſword upon a woman?

Æmil. Oh, thou dull Moor! That handkerchief, thou ſpeak'ſt of,
I found by fortune, and did give my huſband;

[a] *A thouſand times committed.*--] This is another paſſage which ſeems to ſuppoſe a longer ſpace compriſed in the action of this play than the ſcenes include.

For often, with a ſolemn earneſtneſs,
More than, indeed, belong'd to ſuch a trifle,
He begg'd of me to ſteal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Æmil. She gave it *Caſſio?*—alas, I found it,
And I did giv't my huſband.

Iago. Filth, thou lieſt.

Æmil. By heav'n, I do not; I do not, gentlemen.
Oh murd'rous coxcomb! what ſhould ſuch a fool
Do with ſo good a wife?

[*The* Moor *runs at* Iago, *who breaks through and wounds his wife; then runs out.*

Oth. [3] Are there no ſtones in heav'n,
But what ſerve for the thunder? Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; ſure, he has killed his wife.

Æmil. Ay, ay; oh, lay me by my miſtreſs' ſide.

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain; take this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor.
Come, guard the door without, let him not paſs,
But kill him rather. I'll after that ſame villain,
For 'tis a damned ſlave. [*Exeunt* Mon. *and* Gra.

SCENE IX.

Oth. I am not valiant neither;
But every puny whipſter gets my ſword.
But why ſhould honour outlive honeſty?
Let it go all.

[3] *Are there no ſtones in heav'n,* BUT WHAT SERVE FOR *the thunder?*—] What occaſion for other, when thoſe would ſerve his purpoſe? For he wanted a thunderbolt for *Iago*. Without queſtion, *Shakeſpeare* wrote, and pointed the line thus,

Are there no ſtones in heav'n?
FOR WHAT THEN SERVES *the thunder?*—

i. e. are there no bolts in heaven for this villain? for what purpoſe then ſerves the thunder, that inſtrument of its vengeance? WARBURTON.

Æmil. *What did thy Song bode, lady?*
Hark, can'ſt thou hear me? I will play the ſwan,
And die in muſick. Willow, Willow, Willow——
Moor, ſhe was chaſte; ſhe lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my ſoul to bliſs, as I ſpeak true;
So ſpeaking as I think, alas, I die. [Æmilia *dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It was a ſword of *Spain*, [4] the *ice-brook*'s temper;
Oh, here it is. Uncle I muſt come forth.

Gra. [*within.*] If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee dear;
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and ſpeak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Lo! I have a weapon:
A better never did itſelf ſuſtain
Upon a ſoldier's thigh. I've ſeen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good ſword,
I've made my way thro' more impediments,
Than twenty times your ſtop. But, oh vain boaſt!
What can controul his fate? 'tis not ſo now.
Be not afraid, though you do ſee me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my Butt,
The very ſea-mark of my utmoſt ſail.
Do you go back diſmay'd? 'tis a loſt fear:
Man but a ruſh againſt Othello's *breaſt,*

[4] —*the icebrook's temper*;] In the firſt edition it is, *Iſebrooke's temper*. Thence corrupted, to *Ice-brook's*.—*Ebro's temper*; the waters of that river of *Spain*, are particularly famous for tempering of ſteel. The fineſt arms in the world are the *Catalonian* fuſees. POPE.

I believe the old reading changed to *ice-brook* is right. Steel is hardened by being put red hot into very cold water.

And

And he retires. Where ſhould Othello *go?*
Now—how doſt thou look now? oh ill-ſtarr'd Wench!
Pale as thy ſmock! When we ſhall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my ſoul from heav'n,
And fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girl,
Ev'n like thy chaſtity. O curſed ſlave!
Whip me, ye Devils,
From the poſſeſſion of this heavenly ſight;
Blow me about in winds, roaſt me in ſulphur,
Waſh me in ſteep-down gulfs of liquid fire.
Oh *Deſdemona! Deſdemona!* dead, dead! oh, oh!

SCENE X.

Enter Lodovico, Caſſio *led in wounded*, Montano, *and* Iago *priſoner, with Officers.*

Lod. Where is this raſh and moſt unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he, that was *Othello*. Here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? Bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down [5] tow'rds his feet; but that's a fable.
If that thou be'ſt a Devil, I cannot kill thee.
[Othello *wounds* Iago.
Lod. Wrench his ſword from him.
Iago. I bleed, Sir, but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not ſorry, neither. I'd have thee live.
For, in my ſenſe, 'tis happineſs to die.
Lod. Oh thou, *Othello*, that waſt once ſo good,
Fall'n [6] in the practice of a curſed ſlave,
What ſhall be ſaid to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing;
An honourable murd'rer, if you will,
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

[5] —*tow'rds his feet*;—] To ſee if, according to the common opinion, his feet be cloven.

[6] —*in the practice*—] In the *ſnare*, by the *ſtratagem*.

Lod. This wretch hath part confeſt his villainy.
Did you and he conſent in *Caſſio*'s death?
Oth. Ay.
Caſ. Dear General, I never gave you Cauſe.
Oth. I do believe it, and I aſk your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-devil,
Why he hath thus enſnar'd my ſoul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing. What you know, you know.
From this time forth I never will ſpeak word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou doſt beſt.
Lod. Sir, you ſhall underſtand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know. Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the ſlain *Rodorigo*,
And here, another; one of them imports
The death of *Caſſio* to be undertook
By *Rodorigo*.
Oth. Oh villain!
Caſ. Moſt heatheniſh and moſt groſs!
Lod. Now, here's another diſcontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it ſeems,
Rodorigo meant t' have ſent this damned villain,
But that, belike, *Iago* in the interim
Came in and ſatisfy'd him.
Oth. O thou pernicious caitiff!
How came you, *Caſſio*, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?
Caſ. I found it in my chamber;
And he himſelf confeſt it but ev'n now,
That there he dropt it for a ſpecial purpoſe,
Which wrought to his deſire.
Oth. Oh fool, fool, fool!

7 ——*in the interim*] The firſt copies have, *in the* nick. It was, I ſuppoſe, thought upon reviſal, that *nick* was too familiar.

Caſ.

Caſ. There is, beſides, in *Rodorigo*'s letter,
How he upbraids *Iago* that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was caſt. And even now he ſpake,
After long ſeeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago ſet him on.

Lod. You muſt forſake this room, and go with us;
Your Pow'r and your Command is taken off,
And *Caſſio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this ſlave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It ſhall be his. You ſhall cloſe priſoner reſt,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* State. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I've done the State ſome ſervice, and they know't;
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you ſhall theſe unlucky deeds relate,
[8] Speak of me, as I am; Nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet down aught in malice. Then muſt you ſpeak
Of one that loved not wiſely, but too well;
Of one, not eaſily jealous, but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extream; [9] of one, whoſe hand,
Like the baſe *Judean*, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whoſe ſubdued eyes,

Albeit

[8] *Speak of me as I am;*—] The early copies read, *Speak of them as they are.* The preſent reading has more force.

[9] ——— *of one, whoſe hand,*
Like the baſe Indian, *threw a pearl away*
Richer than all his tribe;] I have reſtored *Judian*, from the elder *Quarto*, as the genuine and more eligible reading. Mr. *Pope* thinks, *this was occaſioned probably by the word* tribe *juſt after*: I have many reaſons to oppoſe this opinion. In the firſt place, the moſt ignorant *Indian*, I believe, is ſo far the reverſe of the *dunghill-cock* in the *fable*, as to know

The time; the place; the torture; oh! inforce it.
Myſelf will ſtraight aboard; and to the State
This heavy act, with heavy heart, relate*. [*Exeunt.*

critic applied it? According to this rule it is confeſſed, that a ſoldier ſhould be brave, generous, and a man of honour. This is to be his dramatic character. But either *one* or *more* of any order may be brought in. If only one, then the character of the order takes its denomination from the manners of that *one*. Had therefore the only ſoldier in this play been *Iago*, the rule had been tranſgreſſed, and *Rymer*'s cenſure well founded. For then this *eternal villain* muſt have given the character of the ſoldiery; which had been unjuſt and unnatural. But if a *number* of the ſame order be repreſented, then the character of the order is taken from the manners of the majority; and this, according to nature and common ſenſe. Now in this play there are many of the order of the ſoldiery, and all, excepting *Iago*, repreſented as open, generous, and brave. From *theſe*, the ſoldier's character is to be taken; and not from *Iago*, who is brought as an exception to it, unleſs it be unnatural to ſuppoſe there could be an exception: or that a villain ever inſinuated himſelf into that corps. And thus *Shakeſpeare* ſtands clear of this impertinent criticiſm. WARB.

* The beauties of this play impreſs themſelves ſo ſtrongly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no aid from critical illuſtration. The fiery openneſs of *Othello*, magnanimous, artleſs, and credulous, boundleſs in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his reſolution, and obdurate in his revenge; the cool malignity of *Iago*, ſilent in his reſentment, ſubtle in his deſigns, and ſtudious at once of his intereſt and his vengeance; the ſoft ſimplicity of *Deſdemona*, confident of merit, and conſcious of innocence, her artleſs perſeverance in her ſuit, and her ſlowneſs to ſuſpect that ſhe can be ſuſpected, are ſuch proofs of *Shakeſpeare*'s ſkill in human nature, as, I ſuppoſe, it is vain to ſeek in any modern writer. The gradual progreſs which *Iago* makes in the Moor's conviction, and the circumſtances which he employs to inflame him, are ſo artfully natural, that, though it will perhaps not be ſaid of him as he ſays of himſelf, that he is *a man not eaſily jealous*, yet we cannot but pity him when at laſt we find him *perplexed in the extreme*.

There is always danger leſt wickedneſs conjoined with abilities ſhould ſteal upon eſteem, though it miſſes of approbation; but the character of *Iago* is ſo conducted, that he is from the firſt ſcene to the laſt hated and deſpiſed.

Even the inferiour characters of this play would be very conſpicuous

nous in any other piece, not
r for their juſtneſs but their
ngth. *Caſſio* is brave, bene-
nt, and honeſt, ruined only
his want of ſtubbornneſs to
ſt an inſidious invitation. *Ro-
go*'s ſuſpicious credulity, and
atient ſubmiſſion to the cheats
ch he ſees practiſed upon
, and which by perſuaſion
ſuffers to be repeated, exhi-
a ſtrong picture of a weak
d betrayed by unlawful de-
, to a falſe friend; and the
e of *Æmilia* is ſuch as we
n find, worn looſely, but not
off, eaſy to commit ſmall crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villanies.

The Scenes from the beginning to the end are buſy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progreſſion of the ſtory; and the narrative in the end, though it tells but what is known already, yet is neceſſary to produce the death of *Othello*.

Had the ſcene opened in *Cyprus*, and the preceding incidents been occaſionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the moſt exact and ſcrupulous regularity.

APPEN-

APPENDIX

IN the proſecution of this work I received many remarks from learned Friends, which came ſometimes too late for inſertion, and ſome of my own remarks either more mature reflection or better information has diſpoſed me to retract. An Appendix therefore became neceſſary, that I might omit nothing which could contribute to the explanation of my authour. I do not always concur with my friends in their opinion, but their abilities are ſuch as make me leſs confident when I find myſelf differing from them, and the publick might juſtly complain if I ſuppreſſed their ſentiments either by pride or timidity. From the *Reviſal* of *Shakeſpeare* lately publiſhed, I have ſelected ſome juſt remarks, and from Dr. *Gray* ſome valuable illuſtrations. I am far at laſt from ſuppoſing my work perfect, but do not think any thing which I am likely to add to it of value enough to juſtify longer delay.

NOTES to the FIRST VOLUME.

P. 3. I remember to have been told by my friend Mr. *William Collins*, that great part of this Play was founded on an *Italian* chemical Romance, called ORELIA and ISABELLA; in which there was a ſpirit like *Ariel*. The chemiſtry of the dark ages was full of theſe ſpiritual agents. Mr. WARTON.

P. 10.

APPENDIX to VOL. I.

P. 10. —*Key.*] This doubtleſs is meant of a key for tuning the harpſichord, ſpinette or virginal; we call it now a tuning hammer, as it is uſed as well to ſtrike down the iron pins whereon the ſtrings are wound, as to turn them. As a key it acts like that of a watch.

Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 22. Mir. *Abhorred ſlave*—] The modern editions, take this ſpeech from *Miranda*, and give it to *Proſpero*; tho' there is nothing in it but what ſhe may ſpeak with great propriety: eſpecially as it accounts for her being enough in the way and power of *Caliban* to enable him to make the attempt complained of. Mr. *Dryden*, in the alteration made by him and Sir *William Davenant*, in this play, led the way to this change: which Mr. *Theobald* calls judicious, vol. i. p. 18. n. 10. and adds, "it would be very indecent for *Miranda* to reply to what was laſt ſpoke:" but it is probable the Poet thought otherwiſe, and that it was not only decent, but neceſſary, for her to clear her character, by ſhewing how the monſter acquired an opportunity of making the attack. The Poet himſelf ſhews he intended *Miranda* ſhould be his tutoreſs, in the latter end of the ſecond ſcene of the ſecond act, when he makes *Caliban* ſay "I've ſeen thee in her, my Miſtreſs ſhewed me thee and thy dog and thy bruſh," to *Stephano*, who has juſt aſſured the monſter, he was the man in the moon when——Time was.

Mr. HOLT.

P. 45. For *ſpatter* read *attet*,

REVISAL.

P. 48. *Young ſcamels from the rocks.*—] *Theobald* ſubſtitutes *ſhamois*, for *ſcamels*; which laſt word, he ſays, has poſſeſſed all the editions. I am inclined to retain *ſcamels:* For in an old Will, dated 1593, I find the bequeſt of "a bed of *ſcammel-colour*," i. e. of the colour of an animal ſo called, whoſe ſkin was then in uſe for dreſs or furniture. This, at leaſt, ſhews the exiſtence of the word at that time, and in *Shakeſpeare*'s ſenſe.

Mr. WARTON.

P. 74. *Weak maſters though ye be.*] The *Reviſal* reads, weak *miniſters*, probably, but without neceſſity. The meaning may be, Though you are but inferiour maſters of theſe ſupernatural powers, though you poſſeſs them but in a low degree.

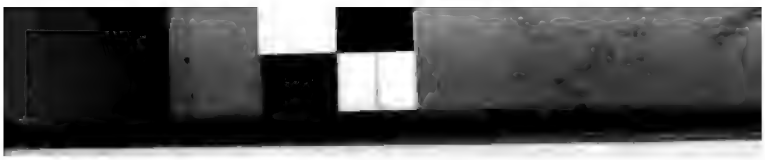
P. 86. It is obſerved of the *Tempeſt* that its plan is regular; this the *Reviſal* thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the ſtory, not intended or regarded by the authour.

P. 94. *Beteem*—] Or *pour down upon them.* POPE.

P. 104. For *through buſh*, &c. read in all the Places *thorough.*

P. 106. —*that ſhrewd, and knaviſh ſprite,*
Call'd Robin goodfellow: *are you not he,*
That fright the maidens of the villagerie,
Skim milk, and ſometimes labour in the quern,
And bootleſs make the breathleſs huſe-wife churn

And



And ſometime make the drink to bear no barm,
Miſlead night-wand'rers, laughing at their harm?] This account of *Robin-goodfellow* correſponds, in every article, with that given of him in *Harſnet's Declaration*, ch. 20. p. 135. "And if that the bowle of curdes and creame were not duly ſet out for *Robin-goodfellow*, the frier, and ſiſſe the dairy maid—why then either the pottage was burnt *to* next day in the pot, or the cheeſes would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have got head. But if a pater-noſter, or an houſle-egge were beturned, or a patch of tythe unpaid——then beware of bull beggars, ſpirits, &c." He is mentioned by *Cartwright*, as a ſpirit particularly fond of diſconcerting and diſturbing domeſtick peace and œconomy.

"Saint *Francis* and Saint *Benedight*,
"Bleſſe this houſe from wicked wight;
"From the night-mare, and the goblin,
"That is hight GOOD-FELLOW ROBIN.
"Keep it, *&c.*"
Cartwright's Ordinary, act iii. ſc. i. v. 8.
Mr. WARTON.

P. 118. *It is not night*, &c.]
Tu noſte vel atrâ
Lumen, et in ſolis tu mihi turba locis.

P. 120. Queen. *Come now, a roundel, and a fairy ſong*] From *round* comes *roundel*, and from *roundel*, *roundelet*. The firſt, the form of the figure, the ſecond, the dance in the figure, the laſt, the ſong or tune to the dance. *Anon.*

"And ſong in all the *roundell* luſtily."
Chaucer's Knight's Tale, 1531.
Dr. GRAY.

P. 136. Snowt. *By'rlaken a parlous fear.*] By our *ladykin*, or *little lady*, as *ifakins* is a corruption of *by my faith*. Theſe kind of oaths are laughed at, in the firſt part of *Henry the Fourth*, act i. ſc. iii. When *Hotſpur* tells lady *Percy*, upon her ſaying *in good ſooth*, "You ſwear like a "comfit maker's wife, and give "ſuch farcenet ſurety for your "oaths, as if you never walked "further than *Finſbury*."
Dr. GRAY.

P. 132. There are but three *fairies* that ſalute *Bottom*, nor does he addreſs himſelf to more, though four had entered before whom the queen had called by name, and commanded to do their courteſies. In ſhort, I cannot tell what is become of monſieur *Muſh*, unleſs he be prudently walked off, for fear of *Cavaliero Cobweb*: for we hear no more of him either here, or in the next act, where the queen, *Bottom* and *fairies* are introduced again. *Anon.* Dr. GRAY.

P. 134. *And at our ſtamp*—] I apprehend the ſtamp of a fairy's foot might operate to the full as ſtrongly on this occaſion, as the ſtump of a tree. Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 147. In the note, for *abuy* read *aby*.

P. 150. Bottom. *Nothing, good monſieur, but to help* Cavalero Cobweb *to ſcratch.*] Without doubt it ſhould be *Cavaliero Perſe-*

Peaſeblaſſom: as for *Cavalero Cobweb*, he had juſt been diſpatched upon a perilous adventure. *Anon.* Dr. GRAY.

P. 161. Theſ.——*Call* Philoſtrate.] Call *Egæus*, edit. 1632, and *Egæus* anſwers to his name there, and every where elſe in that old edition. Dr. GRAY.

P. 162. *The thrice three muſes mourning for the death*
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.] I do not know whether it has been before obſerved, that *Shakeſpeare* here, perhaps, alluded to *Spenſer*'s poem, entitled, *The Tears of the Muſes*, on the neglect and contempt of learning. This piece firſt appeared in quarto, with others, 1591. The oldeſt edition of this play, now known, is dated 1600. If *Spenſer*'s poem be here intended, may we not preſume that there is ſome earlier edition of this play? But, however, if the alluſion be allowed, at leaſt it ſerves to bring the play below 1591. Mr. WARTON.

P. 176. Of this play, wild and fantaſtical as it is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleaſure which the authour deſigned. Fairies in his time were much in faſhion; common tradition had made them familiar, and *Spenſer*'s poem had made them great.

P. 189. Lucetta. *Indeed I bid the baſe for* Protheus—] *Bidding the baſe* was a country diverſion, not unlike what is called *barly break* in the North, where ſome purſue others in order to take them priſoners.

" Ne was *Satyrane* her far be-
" hind
" But with like fierceneſs did
" enſue the chace:
" Whom when the giant ſaw,
" he ſoon reſign'd
" His former ſuit, and from
" them fled apace;
" They after both, and boldly
" *bad him baſe.*—"
Fairy Queen, book iii. canto ii. v.
Dr. GRAY.

P. 190. Julia. *I ſee you have a month's mind to them.*] A *month's mind* was an *anniverſary* in times of popery; or, as Mr. *Ray* calls it, a leſs ſolemnity directed by the will of the deceaſed. There was alſo a *year's mind*, and a *week's mind*. See *proverbial phraſes*.

This appears from the interrogatories and obſervations againſt the clergy, in the year 1552. Inter. VII. " Whether " there are any *month's minds*, " and *anniverſaries?*" Strype's *Memorials of the Reformation*, vol. ii. p 354.

" Was the *month's mind* of " Sir *William Laxton*, who died " the laſt month (July 1556) " his herſe burning with wax, " and the morrow maſs cele- " brated, and a ſermon preach- " ed, *&c.*" Strype's *Memorial*, vol. iii. p. 305. Dr. GRAY.

A *month's mind* in the ritual ſenſe ſignifies not deſire or inclination, but remembrance, yet I ſuppoſe this is the true original of the expreſſion.

P. 197. *Oh! excellent motion*, &c.] I think this paſſage requires a note, as every reader does not know, that *motion*, in the language of *Shakeſpeare*'s days, ſignifies

puppet. In *Ben. Jonſon's Bartholomew Fair*, it is frequently uſed in that ſenſe, or perhaps, to ſignify a puppy; the maſter whereof properly be ſaid to be an inter, as being the exof the inarticulate lanf the actors: the ſpeech ervant is an alluſion to ctice, and he means to t *Silvia* is a puppet, and *rpretine* is to interpret to, *for* her.

Mr. HAWKINS.

8. Here *Silvia* calls r *ſervant*.—And again, he calls him *gentle ſervant*, was the language of their lovers, at the men *Shakeſpeare* wrote, the word is no longer that ſenſe, would it not r to fix it by a note on age? Mr. HAWKINS.

7. —*St.* Nicholas *be thy d.*] That this Saint preer young ſcholars, may ered from *Knight's* life *Colet*, p. 362. For by ates of *Paul's* ſchool, ſerted, the children are to attend divine ſerthe cathedral, on his ary. The reaſon I take that the legend of this kes him to have been , while he was a boy, *bury* cathedral is a moof a boy biſhop, and it that a cuſtom formerly there, of chuſing, from he choriſters, a biſhop, ally performed the paſictions, and diſpoſed of bends as became vang his epiſcopacy, which laſted but a few days: it is thought the monument abovementioned was for ſome boy that died in office.—See the *poſthumous works of Mr.* John Gregory, 4to. Oxon.

Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 234. —*awful man.*] This, I think, ſhould be *lawful*, in oppoſition to *lawleſs* men. In judicial proceedings the word has this ſenſe. Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 276. For *zenith*, in the note, read *youth*.

P. 281. Lucio.—*'tis my familiar ſin,*
With maids to ſeem the lapwing, and to jeſt.

Tongue far from heart—] The modern editors have not taken in the whole ſimilitude here: they have taken notice of the lightneſs of a ſpark's behaviour to his miſtreſs, and compared it to the *lapwing's* hovering and fluttering flying. But the chief, of which no notice is taken, is, —*and to jeſt*. (*See* Ray's *Proverbs.*) "The *lapwing* cries, "*Tongue far from heart*," moſt, fartheſt from the neſt, *i. e.* She is, as *Shakeſpeare* has it here,

Tongue far from heart.

"The farther ſhe is from her "neſt, where her heart is with "her young ones, ſhe is the "louder, or, perhaps, all "tongue." Mr. SMITH.

Shakeſpeare has an expreſſion of the like kind, *Comedy of Errors*, act iv. ſc. iii. p. 246.

Adr. *Far from her neſt, the lapwing cries away,*
My heart prays for him, tho' my tongue do curſe.

We meet with the ſame thought in *John Lily's* comedy, intitled, *Cam-*

Campaſpe, (firſt publiſhed in 1591, act ii. ſc. ii.) from whence *Shakeſpeare* might borrow it.

Alexander to *Hephæſtion*.

Alex. "*Not with* Timoleon "*you mean, wherein you reſemble* "*the* lapwing, *who crieth moſt* "*where her neſt is not, and ſo* "*to lead me from eſpying your* "*love for* Campaſpe, *you cry* "Timoclea." Dr. GRAY.

P. 318. ——*And follies doth emmew*
As faulcon *doth the fowl.*] Qu. *faulconer*. Dr. GRAY.

P. 328. Lucio. —*ha? what ſay'ſt thou trot?*] It ſhould be read, I think, *what ſay'ſt thou to't?* the word *trot* being ſeldom (if ever) uſed to a man.

Old *trot* or *trat*, ſignifies a decrepit old woman, or an old *drab*. In which ſenſe it is uſed by *Gawin Douglas*, *Virgil's Ænead*, book iv.

"*Out on the* old trat, *agit wyffe, or dame.*"
Dr. GRAY.

Trot, or as it is now often pronounced *honeſt trout*, is a familiar addreſs to a man among the provincial vulgar.

P. 331, *Clackdiſh.*] The beggars, two or three centuries ago, uſed to proclaim their want by a wooden diſh, with a moveable cover, which they clacked, to ſhew that their veſſel was empty. This appears in a paſſage quoted on another occaſion by Dr. *Gray*.

P. 336. The *Reviſal* reads thus,

How may ſuch *likeneſs* trade *in crimes,*
Making practice on the times,
To *draw with idle ſpider's ſtrings*
Moſt ponderous and ſubſtantial things;

meaning by *ponderous and ſubſtantial things*, pleaſure and wealth.

P. 342. Clown. *Sir it is a miſtery*, &c.] If Mr. *Warburton* had attended to the argument by which *Bawd* proves his own profeſſion to be a miſtery, he would not have been driven to take refuge in the groundleſs ſuppoſition, "that part of the dialogue "had been loſt or dropped."

The argument of the *Hangman* is exactly ſimilar to that of the *Bawd*. As the latter puts in his claim to the whores, as members of his occupation, and, in virtue of their painting, would enroll his own fraternity in the miſtery of painters; ſo the former equally lays claim to the thieves, as members of his occupation, and, in their right, endeavours to rank his brethren, the hangmen, under the miſtery of fitters of apparel, or taylors. The reading of the old editions is therefore undoubtedly right; except that the laſt ſpeech, which makes part of the *Hangman's* argument, is by miſtake, as the reader's own ſagacity will readily perceive, given to the *Clown*, or *Bawd*. I ſuppoſe, therefore, the poet gave us the whole thus:

"Whor. *Sir, it is a miſtery.*
"Clown. *Proof*—
"Whor. *Every true man's* "*apparel fits your thief: If it be* "*too little for your thief, your* "*true man thinks it big enough.* "*If it be too big for your thief,*
"*your*

" *your thief thinks it little enough,*
" *ſo every true man's apparel fits*
" *your thief.*"

I muſt do Mr. *Warburton* the juſtice to acknowledge, that he hath rightly apprehended, and explained the force of the *Hangman*'s argument. REVISAL.

P. 345.—*that ſpirit's poſſeſt with haſte,*
That wounds the unſifting *portal with theſe ſtrokes.*] Such is the reading of the original copy, from which later editors have coined *unreſiſting*, and *unreſting*. I believe that the true word is *unliſtening*, the *deaf* portal.

P. 349. *Tie the beard.*] The *Reviſal* recommends Mr. *Simpſon*'s emendation, *die* the beard; the preſent reading may well ſtand.

P. 369. *Informal women.*] I think, upon further enquiry, that *informal* ſignifies *incompetent, not qualified to give teſtimony.*

Of this uſe I think there are precedents to be found, though I cannot now recover them.

P. 323. —*there is the* Count Palatine.] I make no doubt but the *Count Palatine* was ſome character notorious in *Shakeſpeare*'s time. When Sir *Epicure Mammon*, in the *Alchemiſt*, is promiſing *Face* what great things he will do for him, he ſays, *he ſhall be a Count*, and adds ſlily, *ay, a* Count Palatine. The editor of *Johnſon* has taken no notice at all of the paſſage, nor obſerves that the latter part of the line ſhould be ſpoken aſide, which the character of Sir *Epicure* would have juſtified him in doing. Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 406.—*Try concluſions.*] Two of the quarto's read *confuſions*, which is certainly right, becauſe the firſt thing *Launce* does, is to *confuſe* his father by the directions he gives him.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 408. —*Your child that ſhall be.*] *Launce*, by *your child that ſhall be*, means, that his duty to his father ſhall, for the future, ſhew him to be his child. It was rather become neceſſary for him to ſay ſomething of that ſort, after all the tricks he had been playing him.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 416. Laun. *Then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on* Black Monday *laſt.*] *Black Monday* " is a moveable " day, it is *Eaſter Monday*, and " was ſo called on this occaſion. " In the 34th of *Edward* III. " (1360) the 14th of *April*, " and the morrow after *Eaſter-* " *day*, king *Edward*, with his " hoſt, lay before the city of " *Paris*; which day was full " dark of miſt and hail, and ſo " bitter cold, that many men " died on their horſes backs " with the cold. Wherefore, " unto this day, it hath been " called the *Blacke-Monday.*" *Stowe*, p. 264—6. Dr. GRAY.

P. 424.—*Your mind of love.*] This imaginary corruption is removed by only putting a comma after *mind*. Mr. LANGTON.

P. 446. *Whoſe ſouls do bear an equal yoke of love.*] " *An* " egal *yoke of love.*" Fol. 1632. *Egal*, I believe, in *Shakeſpeare*'s time, was commonly uſed for *equal.*

So it was in *Chaucer*'s.

" Aye to compare unto thyne
" excellence,
" I will preſume hym ſo to
" dignifie,
" Yet be not *egall*."

Prologue to the Remedy of Love. So in *Gorbodac*.

" Sith all as one do bear you
" *egall* faith." Dr. GRAY.

P. 454. Read thus;

—*cannot contain their urine.*
For affections,
Maſters of paſſion, ſway it to the mood
Of what it likes or loaths.

As for *affection*, thoſe that know to operate upon the paſſions of men, rule it by making it operate in obedience to the notes which pleaſe or diſguſt it.

P. 454. *Woolen bagpipe.*] This paſſage is clear from all difficulty, if we read *ſwoln bagpipe*; which, that we ſhould, I have not the leaſt doubt.

Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 488. *The Merchant of Venice.*] The antient ballad, on which the greater part of this play is probably founded, has been mentioned in *Obſervations on the Fairy Queen*, I. 129. *Shakeſpeare*'s track of reading may be traced in the common books and popular ſtories of the times, from which he manifeſtly derived moſt of his plots. Hiſtorical ſongs, then very faſhionable, often ſuggeſted and recommended a ſubject. Many of his incidental alluſions alſo relate to pieces of this kind; which are now grown valuable on this account only, and would otherwiſe have been deſervedly forgotten. A ballad is ſtill remaining on the ſubject of *Romeo* and *Juliet*, which, by the date appears to be much older than *Shakeſpeare*'s time. It is remarkable, that all the particulars in which that play differs from the ſtory in *Bandello*, are found in this ballad. But it may be ſaid, that he copied this ſtory as it ſtands in *Paynter*'s *Pallace of Pleaſure*, 1567, where there is the ſame variation of circumſtances. This, however, ſhews us that *Shakeſpeare* did not firſt alter the original ſtory for the worſe, and is at leaſt a preſumptive proof that he never ſaw the *Italian*.

Shakeſpeare alludes to the tale of king *Cophetua and the beggar*, more than once. This was a *ballad*; the oldeſt copy of which, that I have ſeen, is in " *A crowne* " *garland of golden roſes gathered* " *out of* England's *royall gar-* " *den*, 1612." The collector of this miſcellany was *Richard Johnſon*, who compiled, from various romances, THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS. This ſtory of *Cophetua* was in high vogue, as appears from our author's manner of introducing it in *Love's Labour loſt*, Act iv. ſc. i. As likewiſe from *John Marſton*'s Satires, called the *Scourge of Villanie*, printed 1598, viz.

Go buy ſome ballad of the fairy king,
And *of the* BEGGAR WENCH
ſome regie thing. Sign. B. 2.

The firſt ſtanza of the ballad begins thus,

I read, that once in *Africa*
A prince that there did raine,
Who had to name *Cophetua*,
As poets they do faine, &c.

The

ince, or king, falls in ith a female beggar, ie ſees accidentally from dows of his palace, and ds marries her. [*Sign.*

The ſong, cited at by the learned Dr. *Gray*, ſubject, is evidently ſpu- ind much more modern *hakeſpeare*'s time. The *ophetua* is not once men- n it. *Notes on* Shak. vol. 7.

ever, I ſuſpect, there is ore genuine copy than 1612, which I before ed. But this point may haps, adjuſted by an in- enquirer into our old literature, who is now ng a curious collection nt ballads, which will e many paſſages in *Shake-*

ubt not but he re- the hint of writing on *ar* from a Ballad of that

But in moſt of his l plays he copies from *Hollin ſhead*, and *Stowe*, ning hiſtorians of that nd although theſe chro- were then univerſally and read, he did not to tranſcribe their mate- th the moſt circumſtan- uteneſs. For this he could not eſcape an oblique ſtroke of ſatire from his envious friend, *Ben Johnſon*, in the comedy called, *The Devil's an Aſs*, Act ii. ſc. iv.

" *Fitz-dot. Thomas* of *Wood-* " *ſtock*, I'm ſure, was duke: and " he was made away at *Calice*, " as duke *Humfrey* was at *Bury*. " And *Richard the Third*, you " know what end he came to.

" *Meer-er.* By my faith, you're " cunning in the *Chronicle*.

" *Fitz dot.* No. I confeſs, I " ha't from the *play-books*, and " think they're more authen- " tick."

In *Antony Wood*'s collection of ballads, in the *Aſhmolean Muſe- um*, I find one with the following title. " The lamentable and " tragical hiſtorie of *Titus An-* " *dronicus*, with the fall of his " five and twenty ſons in the " wars with the *Goths*, with the " murder of his daughter *La-* " *vinia*, by the empreſſes two " ſons, through the means of a " bloody *Moor* taken by the " ſword of *Titus* in the war: his " revenge upon their cruell and " inhumane acte."

" You noble minds, and fa- " mous martial wights."

The uſe which *Shakeſpeare* might make of this piece is obvious.

Mr. WARTON.

OTES to the SECOND VOLUME.

:. *Unqueſtionable ſpirit.*] not mean unwilling to erſed with?

Mr. CHAMIER.

:. In the note, for *ar- ark*, read *hollow mark*.

P. 92. The *Reviſal* juſtly obſerves, that *the affair of poiſon- ing* Overbury *did not break out till* 161[illegible] *long after* Shakeſpeare *had left the Stage*.

P. 93. *And you fair ſiſter.*]

Oliver ſpeaks to her in the character ſhe has aſſumed, of a woman courted by *Orlando* his brother. Mr. CHAMIER.

P. 97. The ſame tranſpoſition of theſe ſtanzas is made by Dr. *Thirlby*, in a copy containing ſome notes on the margin, which I have peruſed by the favour of the Honourable Sir *Edward Walpole*.

P. 114. Read,

Too much to know, is to know nought, but fame;
And every Godfather can give a name.

That is, *too much knowledge gives only fame, a name which every Godfather can give likewiſe.*

P. 125. Moth. —*And how eaſy is it to put years to the word three, and ſtudy three years in two words, the dancing horſe will tell you.*] *Banks's horſe*, which plaid many remarkable pranks. Sir *Walter Raleigh* (*Hiſtory of the World*, firſt part, p. 178.) ſays "If "*Banks* had lived in older times, "he would have ſhamed all the "inchanters in the world: for "whoſoever was moſt famous "among them, could never "maſter, or inſtruct any beaſt "as he did his horſe." And Sir *Kenelm Digby* (*a Treatiſe of Bodies*, chap. 38. p. 393.) obſerves, "That this horſe would "reſtore a glove to the due "owner, after the maſter had "whiſpered the man's name in "his ear; would tell the juſt "number of pence in any piece "of ſilver coin, newly ſhewed "him by his maſter; and even "obey preſently his command, "in diſcharging himſelf of his "excrements, whenſoever he had "bade him." Dr. GRAY.

P. 130. In the note, for *chapman he*, read *chapman here.*

P. 140. Moth. *Maſter will you win your love with a* French *brawl?*] *Maſter*, not in folio 1632. A *brawl*, a kind of dance. Dr. GRAY.

P. 151. For the *King* and *Beggar*, ſee Mr. *Percy*'s collection of ballads.

P. 157. *And ſuch barren plants are ſet before us*, &c.] The length of theſe lines was no novelty on the *Engliſh* ſtage. The moralities afford ſcenes of the like meaſure.

P. 176. *Teaches ſuch beauty.*] The ſenſe is plain without correction. A lady's eye gives a fuller notion of beauty than any authour.

P. 197. Roſ. *Well, better wits have worn plain ſtatute caps.*] *Woollen caps* were enjoined by act of parliament, in the year 1571, 13th Queen *Elizabeth*: "Beſides the bills paſſed into acts "this parliament, there was one "which I judge not amiſs to be "taken notice of—it concerned "the Queen's care for employment for her poor ſort of ſubjects. It was for continuance "of making and wearing woollen caps, in behalf of the trade "of cappers; providing, that "all above the age of ſix years, "(except the nobility and ſome "others) ſhould on *Sabbath-days*, "and *holy days*, wear caps of "wool, knit, thicked, and dreſt "in *England*, upon penalty of "ten groats." Dr. GRAY.

I think

I think my own interpretation of this paſſage right.

P. 200. "*This is the flower*
"*that ſmiles on every one,*
"*To ſhew his teeth as white as*
"*whales bone.*"] *As white as whales bone*, is a proverbial compariſon in the old poets. In the *Fairy Queen*, b. iii. c. i. ſt. 15.

"Whoſe face did ſeem as clear
"as cryſtal ſtone,
"And eke, through feare, *as*
"*white as whales bone.*"

And in *Tuberville*'s Poems, printed in the year 1570, is an ode intitled, "*In Praiſe of Ladie* P."

"Her mouth ſo ſmall, her
"teeth ſo white,
"As any *whale his bone*;
"Her lips without ſo lively
"red,
"That paſſe the corall
"ſtone."

And in L. *Surrey*, fol. 14. edit. 1567.

"I might perceive a wolf, *as*
"*white as whales bone.*
"A fairer beaſt of freſher hue,
"beheld I never none."

Again, in the old romance of *Syr Degore*.

"The Kyng had no chyldren,
"but one,
"A daughter, *as white as*
"*whales bone.*

Skelton joins the *whales bone* with the brighteſt precious ſtones, in deſcribing the poſition of *Pallas*.

"A hundred ſteppes mount-
"ing to the halle,
"One of jaſper, another of
"*whales bone*;
"Of diamantes pointed by
"the rokky walle."

Crowne of Lawrell, p. 24. edit. 1736. Mr. WARTON.

P. 206. *Knew my Lady's foot by th' Squier.*] *Eſquierre*, French, a *rule* or *ſquare*.

REVISAL.

P. 215. Boyet. *True, and it was enjoyn'd him in* Rome *for want of linnen*, &c.] This is a plain reference to the following ſtory in *Stow*'s *Annals*, p. 98. (in the time of *Edward the Confeſſor*.) "Next after this (king "*Edward*'s firſt cure of the *king's* "*evil*) mine authors affirm, that "a certain man, named *Vſfunius* "*Spileorne*, the ſon of *Ulmore* of "*Nutgarſhall*, who, when he "hewed timber in the wood of "*Brutheullena*, laying him down "to ſleep after his ſore labour, "the blood and humours of his "head ſo congealed about his "eyes, that he was thereof blind, "for the ſpace of nineteen years; "but then (as he had been "moved in his ſleep) he *went* "*woolward* and bare footed to "many churches, in every of "them to pray to God for help "in his blindneſs." Dr. GRAY.

P. 217. *We to ourſelves prove falſe.*] The preſent reading may ſtand as well as that which I have ſubſtituted.

P. 223. *Keel the pot.*] This word is yet in uſe in *Ireland*, and ſignifies to *ſcum the pot*.

Mr. GOLDSMITH.

P. 235. ——*that may blow*
No ſneaping winds.] The ſame as *may there blow*. A galliciſm.

P. 242. Leo. ——*Mine beſt friend,*
Will you take eggs for money?] The meaning of which is, Will you put up affronts? The *French* have a proverbial ſaying, *A qui vendez vous coquilles?* i. e. whom

do you deſign to affront? *Mamillius*'s anſwer plainly proves it.

Mam. *No, my lord, I'll fight.*

Mr. SMITH.

P. 251. The *vice* is an inſtrument well known; its operation is to hold things together.

The *Reviſal* reads, to *'ntice you to't.* I think not rightly.

P. 259. *I would land-dam him.*] Sir *T. H.* interprets, *ſtop his urine.* Was *Antigonus* then his phyſician, or a wizard, to have, what he ſays he would do, in his power? *Antigonus* was a *Sicilian* lord, who might *land-dam* him in one ſenſe, that is *confine him.*

If it had been ſpelt *damn*, I ſhould have thought he might have meant, he *would procure ſentence to be paſſed on him here on earth*; or *to interdict him the uſe of earth, one of the elements, which interdiction was always included in a formal curſe.*

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 260. In the margin, for *ſinking* read *ſtriking.*

ib. *And I had rather glib myſelf, than they*

Should not produce fair iſſue.] For *glib*, I think we ſhould read *lib*, which in the *Northern* language, is the ſame with *geld.*

In the *Court Beggar*, by Mr. *Richard Broome*, act iv. the word *lib* is uſed in this ſenſe. "He "can ſing a charm (he ſays) "ſhall make you feel no pain "in your *libbing*, nor after it: "no tooth-drawer, nor corn-"cutter did ever work with ſo "little feeling to a patient."

Dr. GRAY.

P. 276. ——*ſince he came,*

With what encounter ſo uncurrent I

Have ſtrain'd *to appear thus;*] I am always willing to ſupport an old reading, if any reaſon can be found for doing ſo. The ſenſe ſeems to be this: *With what encounter ſo uncurrent have I* caught a wrench in my character *to appear thus* to you.

——*a noble nature*

May catch a wrench.——

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 289. For *her* periods, read *his* periods.

P. 293. *My traffick is ſheets, when the kite builds look to leſſer linen.*] The meaning, I believe, is, *I leave ſmall linen for the kite to line her neſt with.*

P. 300. *Grace and remembrance.*] *Rue* was called *herb of grace. Roſemary* was the emblem of remembrance; I know not why, unleſs becauſe it was carried at funerals.

P. 302. ——*violets dim*

But ſweeter than the lids of Juno's *eyes.*] Sweeter than an eye-lid is an odd image.

JOHNSON.

Was it not the faſhion formerly to kiſs the eyes, as a mark of extraordinary tenderneſs? I think I have ſomewhere met with an account of the firſt reception one of our kings gave to his queen, where he is ſaid *to have kiſſed her fair eyes.* Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 306. Clo. —*Clamour your tongues,*

And not a word more.] The word *clamour*, when applied to bells, does not ſignify in *Shakeſpeare* a ceaſing, but a continued ringing.

Thus

Thus uſed in his play, intitled, *Much ado about Nothing*, act v. ſc. vii. vol. ii. p. 86.

Benedick. ——— "If a man
"Do not erect in this age his
"own tomb e'er he dies,
"He ſhall not live no longer
"in monument than the
"Bells ring, and the widow
"weeps.

Beatrice. "And how long is
"that think you?

Benedick. "Queſtion; Why
"an hour in *clamour*,
"And a quarter in rheum."

But I ſhould rather imagine, he wrote *charm your tongues*, as Sir *Thomas Hanmer* has altered it, as he uſes the expreſſion, third part of *King Henry the Sixth*, act v. ſc. vi.

K. Ed. "Peace, wilful boy, or
"I will *charm your tongue*."

And in *Othello, Moor of Venice*, act. v. ſc. viii. p. 397.

Iago. "Miſtreſs, go to, *charm*
"your tongue.

Emilia. "I will not *charm* my
"tongue, I am bound to
"ſpeak;
"My miſtreſs lies here mur-
"dered in her bed."

We meet with the like expreſſion, and in the ſame ſenſe, in *Ben. Johnſon, Cynthia's Revels*, act i. ſc. i.

Mercurio. "How now my dan-
"cing braggart, *in decimo ſexto*;
"*charm* your *ſkipping tongue*, or
"I'll—— Dr. GRAY.

P. 307. *You promiſed me a tawdry lace and a pair of ſweet gloves.*] *Tawdry lace* is thus deſcribed in *Skinner*, by his friend Dr. *Henſhawe*. "*Tawdrie lace*,
"aſtrigmenta, timbriæ, ſeu fa-
"ſciolæ, emptæ *Nundinis* Sæ.
"*Etheldredæ* celebratis: Ut rec-
"te monet Doc. *Thomas Hen-*
"*ſhawe*." Etymol. in *voce*. We find it in *Spenſer's Paſtorals, Aprill.*

And gird in your waſte,
For more fineneſſe, with a
tawdrie lace.

As to the other preſent, promiſed by *Camillo* to *Mopſa*, of ſweet, or perfumed gloves, they were frequently mentioned by *Shakeſpeare*, and were very faſhionable in the age of *Elizabeth*, and long afterwards. Thus *Autolicus*, in the ſong juſt preceding this paſſage, offers to ſale,

Gloves as ſweet as damaſk
roſes.

Stowe's Continuator, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the *Engliſh* could not "make any coſt-
"ly waſh or perfume, until a-
"bout the fourteenth or fif-
"teenth of the queene [*Eliza-*
"*beth*], the right honourable
"*Edward Vere* earle of *Oxford*
"came from *Italy*, and brought
"him with gloves, ſweet
"bagges, a perfumed leather
"jerkin, and other pleaſant
"thinges: and that yeare the
"queene had a payre of *per-*
"*fumed gloves* trimmed onlie
"with foure tuftes, or roſes, of
"cullered ſilke. The queene
"tooke ſuch pleaſure in thoſe
"gloves, that ſhee was pictured
"with thoſe gloves upon her
"hands: and for many yeers
"after it was called *the erle of*
"*Oxfordes perfume*." *Stowe's Annals* by *Howes*, edit. 1614. p. 868. col. 2. In the annual accounts of a college in *Oxford*, anno 1630, is this article, *ſolut. pro fumigandis chirothecis.*

Mr. WARTON.

APPENDIX to VOL. II.

P. 312. *Diſpute his own eſtate.*] Does not this allude to the next heir ſueing for the eſtate in caſes of imbecillity, lunacy, &c.

Mr. CHAMIER.

P. 320. Autolicus. —*I have Sold all my trumpery, not a counterfeit ſtone, Not a ribbon, glaſs, pomander.*] A *pomander* was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague.

In a tract, intitled, *Certain neceſſary directions, as well for curing the plague, as for preventing infection*, printed 1636, there are directions for making two ſorts of *pomanders*, one for the rich and another for the poor.

Dr. GRAY.

P. 323. Pedler's *excrement*, is pedler's *beard*.

P. 324. *Therefore they do not give us the lye.*] The meaning is, they are paid for lying, therefore they do not *give* us the lye; they *ſell* it us.

P. 330. *Where we offend her new.*] The *Reviſal* reads, *Were* we *offenders* new. Very reaſonably.

P. 380. *By my troth the fool has an excellent breaſt.*] That is, he has an excellent *voice*. It was propoſed to *Theobald* to read *breath* for *breaſt*. *Theobald*'s reaſons for retaining *breaſt*, may be corroborated from the following paſſage in the ſtatutes given to *Stoke College* by archbiſhop *Parker* 1535: "Of which ſaid queriſters, after their *breaſts* are "changed, we will, the moſt "apt be helpen with exhibition "of forty ſhillings, &c." *Strype*'s life of *Parker*, p. 9. That is, the boys when their *voices* were changed, or broke, and conſequently rendered unſerviceable to the choir, were to be removed to the univerſity. Mr. WARTON.

P. 384. The *ſheward* might in theſe days wear a *chain* as a badge of office, or mark of dignity; and the method of cleaning a chain, or any gilt plate, is by rubbing it with crums. Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 390. For *imphatical* read *emphatical*.

P. 392. *The lady of the ſtrachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.*] *Stracchio* (ſee *Torriano*'s and *Altieri*'s *Italian Dictionaries*, under the letters T I K A,) ſignifies rags, clouts and tatters. And *Torriano*, in the grammar at the end of his dictionary, ſays, that *ſtraccio* was pronounced *ſtratchy*. So that it is probable, that *Shakeſpeare*'s meaning was this, that the chief lady of the queen's wardrobe had married a yeoman of the king's, who was vaſtly inferior to her. Mr. SMITH.

P. 393. —*how now, my nettle of* India?] The poet muſt here mean a plant called the *urtica marina*, abounding in the *Indian* ſeas. "Quæ tacta totius "corporis pruritum quendam ex"citat, unde nomen *urticæ* eſt "ſortita. *Wolfgan. Hiſt. Animal.* "*Urticæ marinæ* omnes pru"ritum quendam movent, & "acrimoniâ ſuâ *venerem* extinc"tam & ſopitam excitant. *Johnſton's Hiſt. Nat. de Evang. Aquat.* p. 56.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 399. *Tray-trip.*] I am almoſt certain that *tray-trip* was a

game then in faſhion, as I have ſomewhere read among the commendations of a young nobleman, that *he was good at the game of* try-trip, or *tray-trip*.

I am not ſufficiently acquainted with the characters of the two perſons, to be able to ſay, ſuppoſing the game to be called *try trip*, which may be the ſame as wreſtling, whether either of them had courage enough to have given ſuch a challenge.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 429. Clown. *Nay, I am for all maſters.*] *i. e.* a cloak for all kinds of knavery; taken from the *Italian* proverb, *Tu bai mantillo da ogni acqua.*

Mr. SMITH.

P. 431. *Are you not mad*, &c.] The reading may ſtand, and the ſenſe continue ſuch as I have given in the note.

P. 441. *Sir* To. *Then he's a rogue, and a paſt meaſure pai-ſim.*] *Then he's a rogue, after a paſſy-meaſure pavin*, folio 1632, and probably right, being an alluſion to the quick meaſure of the *pavin*, a dance in *Shakeſpeare*'s time.

Dr. GRAY.

P. 452. Evans. *The dozen white louſes do become an old coat well*, &c.

Shallow. *The luce is the freſh fiſh, the ſalt fiſh is an old coat.*] *Shakeſpeare* by hinting that the arms of the *Shallows* and the *Lucys* were the ſame, ſhews he could not forget his old friend Sir *Thomas Lucy*, pointing at him under the character of *Juſtice Shallow*. But to put the matter out of all doubt, *Shakeſpeare* has here given us a diſtinguiſhing mark, whereby it appears, that Sir *Thomas* was the very perſon repreſented by *Shallow*. To ſet blundering parſon *Evans* right, *Shallow* tells him, The *luce* is not the *louſe*, but the *freſh fiſh*, or pike, the ſalt fiſh (indeed) is *an old coat*. The plain *Engliſh* of which is, if I am not greatly miſtaken, The family of the *Charlcott*'s had for their arms a *ſalt fiſh* originally; but when *William*, ſon of *Walter de Charlcott*, aſſumed the name of *Lucy*, in the time of *Henry* the third, he took the arms of the *Lucys*. This is not at all improbable, for we find, when *Maud Lucy* bequeathed her eſtate to the *Piercies*, it was upon condition, they joined her arms with their own. "And, ſays *Dugdale*, 'tis likely "*William de Charlcott* took the "name of *Lucy* to oblige his "mother," and I ſay farther, it is as likely he took the arms of the *Lucys* at the ſame time.

The *luce* is the *freſh fiſh* (our modern coat of arms); the *ſalt fiſh* (our ancient coat) an old coat.

Mr. SMITH.

The *luce* a *pike*, or *jack*.

"Many a fair partriche had he
"in mewe,
"And many a *breme*, and many
"a *luce* in ſtewe."

Chaucer's Prologues of the *Canterbury* Tales, 351, 52.

P. 453. Shallow. *The council ſhall hear it; it is a riot.*] He alludes to a ſtatute made in the reign of king *Henry* the fourth (13th, chap. vii.) by which it is enacted, "That the juſtices, three, "or two of them, and the ſhe-"riff, ſhall certifie before the "king, and his counſelle, all "the deeds and circumſtances "thereof,

" thereof, (namely, of the *riot*) " which certification ſhould be of " the like force as the preſent- " ment of twelve: upon which " certificate, the treſpaſſers and " offenders, ſhall be put to an- " ſwer, and they, which be " found guilty, ſhall be puniſh- " ed according to the diſcretion " of the king and counſelle."

Dr. GRAY.

P. 454. Slender. *How does your fallow greyhound? I heard ſay he was outrun on* Cotſale.] *Cotſwold*, a village in *Worceſterſhire*, or *Warwickſhire*, was famous for rural exerciſes and ſports of all ſorts. *Falſtaff*, or *Shallow*, in another place, talks of a ſtout fellow, "*Cotſwold man*, " *i. e.* one who was a native of this " very place, ſo famous for tryals " of ſtrength, activity, &c. and " conſequently, a robuſt athletic " perſon." I have ſeen a poem, or rather a collection of poems, which, I think, is called, *The Cotſwold muſe*, containing a deſcription of theſe games.

Ibid. Piſtol. *How now* Mephiſtophilus?] This is the name of a ſpirit, or familiar, in the old ſtory book of Sir *John Fauſtus*, or *John Fauſt*.

Mr. WARTON.

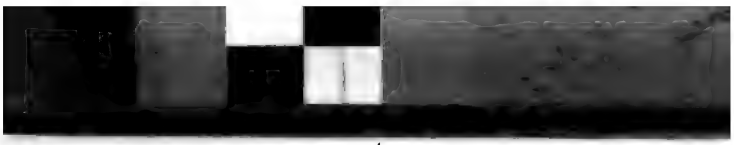
P. 463. *Let me ſee thee froth and live.*] This paſſage has paſſed throu h all the editions without ſuſpicion of being corrupted; but the reading of the old quartos of 1602, and 1619, *Let me ſee the froth and lyme*, I take to be the true one. The hoſt calls for an immediate ſpecimen of *Bardolph*'s abilities, as a tapſter; and *frothing* beer and *liming* ſack were tricks in practice in *Shakeſpeare*'s time; the one was done by putting ſoap into the bottom of the tankard, when they drew the beer; the other, by mixing *lime* with the ſack (*i. e.* ſherry) to make it ſparkle in the glaſs. *Froth* and *live* is ſenſe; but a little forced; and to make it ſo, we muſt ſuppoſe the hoſt could gueſs, by his ſkill in doing the former, how he would ſucceed in the world. *Falſtaff* himſelf complains of *limed* ſack.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 464. *The anchor is deep.*] *Nym*, in this place, does not mean that Mrs. *Ford* reſembles a ſhip's *anchor*, but a caſk called an *anchor*, which ſmugglers make uſe of to this day, for the convenience of carrying their brandy on horſes; and ſays, *the anchor is deep*, in anſwer to *Falſtaff*'s expreſſion, that he *ſpies entertainment in her*; for what greater entertainment could *Nym* have an idea of, than was to be found in *a deep anchor*, provided the liquor it contained was to his taſte.

The word is generally ſpelt *anchor*. *Chambers* ſays it is a meaſure chiefly uſed at *Amſterdam*, and ſpells it from the *Dutch* word *anker*.

The remarks the two characters make on *Falſtaff*'s report, are the moſt proper that could be put into their mouths. *Piſtol*, who affects to borrow phraſes from literature, ſays, *he hath ſtudied her will, and tranſlated her out of honeſty into* Engliſh. *Nym*, whoſe turn it is to ſpeak next, and who loved hard drinking better



better than any thing elſe, borrows an alluſion from it, and ſays, *the anchor is deep.*

Mr. STEEVENS.

I do not think this right.

P. 467. —*Revolt of mien.*] This quaint expreſſion, in the mouth of *Nym*, ſeems to imply no more than one of the effects he has juſt aſcribed to jealouſy. He ſays, he will *poſſeſs him with yellowneſs*, and ſurely *revolt of mien*, or *change of countenance*, is one of the firſt ſymptoms of being affected by that paſſion.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 468. Simple. *He hath but a little wee face.*] *Wee* in the *Northern dialect*, ſignifies very little.

" The quene aſtonyſt ane
" little *we*
" At the firſt ſicht, behalding
" his bewte.

Gawin Douglaſs's Virgil, p. 32. edit. 1710. Dr. GRAY.

P. 468. *And vetch me in my cloſet* un boitier verd.] *Boitier*, in *French*, ſignifies a caſe of ſurgeon's inſtruments. Dr. GRAY.

P. 484. Falſtaff. (To *Nym* and *Piſtol.*) *Go, go, a ſhort knife and a thong to your manor of* Picthatch.] Part of the employment given by *Drayton*, in the *Mooncalf*, to the *Baboon*, ſeems the ſame with this recommended by *Falſtaff.*

He like a gipſy oftentimes would go,
All kinds of gibberiſh he had learnt to know,
And with a ſtick, a ſhort ſtring, and a looſe,
Would ſhew the people tricks at faſt and looſe.

Theobald has *throng* inſtead of *thong.* The latter ſeems right.

Mr. LANGTON.

P. 504. *We have linger'd*, &c.] The expreſſion of *having linger'd*, in this place, ſeems to mean no more than that *Slender* has been backward in his own addreſſes, as indeed he may be allowed to have been, as he never ventured further in his firſt interview, than to recommend himſelf obliquely to his miſtreſs; and he had declared before, that if he married her, it would be at the requeſt of *Shallow*, not promiſing himſelf any great degree of happineſs, from the part his own love would have in the affair. *Shallow* ſays, *We have*, ſpeaking in his own perſon, as well as for his friend.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 526. In the note for *lanes* read *lunes.*

P. 547. Falſtaff. *Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch, I will keep my ſides for myſelf, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walk.*] To the keeper the *ſhoulders* and *humbles* belonging as a perquiſite. Dr. GRAY.

Mr. *Reynolds* is of opinion that by the fellow of this walk is meant *Herne* the *hunter.*

P. 554. In the note, for *intelligible*, read *unintelligible.*

APPENDIX to VOL. III.

NOTES to the THIRD VOLUME.

P. 5. BRACH *Merriman, the poor cur is emboſt,*
And couple Clouder with the deep mouth'd BRACH.] Here, ſays *Pope*, *brach* ſignifies a degenerate hound: But *Edwards* explains it a hound in general.

That the latter of theſe criticks is right, will appear from the uſe of the word *brach* in Sir *T. More's* Comfort againſt Tribulation, book iii, ch. 24. "Here it "muſt be known of ſome men "that can ſkill of hunting, whe-"ther that we miſtake not our "terms, for then we are utterly "aſhamed, as ye wott well.—"And I am ſo cunning, that I "cannot tell, whether among "them a bitche be a bitche or no; "but as I remember ſhe is no "bitche but a *brache*." The meaning of the latter part of the paragraph ſeems to be, "I am ſo "little ſkilled in hunting, that "I can hardly tell whether a "bitch be a bitch or not: my "judgment goes no further "than juſt to direct me to call "either dog or bitch by their "general name — Hound." I am aware that *Spelman* acquaints his reader, that *brache* was uſed in his days for a *lurcher*, and that *Shakeſpeare* himſelf has made it a dog of a particular ſpecies

Maſtiff greyhound, mungrill grim,
Hound or ſpaniel, brache or hym.

K. LEAR, act iii. ſc. v.

But it is manifeſt from the paſſage of *More* juſt cited, that it was ſometimes applied in a general ſenſe, and may therefore be ſo underſtood in the paſſage before us; and it may be added, that *brache* appears to be uſed in the ſame ſenſe, by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*. "*A.* Is that your Bro-"ther? *E.* Yes: have you loſt "your memory? *A.* As I live he "is a pretty fellow: *Y.* O this is "a ſweet *brache!*" *Scornful Lady*, act i. ſc. i.

Inſtead of *brache*, *Hanmer* reads, *leech Merriman*.

Mr. WARTON.

P. 15. *Padua* is a city of *Lombardy*, therefore Mr. *Theobald's* emendation is wrong.

REVISAL.

The old reading may ſtand.

P. 30. *Have I not in pitch-ed battle heard*
Loud larums, neighing ſteeds, and trumpets clang?] Probably the word *clang* is here uſed adjectively, as in the *Paradiſe Loſt*, b. xi. v. 829, and not as a verb.

——An iſland ſalt and bare,
The haunt of ſeals, and ores, and ſea-mews, *clang*.

Mr. WARTON.

P. 45. *My land amounts to but ſo much in all.*] The old reading was right, his land amounted but to ſo much, but he ſupplied the deficiency with an Argoſie, or ſhip of great value. REVISAL.

P. 52. *Paſt cure of the fives.*] So called in the *Weſtern* part of *England*. *Vives* elſewhere, and *avives* by the *French*. A diſtemper in horſes, little differing from the ſtrangles.

Id. ib. *Infected with the faſhions.*] So called in the *Weſt*

Weſt of *England*, but by the beſt writers on farriery, *farcins*, or *farcy*. Dr. GRAY.

P. 61. *Be the* Jacks *fair within, the* Jills *fair without.*] Dr. *Warburton* ſeems to have made one blunder here, while he is cenſuring Sir *T. H.* for another.

Warburton explains it thus, Are the drinking veſſels clean, and the maids dreſt?

Hanmer alters the text thus, *Are the* Jacks *fair without, the* Jills *fair within?* This ſeems to mean, Are the men, who are waiting without the houſe, for my maſter, dreſs'd, and the maids, who are waiting within, dreſs'd too?

The joke here intended is only a play upon the words of *Jack* and *Jill*, which ſignify *two drinking meaſures*, as well as *men* and *maids*; the diſtinction made in the queſtion concerning them was owing to this; the *jacks* being made of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outſide, but were very apt to contract foulneſs within; whereas the *jills*, being of pewter, were to be kept bright on the outſide, and, as they were of metal, were not liable to dirt on the inſide, like the leather.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 64. In the note, dele *good.*

P. 99. For *nevel* narrative, read *real* narrative.

P. 116. *I ſee the jewel beſt enamel'd*, &c.] The *Reviſal* reads thus,

——Yet the gold 'bides ſtill
That others touch, *though* often touching will
Wear gold, and *ſo a* man that hath a name,
By falſehood and corruption doth it ſhame.

P. 121. *I live diſtain'd*, &c.] The *Reviſal* reads, I live *diſtained*, then *diſhonour'd.*

I am in doubt.

P. 130. In the note, for *caſting*, read *laſting.*

P. 142. S. Dormio. *A back friend, a ſhoulder clapper, one that commands the paſſage of allies, creeks, and narrow lands.*] It ſhould be written, I think, *narrow lanes*, as he has the ſame expreſſion, *Richard* II. Act 5. Sc. vi. p. 82.

" Enquire at *London* 'mong
" the taverns there,
" For there, they ſay, he
" daily doth frequent
" With unreſtrained, looſe
" companions,
" Even ſuch, they ſay, as
" ſtand in *narrow lanes.*"

Dr. GRAY.

P. 142. *Draws dry-foot well.*] *Ben. Johnſon* has the like expreſſion, *Every Man in his Humour*, act ii. ſc. iv. " Well, the " truth is, my old maſter intends " to follow my young *dry-foot* " over *Moor-fields* to *London* this " morning; now I knowing of " this hunting match, *&c.*"

To draw *dry-foot*, is when the dog purſues the game by the ſcent of their foot; for which the blood-hound is famed.

Dr. GRAY.

P. 175. *—challeng'd* Cupid *at the bird bolt.*] To challenge at the bird bolt, does not ſeem to mean the ſame as to challenge at children's archery with ſmall arrows, ſuch as are diſcharged at birds,

birds, but means, as *Benedick* had dared *Cupid* to the uſe of his own arrows, which we ſuppoſe to be the moſt pointed and miſchievous of any in the world, the fool, to laugh at him, accepts the challenge for *Cupid*, but propoſes the uſe of bird bolts in their room, which are ſhort thick arrows of about a foot long, and have no points, but ſpread near the end, ſo as to leave a flat ſurface of about the ſize of a ſhilling, and are to this day in uſe to kill rooks with, and are ſhot from a croſs bow.

Tho' lady *Olivia* oppoſes a bird bolt to a cannon, ſhe does not ſurely mean to compare the lighteſt with the heavieſt of weapons, becauſe a bird bolt is not light enough to allow of the compariſon. There are ſigns in *London* where the ſhape of the bolt is preſerved. Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 190. In the note, for *triſling*, read *trying*.

P. 192. *Speak low if you ſpeak love.*] This ſpeech, which is given to *Pedro*, ſhould be given to *Margaret*. REVISAL.

P. 206. Pedro. *See you where* Benedick *hath hid himſelf?*

Claudio. *Very well my Lord, the muſick ended, we'll fit the kid-fox with a penniworth.*] i. e. we will be even with the fox, now diſcovered. So the word *kid*, or *kidde*, ſignifies in *Chaucer*,

" The ſothfaſtneſs that now is
" hid,
" Without coverture ſhall be
" kid.
" When I undoen have this
" dreming."

Romaunt of the Roſe, 2171, &c.

" Perceiv'd or ſhew'd.
" He kidde anon his bone was
" not broken."

Troilus and *Creſſeide*, lib. i. 208.

" With that anon ſterte out
" daungere,
" Out of the place where he
" was hidde,
" His malice in his cheere
" was kidde."

Romaunt of the Roſe, 2130.

Dr. GRAY.

P. 267. *Thoſe that ſlew thy virgin knight*] In the old books of chivalry a *virgin knight* ſignifies one who had yet atchieved no adventure. *Hero* had certainly atchieved no matrimonial one. Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 283. *—ſome ſtain of ſoldier.*] *Stain*, for colour. *Parolles* was in red, as appears from his being afterwards called, red-tailed humble bee. WARBURTON.

It does not appear from either of theſe expreſſions, that *Parolles* was entirely dreſt in red. *Shakeſpeare* writes only *ſome* ſtain of ſoldier, meaning he had only *red breeches on*, which is ſufficiently evident, from calling him afterwards *red-tailed* humble bee. Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 297. For *ſurplus*, read *ſurplice*.

P. 309. *——I have ſeen a medicine*
That's able to breath life into a ſtone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary.] Mr. *Richard Broome*, in his comedy, intitled, *The City Wit*, or *The Woman wears the Breeches*, act iv. ſc. i. mentions this among other dances.

" As for *corantoes*, *levoltos*,
" jigs, meaſures, *pavins*, brawls,
" galliards, or *canaries*; I ſpeak
" it

" it not ſwellingly, but I ſub-
" ſcribe to no man." Dr. GRAY.

P. 329. Parolles. *He wears his honour in a box, unſeen,*
That bŭgs his kickſi-wickſy here at home.] Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, in his *Gloſſary*, obſerves, that *kickſy-wickſy* is a made word, in ridicule and diſdain of a wife. *Taylor*, the water poet, has a *poem* in diſdain of his *debtors*, intitled, *A kickſy winſy*, or *A Lerry come Twang*. Dr. GRAY.

P. 341. For *piercing*, read *piecing* air.

P. 361. *If I ſhould ſwear by* Jove's *great attributes.*] In the print of the old folio, it is doubtful whether it is *Jove*'s or *Love*'s, the characters being not diſtinguiſhable. If it is read *Love*'s, perhaps it may be ſomething leſs difficult. I am ſtill at a loſs.

P. 372. *Pox on him he is a cat ſtill.*] Mr. *Johnſon* has explained this paſſage thus, *Throw him how you will, he lights upon his legs.*

Bertram means no ſuch thing. In a ſpeech or two before, he declares his averſion to a cat, and now only continues of the ſame opinion, and ſays, he hates *Parolles* as much as a cat. The other meaning will not do, as *Parolles* could not be meant by the cat which lights always on its legs, for he is now in a fair way to be totally diſconcerted.

Mr. STEEVENS.

I am ſtill of my former opinion.

P. 379. In the note, for *baggiſh*, read *waggiſh*.

P. 383. The firſt ſpeech in this page does not belong to *Lafeu* but the *Clown*. *Lafeu* enters preſently after.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 411. For have *his* hate, read, have *is* hate.

P. 423. It the note, for plague her *ſin*, read plague her *ſon*. And afterwards, for puniſh her *ſin*, read puniſh her *ſon*.

P. 443. *And hang a calves-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.*] A calf's ſkin in thoſe days was the dreſs of a fool. Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 455. Dr. *Warburton* ſays, we ſhould read (*i. e.* alter this paſſage) thus: Sound *one* unto the drowſy race of night.

I ſhould ſuppoſe *ſound on* (which is the reading of the folio) to be right. The meaning ſeems to be this; if *the midnight bell, by repeated ſtrokes, was to haſten away the race of beings that are buſy at that hour, or quicken night itſelf in its progreſs*, the morning bell (that is the bell that ſtrikes *one*) could never properly be made the agent, for the bell has ceaſed to be in the ſervice of night when it proclaims the arrival of day. *Sound on* has a peculiar propriety, becauſe by the repetition of the ſtrokes at twelve it gives a much more forcible warning than when it only ſtrikes *one*. Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 458. The *Reviſal* thinks it evident that for *modern invocation* ſhould be read *mothers invocation*. I think *modern* is uſed as it is here in other paſſages of *Shakeſpeare*.

P. 467. Arthur. *No, in good ſooth, the fire is dead with grief,*
There is no malice in this burning coal,

The

APPENDIX to VOL. IV.

The breath of heav'n hath blown its ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on its head.] *Hubert* had threatned *Arthur*, in the ſame ſcene, to put out his eyes by *fire*; *Arthur* intreats him rather to cut out his tongue, and tells him, the inſtrument, with which he intended to do it, was grown cold, and would not harm him: *Hubert* anſwers,

I can heat it, boy.

To which *Arthur* replies, in the words under conſideration; ſo that one line, I think, ſhould be read thus:

" There is no malice burning
" in this coal."

No malice in a burning coal is certainly abſurd. Dr. GRAY.

P. 476. Hubert. *My lord, they ſay five moons were ſeen to night,*
Four fix'd, and the other did whirl about
The other four, in wond'rous motion.] This incident is mentioned by few of our *Engliſh hiſtorians:* I have met with it no where, but in *Matthew* of *Weſtminſter*, and *Polydore Virgil*, with a ſmall alteration. Theſe kind of appearances were more common about that time than either before or ſince. Dr. GRAY.

P. 477. For *rereſibus* in the notes, read *receſſibus*.

NOTES to the FOURTH VOLUME.

P. 90. In the note, for *look*, read *loſe*.

P. 100. In the note, after *jar* dele comma.

P. 113. —*Three and twenty knight's,*
Balk'd in their own blood.] Of the word *balk'd* I know not any ſenſe applicable here. The *Reviſal* reads *bath'd*, and I have nothing better to offer.

P. 140. *Gads, Sirrah, if they meet not with St.* Nicholas's *clerks, I'll give thee this neck.*] Highwaymen or robbers were ſo call'd, or St. *Nicholas*'s knights.

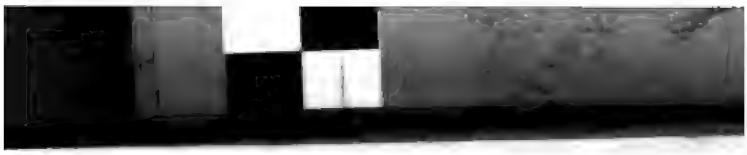
" A mandrake grown under
" ſome *heavy tree*,
" There, where St. *Nicholas*'s
" *knights* not long before
" Had dropt their fat *exungia*
" to the lee."

Glaucus Vadianus's Panegyric upon *T. Coryat*. Dr. GRAY.

P. 149. *And thus hath ſo beſtir'd thee in thy ſleep.*] To *beſtir*, is to *ſtir*, to *put into commotion*.—No emendation is neceſſary.

P. 180. *'Tis a woman's fault.*] I believe the woman's fault, of which *Hotſpur* confeſſes himſelf guilty, is not to be ſtill.

P. 190. *Falſtaff* ſays, —*Shall I not take mine eaſe in mine Inne, but I ſhall have my pocket picked.*] There is a peculiar force in theſe words. To take mine eaſe in mine Inne, was an ancient proverb, not very different in its application from that maxim, every man's houſe is his caſtle: for Inne originally ſignified *a houſe*, or *habitation*. [Sax. Inne, *domus*;



domus, domicilium.] When the word *Inne* began to change its meaning, and to be uſed to ſignify *a houſe of entertainment*, the proverb ſtill continuing in force was applied in the latter ſenſe, as it is here uſed by *Shakeſpeare*; ——or perhaps *Falſtaff* here humouroufly puns upon the word *Inne*, in order to repreſent the wrong done him the more ſtrongly.

In *John Heywood*'s Works, imprinted at *London*, 1598, 4to. black letter, is a "dialogue, "wherein are pleaſantly contriv-"ed the number of all the ef-"fectual proverbs in our *Engliſh* "tongue, *&c.* Together with "300 epigrams on 300 pro-"verbs." ——In chap. vi. is the following.

"Reſty welth willeth me the
"widow to winne,
"To let the world wagge,
"and take mine eaſe in
"mine *Inne*."

And among the epigrams is,

[26. Of eaſe in an *Inne*.]

"Thou takeſt thine eaſe in
"thine *Inne* ſo nye thee,
"That no man in his *Inne*
"can take eaſe by thee."

Otherwiſe,

"Thou takeſt thine eaſe in
"thine *Inne*, but I ſee,
"Thine *Inne* taketh neither
"eaſe nor profit by thee."

Now in the firſt of theſe diſtichs, the word *Inne* is uſed in its ancient meaning, being ſpoken by a perſon who is about to marry a widow for the ſake of a home, *&c.* In the two laſt places, *Inne* ſeems to be uſed in the ſenſe it bears at preſent.

Mr. PERCY.

P. 191. *Falſtaff* ſays to Dame *Quickly*,

——*And for woman-hood*,
Maid-Marian *may be the deputies wife of the ward to thee.*——]

In the ancient ſongs of *Robin Hood*, frequent mention is made of *Maid Marian*, who appears to have been his Concubine.—I could quote many paſſages in my old MS. to this purpoſe, but ſhall produce only one.

"In old times paſt, when
"merry men
"Did merry matters make,
"No man did greater matters
"then,
"Than *Launcelot du Lake:*
"Good *Robin Hood* was liv-
"ing then,
"Which now is quite forgot;
"And ſoe was fayre *Mayd-*
"*Maryan*,
"A pretty wench God wott,
"&c." Mr. PERCY.

P. 191. *No more truth in thee than in a drawn fox.*] That is, a fox drawn over the ground, to leave a ſcent, and keep the hounds in exerciſe, while they are not employed in a better chaſe. It is ſaid to have no truth in it, becauſe it deceives the hounds, who run with the ſame eagerneſs as if they were in purſuit of a real fox. REVISAL.

P. 199. Vernon. *All furniſh'd, all in arms,*
All plumed like oſtriches.—] *i. e.* All dreſſed like the prince himſelf. The *oſtrich feather* being the cognizance of the *Prince of Wales*. Dr. GRAY.

P. 201. *Gurnet*, as I am informed, is a fiſh, not large, but conſiderably larger than an anchovy, and we may ſuppoſe was

commonly eaten when ſous'd or pickled, in our authour's time.

P. 232. " *Enter* Rumour " *painted full of tongues.*"] This he probably drew from *Hollingſhead*'s Deſcription of a Pageant, exhibited in the court of *Henry* VIII. with uncommon coſt and magnificence. " Then entered a " perſon called *Report*, apparel- " led in crimſom ſatin, *full of* " *Toongs or Chronicles.*" vol. iii. p. 805. This, however, might be the common way of repreſenting this perſonage in his maſques, which were frequent in his own times. Mr. WARTON.

P. 300. Shall. *I remember at* Mile-end Green, *when I lay at* Clement's Inn, *I was Sir* Dagonet *in* Arthur's Shew.] *Arthur*'s *Shew* ſeems to have been a theatrical repreſentation made out of the old romance of MORTE ARTHUR, the moſt popular one of our author's age. Sir *Dagonet* is King *Arthur*'s 'ſquire. *Theobald* remarks on this paſſage, " The only intelligence I have " glean'd of this worthy knight " (Sir *Dagonet*) is from *Beaumont* " and *Fletcher*, in their *Knight* " *of the Burning Peſtle.*"

The commentators on *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, have not obſerved, that the deſign and humour of that play is founded upon a comedy called, " The *four Pren-* " *tices of London, with the con-* " *queſt of Jeruſalem; as it hath* " *been diverſe times acted at the* " *Red Bull, by the queen's maje-* " *ſties ſervants. Written by* " Thomas Heywood, 1612."

For as, in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s play, a grocer in the *Strand* turns knight errant, making his apprentice his ſquire, &c. ſo in *Heywood*'s play, four apprentices accoutre themſelves as knights, and go to *Jeruſalem* in queſt of adventures. One of them, the moſt important character, is a goldſmith, another a grocer, another a mercer, and a fourth an haberdaſher. But *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s play, though founded upon, contains many ſatirical ſtrokes againſt *Heywood*'s comedy; the force of which is entirely loſt to thoſe who have not ſeen that comedy. Thus in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s prologue, or firſt ſcene, it is propoſed to call the play, " *The Grocer's honour.*" In the ſame ſcene, a citizen is introduced, declaring, that in the play he " will have a grocer, " and he ſhall do admirable " things."—Again, ſc. i. act i. *Raſe* ſays, " Amongſt all the " worthy books of atchieve- " ments, I do not call to mind, " that I yet read of a *grocer-* " *errant:* I will be the ſaid " *knight.* Have you heard of " any that hath wandered un- " furniſhed of his 'ſquire and " dwarf? My elder brother *Tim* " ſhall be my truſty 'ſquire, and " *George* my dwarf."—In the following paſſage, the alluſion to *Heywood*'s comedy is demonſtrably manifeſt, ſc. i. act 4. " *Boy.* " It will ſhew ill favouredly to " have a grocer's prentice court " a king's daughter. *Cit.* Will " it ſo, ſir? you are well read " in hiſtories; I pray you, who " was Sir *Dagonet?* Was he not " prentice to a grocer in *London?* " Read the play of the four " prentices, where they toſs their " pikes

" pikes ſo."—In *Heywood*'s comedy, *Euſtace*, the grocer's prentice, is introduced courting the daughter of the King of *France*: and, in the frontiſpiece, the four prentices are repreſented in armour, tilting with javelins. Immediately before the laſt quoted ſpeeches, we have the following inſtances of alluſion. " *Cit.* Let " the *Sophy* of *Perſia* come, and " chriſten him a child. *Boy.* Be" lieve me, ſir, that will not do " ſo well; 'tis ſtale: it has been " before at the *Red Bull.*" A circumſtance in *Heywood*'s comedy; which, as has been already ſpecified, was acted at the *Red Bull*. *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s play is pure burleſque. *Heywood*'s is a mixture of the droll and ſerious, and was evidently intended to ridicule the reigning faſhion of reading romances.

Mr. WARTON.

P. 304. *Leden by bloody youth*--] Bloody youth, with which I puzzled myſelf in the note, is only *anguine* youth, or youth full of blood; and of thoſe paſſions which blood is ſuppoſed to produce and incite or nouriſh.

P. 332. —*And from the tents,*
The armourers accompliſhing the knights,
With buſy hammers cloſing rivets up.] See the preparation for the battle between *Palamon* and *Arcite* in *Chaucer*.

And on the morrow when
" day gan ſpring
Of horſe and harneis, noiſe
" and clattering,
There was in the hoſteliries
' all about,
The foaming ſteyds on the
goldin bridyl
" Gnawing, and *faſt the armourers alſo*
" *With file and hammer riding*
" *to and fro*, &c.

Mr. WARTON.

P. 347. In the note, I had confounded the character of *Silence* with that of *Slender*, and drawn an inference from a falſe ſuppoſition. Dele the whole note.

P. 383. *But till the king come forth, and* not *till then,*] The Canons of Criticiſm read, —*And* but *till then*; And the *Reviſal* approves the correction.

P. 396. —*chriſom child.*] The old quarto has it *criſomb'd child. The* chryſom *was no more than the white cloth put on the new baptiſed child.* See *Johnſon*'s *Canons of Eccleſ. Law*, 1720. And not a cloth anointed with holy unguent, as deſcribed under that article in *Johnſon*'s *Dictionary*, that of the *chriſm* being a ſeparate operation, and was itſelf no more than a compoſition of oil and balſam bleſſed by the biſhop.

I have ſomewhere (but cannot recollect where) met with this farther account of it; that the *chryſom* was allow'd to be carried out of the church, to enwrap thoſe children which were in too weak a condition to be borne thither, the *chryſom* being ſuppoſed to make every place holy. This cuſtom would rather ſtrengthen the alluſion to the weak condition of *Falſtaff*.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 396. Quickly. *For his noſe was as ſharp as a pen on a table of green fields,*] Here our editors not knowing what to make of a *table* of *green fields*, Mr. *Pope*

and Mr. *Warburton* have caſt it out of the text; others have turned it into, "*and have* bab-"bled *of* green fields."

But had they been appriz'd that *table* in our author, ſignifies a *pocket-book*, I believe they would have retained it, with the following alteration.

"For his noſe was as ſharp as "a *pen* upon a *table* of *green* "fells."

On *table-books*, ſilver or ſteel-pens, very ſharp-pointed, were formerly, and are ſtill fixed either to the backs or covers.

Mother *Quickly* compares *Falſtaff*'s noſe (which in dying perſons grow thin and ſharp) to one of thoſe *pens*, very properly, and ſhe meant probably to have ſaid, on a *table-book* with a *ſhagreen-cover*, or *ſhagreen-table*, but, in her uſual blundering way, ſhe calls it a *table of green fells*, or a table covered with *green ſkin*, which the blundering tranſcriber turn'd into *green-fields*; and our editors have turned the prettieſt blunder in *Shakſpeare*, quite out of doors. Mr. SMITH.

P. 398. *Pitch and pay*—] Seems to be an expreſſion taken from the language uſed to porters, who are ordered to throw down their burdens before they are paid for carrying them. This, I believe, is the firſt inſtance of worldly prudence, to be found in the character of *Piſtol*. The caution he leaves behind him, was a very proper one to Mrs. *Quickly*, who had ſuffered before, by letting *Falſtaff* run in her debt. *Truſt none*, immediately follows it, which ſufficiently explains the expreſſion, which is, to this day, a proverbial one. The ſame kind of cautions, in verſe, are ſtuck up in little ale-houſes in the country. Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 398. *Clear thy cryſtals*—] May, I think, better mean, in this place, *waſh thy glaſſes*.

P. 420. Piſt. *Fortune is* Bardolph's *foe, and frowns on him,*

For he hath ſtolen a pax, and hang'd muſt be.] 'Tis *pax* in folios 1623 and 1632; but altered to *pix* by Mr. *Theobald* and Sir *Thomas Hanmer*. But they ſignified the ſame thing.

See *Pax at Maſs*, *Minſheu*'s *Guide into the Tongues*.

Pix, or *pax*, was a little box, in which were kept the conſecrated wafers.

P. 426. For *chez les narines*, read, *avec les narines*.

P. 428. For *chein*, read *chien*.

P. 442. In the note, for *paſty*, read *puffy*.

P. 445. The *Reviſal* reads,

Dau. *Voyez—les eaux et la terre.*

Orleans. *Bien—puis l'air et le feu.*

Dau. *Le ciel—couſin* Orleans.

This is well conjectured, nor does the paſſage deſerve that more ſhould be done, yet I know not whether it might not ſtand thus.

Dau. *Voyez les eaux et la terre.*

Orleans. *L'air et le feu—Bien puis?*

Dau. *Le ciel.*

P. 453. *Thou dieſt on point of fox.*] *Fox* is no more than an old cant word for a ſword.

"I made my father's old *fox* "fly about his ears."

Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaſter. Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 454.

APPENDIX to VOL. V.

P. 454. *For I will fetch thy rym out of thy throat*
In drops of crimſon blood—] *Rym*, I am told, is a part in the throat. Was a monoſyllable wanted in the room of it, I would offer *rheum*, and then the expreſſion, in *Piſtol* diction, would mean no more than, *I will make thee ſpit blood.* Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 454. French Soldier. *Eſt il impoſſible d' eſchapper la force de ton bras.*

Piſtol. *Braſs, cur?*] Either *Shakeſpeare* had very little knowledge in the *French* language, or his over-fondneſs for punning led him in this place, contrary to his judgment, into an error. Almoſt any one knows that the *French* word *bras* is pronounced *bra*; and what reſemblance of ſound does this bear to *braſs*, that *Piſtol* ſhould reply, *Braſs, cur?* The joke may appear to a reader, but would ſcarce be diſcovered in the performance of the play. Mr. HAWKINS.

If the pronounciation of the *French* language be not changed ſince *Shakeſpeare*'s time, which is not unlikely, it may be ſuſpected ſome other man wrote the *French* ſcenes.

P. 465. ——*his payment into plows.*] The *Reviſal* reads, very reaſonably, *in* two *plows.*

P. 476. *Like priſoners wildly overgrown with hair.*] The incongruity of the compariſon I continue to cenſure, but the expreſſion, *wildly overgrown with hair*, is juſtifiable; the hair may be *wild*, though the priſoner be confined.

P. 505. *I'll canvaſs thee in the broad cardinal's hat.*] This means, I believe, *I'll tumble thee into thy great hat, and ſhake thee as bran and meal are ſhaken in a ſieve.*

P. 508. ——*The* Engliſh
Went through a ſecret grate of iron bars,
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city.] That is, *the* Engliſh *went*, not *through a ſecret grate*, but *went to overpeer the city through a ſecret grate* which is *in yonder tower.* I did not know till of late that this paſſage had been thought difficult.

NOTES to the FIFTH VOLUME.

P. 4. *With you mine alderlieſeſt ſovereign.*] *Alderlieſeſt*, moſt dear.
Aldirleviſt in *Chaucer.*
" Mine *aldirleviſt* lorde, and
" brothir dere."
Troilus and *Creſſeide*, lib. iii. 240. Dr. GRAY.

P. 39. *A cup of* charneco.] The vulgar name for this liquor was *charingo.* I meet with it in an old catch ſet to muſic by *Lawes.* Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 39. *Darraign your battle*—]
" But ſtint I woll of *Theſeus*
" alite,
" And ſpeke of *Palamon*, and
" of *Arcite*,

" The day approacheth of ther
" returning,
" That everich ſhould a hun-
" dred knights bring,
" The battaile to *darrien*, as I
" you told." *Chaucer.*

Skelton uſes the word in the ſame ſenſe. Speaking of the duke of *Albany*, Works, p. 83.

" Thou durſt not felde de-
" rayne,
" Nor a battayle mayntaine,
" With our ſtronge Cap-
" tayne.
" For you ran home agayne."
Dr. GRAY.

P. 107. *Ay*, Clifford, *bedlam, and ambitious humour, Makes him oppoſe himſelf againſt the king.*] The word *bedlam* not uſed in the reign of king *Henry* VI. nor was *Bethlehem hoſpital* (vulgarly called *Bedlam*) converted into a houſe, or hoſpital, for lunatics, till the reign of king *Henry* VIII. who gave it to the city of *London* for that purpoſe. Dr. GRAY.

P. 107. —*Bears.*] The *Nevils*, earls of *Warwick*, had a *bear* and ragged ſtaff for their cognizance; but the *Talbots*, who were formerly earls of *Saliſbury*, had a *lion*, and the preſent earl of *Talbot*, a deſcendant of that family, has the ſame. *Collins's Peerage.* Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 128. In the note, for *tier*, read *tirer*.

P. 143. *Is by the ſtern lord Clifford done to death.*] Done *to death*, for *killed*, was a common expreſſion long before *Shakeſpeare's* time.

Thus *Chaucer*;

" And ſeide, that if ye *done*
" us both *to dien*."
Dr. GRAY.

P. 151. *To make this ſhameleſs callat know herſelf.*] *Shakeſpeare* uſes the word *callat* likewiſe in the *Winter's Tale*, act ii. ſc. iii. *Leonatus* of *Paulina*. " A *callat*——
" Of boundleſs tongue, who
" late hath beat
" Her huſband, and now beats
" me."

Callat, a lewd woman, a drab, perhaps ſo called from the *French calote*, which was a ſort of head-dreſs, worn by country girls. See *Gloſſary to* Urry's Chaucer.

" A cold old knave cuckolde
" himſelf winying.
" And of *calot* of lewd de-
" menyng." *Chaucer's* Prologue to the *Remedy of Love*, 308.

So *Skelton*, in his *Elinour Rumming*. Works, p. 133.

" Then *Elinour* ſaid, ye *cal-*
" *lettes*,
" I ſhall break your palettes."

And again, p. 136.

" She was a cumlye *callet*."

Gammar. " Vengeance on
" thoſe *callets*, whoſe conſcience
" is ſo large." *Gammar Gurton's Needle*, act iii. ſc. iii. *Old Plays*, publiſhed 1744, vol. i. p. 154.

" A cart for a *callet*." Id. ib.

" Why the *callet* you told me
" of here,
" I have tane diſguis'd."

Ben Johnſon's Volpone, act iv. ſc. iii. Dr. GRAY.

P. 204. —*Meed.*] This word ſignifies *merit*, both as a verb and a ſubſtantive; that it is uſed as a verb, is clear from the following fooliſh couplet, which I remember to have read.

Deem if I *me'd*
Dear madam *Read*.

APPENDIX to VOL. V.

A ſpecimen of verſes that read the ſame backward and forward.

Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 253. *Queen* Margaret *to the marquis of* Dorſet.

Q. Marg. *Peace, maſter marquis, you are malapert;*
Your fire-new ſtamp of honour is ſcarce current.] *Shakeſpeare* may either allude to the late creation of the *marquis* of *Dorſet*, or to the inſtitution of the title of *marquis* here in *England*, as a ſpecial dignity; which was no older than *Richard* II. *Robert Vere*, earl of *Oxford*, was the firſt, who, as a diſtinct dignity, received the title of *marquis, 1ſt December, anno nono Ricardi Secundi.* See *Aſhmole's Hiſtory of the Order of the Garter*, p. 456.

P. 320. *Becauſe that like a jack thou keep'ſt the ſtroke between thy begging and my meditation.*] An image like thoſe at *St. Dunſtan's* church in *Fleet-ſtreet*, and at the market-houſes of ſeveral towns in this kingdom, was uſually called *a jack of the clock-houſe.* See Cowley's *Diſcourſe on the Government of* Oliver Cromwel. *Richard* reſembles *Buckingham* to one of theſe automatons, and bids him not ſuſpend the ſtroke on the clock bell, but ſtrike, that the hour may be paſt, and himſelf be at liberty to purſue his meditations. Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 324. *Pur-fellow* is a word yet in uſe. Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 331. *—demiſe.*] I think it ſhould be *deviſe*; but not in the ſenſe you ſuppoſe. *Deviſe*, as a mode of conveyance, is appropriated to *wills*, but take it as a ſynomine, to imagine, contrive, or invent, and it ſuggeſts a new idea, and ſuch a one as the text ſeems to warrant.

Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 335. *Whom now* two *tender bedfellows.*] Read rather, *too* tender. REVISAL.

P. 356. *Sound drums and trumpets, boldly, chearfully,*
God, *and St.* George, *&c.*] St. *George* was the common cry of the *Engliſh* ſoldiers, when they charged the enemy. The author of the old *Arte* of *Warre*, cited above, printed in the latter end of queen *Elizabeth's* reign, formally enjoins the uſe of this cry among his *military* laws. "84. *Item*, that all ſouldiers "entring into battaile, aſſault, "ſkirmiſh, or other faction of "armes, ſhall have for their "common cry and word, *St.* "George, *St.* George, *forward*, "or *upon them, St.* George, "whereby the ſouldier is much "comforted, and the enemy "diſmaid by calling to minde "the antient valour of *England*, "which with that name has ſo "often been victorious: and "therefore, he that upon any "*ſiniſter* zeale, ſhall *maliciouſly* "omit ſo fortunate a name, ſhall "be *ſeverely puniſhed* for his ob-"ſtinate *erroneous* heart, and "perverſe mind." p. 47.

Mr. WARTON.

P. 357. *This and St.* George *to boot, is to help*;] As I conceive not over and above.

Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 368. *The life and death of king* Richard the Third.] The oldeſt known edition of this tragedy is printed for *Andrew Wiſe*, 1597: but *Harrington*, in his

Apologie of Poetrie, written 1590. and prefixed to the tranſlation of *Arioſto*, ſays, that a tragedy of *Richard the Third* had been acted at *Cambridge*. His words are, "For tragedies, to omit other "famous tragedies, that which "was played at *St. Johu*'s in "*Cambridge*, of *Richard the* "*Third*, wou'd move, I think, "*Phalaris* the tyrant, and ter- "rifie all tyrannous minded "men, *&c.*" He moſt probably means *Shakeſpeare*'s; and if ſo, we may argue, that there is ſome more antient edition of this play than what I have mentioned; at leaſt this ſhews us how early *Shakeſpeare*'s play appeared: or if ſome other *Richard the Third* is here alluded to by *Harrington*, that a play on this ſubject preceded our author's.

Mr. WARTON.

P. 386. *I am the ſhadow*, &c.] There may another explanation be given ſomewhat harſh, but the beſt that occurs to me. *I am the ſhadow of poor* Buckingham, *whoſe figure even this inſtant it puts on*, whoſe port and dignity is aſſumed by this cardinal that overclouds and oppreſſes me, and who gains my place, *by darkening my clear ſun*.

P. 421. *Sennet* was an inſtrument of muſick, as appears from other places of this authour, but of what kind I know not.

NOTES to the SIXTH VOLUME.

P. 18. For the *plague* of cuſtom, we may read by a very eaſy change, the *place* of cuſtom. The *place* which cuſtom, and only cuſtom, not nature, hath allotted me. J. SIMPSON, Eſq;

P. 18. *Thou*, nature, *art my goddeſs*;] Dr. *Warburton* (for the ſake of introducing an oſtentatious note) ſays, that *Shakeſpeare* has made his baſtard an *Atheiſt*; when it is very plain that *Edmund* only ſpeaks of *nature* in oppoſition to *cuſtom*, and not (as he ſuppoſes) to the exiſtence of a *God*.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 41. *Like an engine wrench'd my frame of nature*,] Mr. *Edwards* conjectures that an engine is the *rack*. He is right. To *engine* is, in *Chaucer*, to ſtrain upon the rack.

P. 42. *Of* fifty *to diſquantity your train*] Mr. *Pope* propoſes *a little* in the room *of fifty*, and gives as his reaſon for the change, that the number (as the editions ſtood) was no more ſpecified by *Goneril*.

If Mr. *Pope* had examined the copies as accurately as he pretended to have done, he would have found in the *firſt folio* that *Lear*, after theſe words,

To have a thankleſs child—go, go, my people;

has an *exit* marked for him, and goes out while *Albany* and *Goneril* have a ſhort conference of two ſpeeches, and then returns in a ſtill greater paſſion, having been

been informed (as it ſhould ſeem) of the expreſs number *without*.

What! fifty *of my followers at a clap?*

This renders all change needleſs, and *away, away*, being reſtored, prevents the repetition of *go, go, my people*; which, as the text now ſtands, concludes both that and the foregoing ſpeech. *Goneril* with great art avoids to mention the limited number, and leaves him to be informed of it by accident, which ſhe knew would be the caſe as ſoon as he left her preſence. Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 62. *He wears* cruel *garters.*] I believe a quibble was here intended. *Crewel* ſignifies *worſted*, of which ſtockings, garters, night caps, &c. are made, and is uſed in that ſenſe in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *Scornful Lady*, act ii.

" For who that had but half
" his wits about him,
" Would commit the counſel
" of a ſerious ſin
" To ſuch a *crewel night-cap.*"
Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 92. *Mice and rats and ſuch ſmall deare*
Have been my food for ſeven long year—] *Warburton*, inſtead of *deare*, propoſes *geare*; but I have diſcovered that theſe two lines are taken from an old black letter'd romance of *St. Beyrys* of *Hampton*, 4to. printed for *William Copland*, in which occurs this paſſage, ſtated within *ratts*, &c. Mr. PERCY.

P. 102. *By the* kind *Gods.*—] Dr. *Warburton* is of opinion that *Shakſpeare*, by the *kind* Gods, means the *dii hoſpitales*. I agree with him, that the Poet " never " makes his people ſwear at ran- " dom," nor has he done ſo here; though I cannot believe he received any aſſiſtance from mythology, to furniſh out a proper oath for *Gloſter*. People always addreſs the *Gods* as they would have them ſhew themſelves at that time in their favour; and he accordingly calls thoſe *kind* Gods, whom he would wiſh to find ſo in this inſtance. Our own liturgy will ſufficiently evince the truth of this ſuppoſition. Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 110. *As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' Gods;*]
They kill us for their ſport.—] It may not be unentertaining to the reader to have an opportunity of ſeeing how differently this idea has been expreſſed by three great poets of different ages.

Dii nos quaſi pilas homines habent.
Plaut. Captiv. Prol. L. 22.
Ludit in humanis divina potentia rebus.
Ovid. Lib. 4. de Ponto Eleg. 3.
Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 122. *Therefore I do adviſe you take this note*
My lord is dead; Edmund *and I have talk'd,*
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's; *you may gather more.*
If you do find him, pray you give him this;
And when your miſtreſs hears thus much from you,
I pray deſire her call her wiſdom to her.] This paſſage, by a word's being left out and a word miſplaced, and a full ſtop put where there ſhould be but a comma,

comma, has led all our editors into a very great miſtake; as will, I hope, appear, when we proceed a little further in the ſame play. The emendation is as follows:

" Therefore I do adviſe you, [a]
" *take note of this,*
" My lord is dead, *&c.*
" If you ſo find him, pray you give him *this.*"

i. e. this anſwer by word of mouth. The editors, not ſo regardful of conſiſtency as they ought to have been, ran away with the thought, that *Regan* delivered a letter to the ſteward; whereas ſhe only deſired him to give, or deliver ſo much by word of mouth. And by this means another blunder, as egregious as the former, and ariſing out of it, preſents itſelf to view in the ſame act, ſc. ix. p. 121.

" And give the *letters*, which
" thou find'ſt about me,
" *To* Edmund *earl of* Glo'ſter, *&c.*

Edg. " Let's ſee theſe pockets,
" the *letters* that he ſpeaks
" of,
" May be my friends."—
Reads the letter.

Obſerve, that here is but one letter produced and read, which is *Goneril's*. Had there been one of *Regan's* too, the audience no doubt ſhould have heard it as well as *Goneril's*. But it is plain, from what is amended and explained above, that the ſteward had no letter from *Regan*, but only a meſſage to be delivered by word of mouth to *Edmund* earl of *Glo'ſter*. So that it is not to be doubted, but the laſt paſſage ſhould be read thus.

" And give the *letter*, which
" thou find'ſt about me,
" To *Edmund* earl of *Glo'ſter*.-

Edg. " Let's ſee theſe pockets;
" the *letter* that he ſpeaks
" of,
" May be my friends."—

Thus the whole is connected, clear, and conſiſtent.

Dr. GRAY.

P. 125. Edg. *Had'ſt thou been ought but goſs'mer feathers, air,*

Thou'dſt ſhiver'd like an egg, &c.] *Goſſomere*, the white and cob-web-like exhalations that fly about in hot ſunny weather.

Skinner ſays, in a book called the *French Gardiner*, it ſignifies the down of the ſow-thiſtle, which is driven to and fro by the wind.

" As ſure ſome wonder on the
" cauſe of thunder,
" On ebb and flood, on *goſ-*
" *ſomer* and miſt,
" And on all things, till that
" the cauſe is wiſt"

Dr. GRAY.

P. 128. *—nor the ſtall'd horſe Goes to't with a more riotous appetite.*] *Soyl'd horſe* in all the other editions I believe, and it is a term now uſed for a horſe that has been fed long with hay and corn in the ſtable, and in ſpring

[a] The like expreſſion, *Twelfth Night*, act iii. ſc. iv. vol. iii. p. 168.

Sir *Toby*. " Challenge me the Duke's youth, to fight with him; " hurt him in eleven places; my niece ſhall *take note* of it.

has

has freſh graſs carried to him thither, upon which he feeds greedily. Dr. GRAY.

P. 136. —Reſtoration *hang Thy medicine on my lips*—] Dr. *Warburton* ſays that *Cordelia* invokes the goddeſs of health, *Hygieia*, under the name of *Reſtoration*; but I believe the reader will join with me in thinking, that if *Shakeſpeare* meant any goddeſs in this place, it was one of his own making; for we may ſuppoſe the *Pantheons* of that age (from whence moſt probably he furniſhed himſelf with his knowledge in mythology) were not ſo particular as to take notice of the ſecondary deities; and the Poet, had he been acquainted with her name, would certainly have called her by it. *Reſtoration* means no more than *recovery* perſonified.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 140. *Do you not love my ſiſter?*

Edm. *In honour'd love.*] After this line, the quarto of 1608 continues the dialogue thus; and I ſee no reaſon why it ſhould be omitted.

Reg. *But have you never found my brother's way*
To the fore-fended place?
Baſt. *That thought abuſes you.*
Reg. *I am doubtful that you have been conjunct*
And bo-ſom'd with her, as far as we call hers.
Baſt. *No, by mine honour, madam.*

The firſt and laſt of theſe ſpeeches are inſerted in Sir *T. Hanmer's*, and I believe in *Theobald's* and Dr. *Warburton's* editions; but the two intermediate ones are omitted in all; by which means the baſtard is made to deny that flatly at firſt, which the poet only meant to make him evade, or return ſlight anſwers to, till he is urged ſo far as to be obliged to ſhelter himſelf under an immediate falſhood.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 145. *The goujeres ſhall conſume them fleſh and fell.*] Both *fleſh* and *ſkin*.

So *Skelton's* works, p. 257.

" Nakyd aſyde
" Neither *fleſh* nor *fell*."

Chaucer uſeth *fell* and *bones*, for *ſkin* and *bones*.

" And ſaid that he and all his
" kinne at once,
" Were worthy to be brent
" with *fell* and *bone*."
Troilus and *Creſſeide*, 1. 91.

Dr. GRAY.

P. 170. In the note, for *or art*, read *of art*.

P. 175. In the note, for *will be him*, read *well be he*.

P. 320. —*the enemies caſtle.*] The *Reviſal* affirms, and, I think, proves, that *caſt* is right.

P. 347. *Get me a ladder.*] Mr. *Theobald* has very officiouſly tranſplanted this half line into the mouth of *Lucius*, and deſires to know why the Moor, who wanted to have his child ſaved, ſhould aſk for a ladder.

Aaron very properly anſwers, *get* me *a ladder*, that is, hang *me*, but ſpare my child. Could any circumſtance ſhew a greater deſire of ſaving his child than the offer of himſelf in its room? *Aaron* knows he muſt die, and being quite careleſs about it, would only haſten that which he ſees is unavoidable at laſt, to make

make it the means of ſaving his own offspring. Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 340. Marc. *My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon.*] *My lord, I ayme a mile beyond the moon.*

Folios 1623, and 1632.

Dr. GRAY.

P. 405. ——*thou ſound and firm-ſet earth.*] A corrupt reading will ſometimes direct us to find out the true one. The firſt folio has it,

—*thou* ſowre *and firm-ſet earth.*

This brings us very near the right word, which was evidently meant to be,

—*thou* ſure *and firm-ſet earth.*

Mr. STEEVENS.

Certainly right.

P. 408. Macbeth. *Sleep that knits up the ravell'd ſleeve of care.*] To confirm the ingenious conjecture that *ſleeve* means *ſleaved, ſilk ravelled*, it is obſervable, that a poet of *Shakeſpeare's* age, *Drayton*, has alluded to it likewiſe, in his queſt of *Cynthia*.

" At length I on a fountain
" light,
" Whoſe brim with pinks was
" platted,
" The banks with daffadillies
" dight,
" With graſs, like *ſleave*, was
" matted."

Mr. LANGTON.

P. 419. ——*This murd'rous ſhaft that's ſhot*

Hath not yet lighted—] *The ſhaft has not yet lighted, and though it has done miſchief in its flight, we have reaſon to apprehend ſtill more before it has ſpent its force and falls to the ground.* The end for which the murder was committed, is not yet attained. The death of the king only could neither inſure the crown to *Macbeth*, nor accompliſh any other purpoſe, while his ſons were yet living, who had therefore juſt reaſon to apprehend they ſhould be removed by the ſame means. *The deſign to fix the murder on ſome innocent perſon had taken effect*, for it was already adjudged to have been done by the grooms, who appeared intoxicated, even after it was diſcovered, and during that ſtate, were ſuppoſed, at *firſt*, to have been guilty of it; though the flight of *Malcolm*, and his brother, afforded *Macbeth afterwards* a fairer pretext for laying it to their charge.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 440. For *indicet*, read *indiget*.

P. 468.—*hell is murky.*] Lady *Macbeth* is acting over, in a dream, the buſineſs of the murder, and encouraging her huſband, as when awake. She, therefore, would never have ſaid any thing of the terrors of hell to one whoſe conſcience ſhe ſaw was too much alarmed already for her purpoſe. She certainly imagines herſelf here talking to *Macbeth*, who (ſhe ſuppoſes) has juſt ſaid, *hell is murky*, (*i. e.* hell is a diſmal place to go to, in conſequence of ſuch a deed) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice.

Hell is murky! —*Fie, fie, my lord*, &c.

This explanation, I think, gives a ſpirit to the paſſage, which, for want of being underſtood, has always appeared languid on the ſtage.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 472.

APPENDIX to VOL. VII.

P. 472. *To confirm the juſtneſs of* May *of life for* way *in* Macbeth. Mr. *Colman*'s quotation from *Much ado about Nothing*,

" *May* of youth and bloom of
" luſtyhood."

And another paſſage, *Henry* V. p. 292.

" My puiſſant liege is in the
" very *May*-morn of his
" youth."

Mr. LANGTON.

P. 478. *I pull in reſolution.*] Mr. *Johnſon* in the room of this would read, *I pall in reſolution*; but there is no need of change; for *Shakeſpeare*, who made *Trincalo* in the *Tempeſt* ſay, *I will let looſe my opinion*, might have written, *I pull in my reſolution*. He had permitted his courage (like a horſe) to carry him to the brink of a precipice, where ſeeing his danger, he reſolves to *pull in* that, to which he had *given the rein before*.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 519. *I'll potch at him ſome way.*] The *Reviſal* reads *peach*, but *potch*, to which the objection is made, as no *Engliſh* word, is uſed in the midland counties for a *rough violent puſh*.

P. 553. ——*when the greateſt taſte*
Moſt palates theirs——] There ſeems to me no need of emendation. The meaning is, *that ſenators and plebeians are equal, when the higheſt taſte is beſt pleaſed with that which pleaſes the loweſt*.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 555. Read,

What may be ſworn by, both divine and human,
Seal, what I end withal.

REVISAL.

I think rightly.

P. 562. *Clean kam*] The *Welch* word for *crooked* is *kam*.

P. 578. *My firſt ſon.*] The *Reviſal* reads, *my* fierce *ſon*; but ſurely *firſt* may ſtand for firſt in excellence: *Prima virorum*.

P. 601. *As is the oſprey to the fiſh.*] We find in *Mich. Drayton*'s *Poly-Olbion*, *Song* 25, a full account of the *oſprey*, which ſhews the juſtneſs, and the beauty of the ſimile, and confirms *Theobald*'s correction to be right:

" The *oſpray* oft here ſeen,
" though ſeldom here it
" breeds,
" Which over them the *fiſh* no
" ſooner do eſpy,
" But, betwixt him and them,
" by an antipathy,
" Turning their bellies up,
" as though their death
" they ſaw,
" They at his pleaſure lie to
" ſtuff his gluttonous
" maw." Mr. LANGTON.

NOTES to the SEVENTH VOLUME.

P. 27. Brutus. *The genius* and the *mortal inſtruments*,
Are then in council, and *the ſtate of man*,
Like to a little *kingdom, ſuffers then*
The nature of an inſurrection.] Inſtead of *inſtruments*, it ſhould, I think,

I think, be *inſtrument*, and explained thus;

The genius, i. e. the ſoul, or ſpirit, which ſhould govern; and the *mortal inſtrument, i. e.* the man, with all his bodily, that is, earthly paſſions, ſuch as, envy, pride, malice, and ambition, *are then in council, i. e.* debating upon the horrid action that is to be done, the ſoul and rational powers diſſuading, and the *mortal inſtrument*, man, with his bodily paſſions, prompting and puſhing on to the horrid deed, whereby the ſtate of man, like to a little kingdom, ſuffers then the nature of an inſurrection, the inferior powers riſing and rebelling againſt the ſuperior. See this exemplified in *Macbeth*'s ſoliloquy, and alſo by what King *John* ſays, act iv. p. 453.

" Nay in the body of this
" fleſhly land,
" This kingdom, this confine
" of blood and breath,
" Hoſtility and civil tumult
" reigns,
" Between my conſcience, and
" my couſin's death."

Mr. SMITH.

P. 122. Ant. *Now by my ſword.*] An expreſſion uſed by *Shakeſpeare*, *Winter Night's Tale*, act ii. ſc. laſt. *Leontes* to *Antigonus*.

Leo. —" Swear by thy ſword,
" Thou wilt perform my bid-
" ding." See act iii. ſc. ii. And in alluſion to the *Daniſh* cuſtoms, *Hamlet*, act i. ſc. ix. See *Titus Andronicus*, act iv. ſc. i.

Spencer obſerves (in his *View of the State of* Ireland, Works, 12mo, 1564) from *Lucian*'s *Dialogue*, intitled *Toxaris*, " That " the common oath of the *Scythians* was by the *ſword*, and " by the wind; and that the " *Iriſh* uſed commonly to ſwear " by their *ſwords*: and that they " do at this day, when they " go out to battle, ſay certain " prayers, and charms to their " ſwords, making a croſs there- " with on the earth, and thruſting the points of their blades " into the ground, thinking " thereby to have better ſucceſs " in the fight."

To this cuſtom *Spencer* alludes in other places.

" So ſuff'ring him to riſe, he
" made him ſwear,
" By his own ſword, and the
" croſs thereon,
" To take *Briana* for his lov-
" ing *Fere*."

Fairy Queen, book 6. canto 1—53.

Dr. GRAY.

This note, which is referred to this place by its authour, may deſerve more conſideration to the reader of *Hamlet*, where the friends of *Hamlet* are required to ſwear upon his ſword.

P. 155. Cleo. *Go to the fellow, good* Alexas; *bid them to report the feature of* Octavia, *her years, her inclination; let them not leave out the colour of her hair.*] This is a manifeſt alluſion to the queſtion put by Queen *Elizabeth* to Sir *James Melvil*, concerning his miſtreſs, the Queen of *Scots*. " She de- " ſired to know of me what co- " lour of hair was reputed beſt? " And whether my Queen's hair " or her's was beſt? And which " of them two was faireſt? I " anſwered, The fairneſs of them " was not their worſt faults.

Dr. GRAY.

APPENDIX to VOL. VIII.

P. 172. Char. *Three in* Egypt *Cannot make better note.*] Alluding to the old catches, which were in three parts.

Dr. GRAY.

P. 197. Ant. ——*When I cry'd, Hoa!*
Cry'd boa! like boys unto a muſs, kings would
Start forth, and cry, Your will.] *Muſs*, a *ſcramble*. So uſed by *Ben Johnſon*. See the *Magnetic Lady*, act iv. ſc. iii. p. 44.

Bias. "*I* keep her portion
"ſafe, that is not ſcatter'd,
"The moneys rattle not; nor
"are they thrown
"To make a *muſs*, yet 'mong
"the game ſome ſuitors."

Dr. GRAY.

P. 260. In the note, for Don *Belliarus*, read Don *Bellianis*.

P. 286. *What both you ſpur and ſtop.*] I think *Imogen* means to enquire what is that news, that intelligence, or information, you profeſs to bring, and yet withhold: at leaſt, I think, your explanation a miſtaken one, for *Imogen*'s requeſt ſuppoſes *Iachimo* an agent, not a patient.

Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 347. *Untwine his periſhing root*, &c.] The attribute of the elder in this place is *periſhing*, that of the vine *encreaſing*. Let therefore the ſtinking elder grief ENTWINE his root with that of the vine [patience,] and in the end patience muſt out-grow grief. This I take to be the ſenſe, and that therefore we ſhould read ENTWINE. Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 354. —*thy ſluggiſh carrack.*] Mr. *Simpſon* reads, *thy ſluggiſh* crare. A *crare* was a ſmall trading veſſel, called in the Latin of the middle ages, *crayera*.

REVISAL.

This I think is right.

P. 355. The *robin-red-breaſt* called *ruddock*, by *Chaucer* and *Spenſer*.

"The falſe lapwinge, all full
"of trecherie,
"The ſtarling that the coun-
"ſails can bewrie,
"The tame *ruddock*, and the
"coward kite."—

Dr. GRAY.

P. 382. *Or to take upon your-ſelf.*] Read, *Or take upon your-ſelf*. REVISAL.

P. 444. *Then ſtool for a witch.*] In one way of trying a *witch*, they uſed to place her upon a chair or ſtool, with her legs tied acroſs, that all the weight of her body might reſt upon her ſeat; and by that means, after ſome time, the circulation of the blood, in ſome hours, would be much ſtopt, and her ſitting would be as painful as the wooden horſe.

NOTES to the EIGHTH VOLUME.

P. 1. Gregory. *On my word, I will not carry coals.*] An expreſſion then in uſe, to ſignify the patient bearing of injuries. *Shakeſpeare* uſes it in this ſenſe, *Life of King Henry* V. act iii. ſc. iii. p. 360.

Boy. "*Nym* and *Bardolph* are
"ſworn

" ſworn brothers in filching, and " in *Calais* they ſtole a fire-" ſhovel; I know by that piece " of ſervice the men *would carry* " *coals*."

So it is uſed by *Skelton*, in his poem, intitled, *Why come ye not to Court?* Works, p. 142.

" Will you bear no coles?"

And by *Ben Johnſon*, *Every Man out of his Humour*, act v. ſc. i. *Puntarvolo* to the groom.

" See here comes one that " will *carry coals*;

" *Ergo*, will hold my dog."

And again, act v. ſc. iii.

" Take heed, Sir *Puntarvolo*, " what you do;

" He'll bear no coals, I can " tell you, (o' my word.")

Dr. GRAY.

I therefore retract my note on this paſſage.

P. 7. Sam. *I will bite my thumb at them, which is a diſgrace to them, if they bear it.*] So it ſignifies in *Randolph's Muſes Looking-Gloſs*, act iii. ſc. ii. p. 43.

Orgylus. " To bite his thumb " at me.

Argus. " Why ſhould not a man " bite his own thumb?

Org. " At me? were I ſcorn'd, " to ſee men bite their " thumbs;

" Rapiers and daggers, he's " the ſon of a whore."

Dr. GRAY.

P. 17. Ben. *Take thou ſome new infection to thy eye,*

And the rank poiſon of the old will die.

Romeo. *Your plantain leaf is excellent for that,*] Tackius tells us, that a toad, before ſhe engages with a ſpider, will fortify herſelf with ſome of the plant; and that if ſhe comes off wounded, ſhe cures herſelf afterwards with it. Dr. GRAY.

P. 25. Merc. *If thou art* Dun, *we'll draw thee from the mire.*] A proverbial ſaying uſed by Mr. *Thomas Heywood*, in his play, intitled, *The Dutcheſs of Suffolk*, act iii.

" A rope for Biſhop *Bonner*, " *Clunce* run,

" Call help, a rope, or we " are all undone.

" Draw *Dun* out of the *ditch*."

Dr. GRAY.

P. 37. Merc. ——*Young* Abraham Cupid, *he that ſhot ſo true,*

When King Cophetua *lov'd the beggar maid,*] I rather think that *Shakeſpeare* wrote,

" Young *Adam Cupid*."——

Alluding to the famous archer *Adam Bell*. Dr. GRAY.

P. 37. —— (Venus) *purblind ſon and heir,*

Young Adam Cupid, *he that ſhot ſo true*

When King Cophetua *lov'd the beggar-maid.*] As the commentators are agreed that *Cupid* is here called *Adam*, in alluſion to the famous archer *Adam Bell*, the hero of many an ancient ballad:——So I believe, I can refer you to the ballad of King *Cophetua*, &c. In the firſt of the 3 vols. 12mo. p. 141. is an old ſong of a king's falling in love with a beggar-maid, which I take to be the very ballad in queſtion, altho' the name of the king is no longer found in it, which will be no objection, to any one who has compared old copies

ppies of ballads with thoſe now ſtant.

The third ſtanza begins thus:

" The blinded boy that ſhoots
" ſo trim,
" Did to his cloſet windowſteal,
" And drew a dart and ſhot
" at him,
" And made him ſoon his
" power feel," &c.

I ſhould rather read as in *Shakeſpeare*, *The purblind boy*.

If this is the ſong alluded to y *Shakeſpeare*, theſe ſhould ſeem be the very lines he had in his re; and therefore I ſhould ſup-oſe the lines in *Romeo* and *Juliet*, *c.* were originally.

" ——Her *purblind* ſon and
" heir,
" Young *Adam Cupid*, he that
" ſhot ſo *trim*,
" When, &c."——

This word *trim*, the firſt edi-rs, conſulting the general ſenſe the paſſage, and not perceiv-g the alluſion, would naturally ter to *true*: yet the former ems the more humourous ex-reſſion, and, on account of its aintneſs, more likely to have en uſed by the droll *Mercutio*.

Mr. PERCY.

P. 50. 1 Serv. *Save me a piece of march-pane.*] A nfection made of *Piſtacho nuts*, monds, ſugar, &c. and in high leem in *Shakeſpeare*'s time; as ppears from the account of ueen *Elizabeth*'s *Entertainment Cambridge*. 'Tis ſaid that the niverſity preſented Sir *William cyl*, their Chancellor, with two air of gloves, a *march-pane*, d two ſugar loaves. *Peck*'s *ſiderata Curioſa*, vol. 2. p. 29.

Dr. GRAY.

P. 68. *Spread thy cloſe curtain love-performing night.*

That Run-aways eyes may wink.] I am no better ſatisfied with Dr. *Warburton*'s emendation than the preſent editor, but tho' I have none I have a good opinion of, to propoſe in its room, will yet offer at an explanation.

Juliet wiſhes the night may be ſo dark, that none of thoſe who are obliged to *run away* in it, on ſome account or other, may meet with *Romeo*, and know his perſon, but that *he may*

Leap to her arms untalk'd of and unſeen.

The *run-away* in this place cannot be the *ſun*, who muſt have been effectually gone before night could *ſpread its curtain*, and ſuch a wiſh muſt have taken place before the eyes of theſe *run-aways* could be ſuppoſed to wink.

The *Reviſal* reads, *That* Rumour's *eyes may wink*, and he might have ſupported his conjecture from the figure of *Fame*, *i. e. Rumour*, as deſcribed by *Virgil*.

Tot *vigiles oculi* ſubter, &c.

And yet this is but a *conjecture*, though a very *ingenious* one.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 86. For *I madam*, read *ay madam*.

P. 117. N. 6. I am ſorry to ſay that the foregoing note is an inſtance of diſingenuity, as well as inattention, in Mr. *Theobald*, who, relying on the ſcarcity of the old quartos, very frequently makes them anſwerable for any thing he thinks proper to aſſert.

The quarto in 1599, was not the firſt, it was preceded by one in 1597, and though Mr. *T.* de-

clares, *he found the paſſage left out in ſeveral of the later quarto impreſſions*, yet in the liſt of thoſe he pretends to have coliated for the uſe of his edition, he mentions but one of a later date, and had never ſeen either that publiſhed in 1609, or another without any date at all; for in the former of theſe the paſſage in queſtion is preſerved, (the latter I have no copy of) and he has placed that in 1637, on the ſingle faith of which he rejected it, among thoſe only of middling authority: ſo that what he ſo roundly aſſerts of ſeveral, can with juſtice be ſaid of but one, for there are in reality no later quarto editions of this play than I have here enumerated, and two of thoſe (by his own confeſſion) he had never met with.

The hemiſtich, which Mr. *T.* pronounces *to be of moſt profound abſurdity*, deſerves a much better character; but being miſplaced, could not be connected with the part of the ſpeech where he found it, but, being introduced a few lines lower, ſeems to make very good ſenſe.

" Come bitter conduct! come
" unſav'ry guide!
" Thou deſperate pilot, now
" at once run on
" The daſhing rocks my ſea-
" ſick, weary bark.
" *Here's to thy health wher'er*
" *thou tumbleſt in.*
" Here's to my love! ch true
" apothecary!
" Thy drugs are quick. Thus
" with a kiſs I die."

To tumble into port in a ſtorm, I believe to be a ſea-phraſe, as is *a tumbling ſea*, and agrees with the alluſion to the pilot tempeſt beaten bark. *He ceſs*, ſays he (continuing lusion) *to the veſſel who tumbles in*, or perhaps, *pilot who is to conduct, o it in*; meaning, *I wiſh ſucceed in ridding me whatever may betide me or wherever it may carry* then drinks to the me *Juliet*'s love, adding (as the poiſon work) a ſhort phe to the apothecary, t of whoſe drugs he can d longer, and turning his t back again to the object loved, he dies (like *Oth* a kiſs.

The other hemiſtich (poſed of) may yet be in; how naturally, muſ to the reader to det The quarto of 1609, the paſſage thus:

——" Ah, dear
" Why art thou yet
" I will believe;
" Shall I believe? that
" ſtantial death is a
" And that the lean, &

If ſuch an idea could h foundation in nature, or lowed in poetry, and *R* conſequence of having n to his imagination, was of death, it would follo in the firſt frenzy of it he addreſs himſelf to his and take her in his arms greater ſecurity. That granted, with a ſlight poſition (one verſe alrea ceeding the meaſure b feet) the paſſage might t thus:

——" Ah! dear

hy art thou yet ſo fair?
ſhall I believe?
will believe (*come lie thou in my arms*)
iat unſubſtantial death is amorous,
id that the lean, &c."
whole paſſage may per-
ſuch as hardly to be
his toil of tranſpoſition,
critick has juſt as good
to offer at the introduc-
what he thinks he under-
is another has to omit it
he can make no uſe of it
The whole of the con-
n both paſſages is offered
degree of confidence,
no other motive than a
f preſerving every line
ſpeare, when any reaſon,
plauſible, can be given
our.

Theobald has not dealt
ly in his account of this
is the abſurdity is appa-
ving to the repetition of
the lines by a blunder
rinter, who had thereby
me confeſs the effects of
n before he had taſted it.
lay was conſiderably al-
enlarged by the author,
firſt copies had been
and great as is the im-
nt made by the additions,
ations here and there
or the worſe. To enu-
ieſe is now too late, as
many in number, and
in almoſt every ſpeech.

Mr. STEEVENS.

ould not procure a ſight
the quartos, 'till I had
off the whole play, I
r the curious reader to
litions themſelves, which
ſoon be made publick.

P. 142. For *your father loſt, loſt, his*, read *your father loſt, loſt his.*

P. 147. Hor. *I ſaw him once, he was*
A goodly king.
Ham. *He was a man, take him for all in all,*
Eye *ſhall not look upon his like again.*—] This ſeems to me more the true ſpirit of *Shakeſpeare* than *I.* Mr. HOLT.

The emendation of Sir T. SAMWEL.

P. 160. *Doth all the noble ſubſtance of worth out;*] The *Reviſal* reads,
Doth all the noble ſubſtance oft eat out;
Or,
Doth all the noble ſubſtance ſoil with doubt.

The authour would have deſpiſed them both, had they been another's.

Mr. *Holt* reads,
Doth all the noble ſubſtance oft adopt.

I think *Theobald's* reading may ſtand.

P. 164. *Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night,*
And for the day confin'd to faſt in fires.] *Chaucer* has a ſimilar paſſage, with regard to the puniſhments of Hell. *Parſon's Tale*, p. 193. Mr. *Urry's* edition.
" And moreover, the *miſeſe*
" (uneaſineſs) of hell,
" Shall be in defaute of mete
" and drink."

Dr. GRAY.

P. 166. The word here uſed was more probably deſigned by a *Metatheſis*, either of a poet, or tranſcriber, for *henebon*, that is *henbane*; of which the moſt common kind (*hyoſcyamus niger*)

is certainly *narcotic*, and perhaps, if taken in a conſiderable quantity, might prove poiſonous. *Galen* calls it cold in the third degree; by which in this, as well as *opium*, he ſeems not to mean an actual coldneſs, but the power, it has of benumbing the faculties. *Dioſcorides* aſcribes to it the property of producing madneſs, (*ποιεῖ μανίας.*) Theſe qualities have been confirmed by ſeveral caſes related in modern obſervations. In *Wepfer* we have a good account of the various effects of this root upon moſt of the members of a *Convent* in *Germany*, who eat of it for ſupper by miſtake, mixed with ſuccory;—heat in the throat, giddineſs, dimneſs of ſight, and delirium. *Cicut. Aquatic.* c. 18.

Dr. GRAY.

P. 168. *Oh horrible, oh horrible, moſt horrible.*] It was very ingeniouſly hinted to me by a learned lady, that this line ſeems to belong to *Hamlet*, in whoſe mouth it is a proper and natural exclamation, and who, according to the practice of ſtage, may be ſuppoſed to interrupt ſo long a ſpeech.

P. 194. Hamlet. *How chances it they travel? their reſidence both in reputation and profit was better both ways.*

Roſin. I think their *inhibition* comes by means of the late *innovation*.] This is a proof this play was not wrote till after the 39 *Eliz.* 1597, (*Shakeſpeare* then 33.) when the firſt ſtatute againſt vagabonds was made, including players; and perhaps, not till after the 1ſt *James* 1602. Mr. HOLT.

P. 198. *The firſt row* of the Rubrick *will ſhew you more.*] The words *of the Rubrick* were firſt inſerted by Mr. *Rowe*, in his edition in 1709, in the room of *Pons Chanſon*, (which is the reading of the firſt folio) and have been tranſplanted thence by ſucceeding editors. The old quarto in 1611, reads *pious chanſon*, which (I think) gives the ſenſe wanted.

The *pious chanſons* were a kind of *Chriſtmas Carol*, containing ſome Scripture Hiſtory, thrown into looſe rhimes, and ſung about the ſtreets by the common people, when they went at that ſeaſon to beg alms. *Hamlet* is here repeating ſome ſcraps from ſongs of this kind, and when *Polonius* enquires what followed them, he refers him to the *firſt row* (*i. e.* diviſion) of one of theſe, to obtain the information he wanted.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 198. ——*The firſt Row of the Rubrick will ſhew you more.*] *Firſt row of the pons Chanſon*, in the firſt two folio editions of 1623, and 1632. The firſt row of *pont chanſons*, Sir *Thomas Hanmer*. Old ballads ſung upon bridges.

I cannot gueſs at Mr. *Pope*'s reaſon for the alteration. But Mr. *Warburton* ſubjoins, "That "the *rubrick* is equivalent, the "titles of old ballads being "written in red letters." But he does not mention one ſingle ballad in proof. There are five large folio volumes of ballads in Mr. *Pepy*'s library, in *Magdalen* College, *Cambridge*, ſome as ancient as *Henry* VII. reign, and not one red letter upon any one of the titles, as I am informed.

Dr. GRAY.

APPENDIX TO VOL. VIII.

P. 198. *Caviare* is the ſpawn of ſturgeon pickled; it is imported hither from *Ruſſia*.

Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 220. *Enter a Duke & Dutcheſs, with regal coronets.*] *Regal coronets* are improper for any perſonage below the dignity of a king; *regal*, as a ſubſtantive, is the name of a muſical inſtrument, now out of uſe. But there is an officer of the houſhold called, Tuner of the *regals*. The *cornet* is well known to be a muſical inſtrument, and proper for proceſſions.

Might we not then read? *Enter a Duke and Dutcheſs, with regals, cornets*, &c.

P. 230. Ham. *Methinks it is like an* ouzle.

Pol. *It is* black *like an* ouzle.] The firſt folio reads,

——*it is like a* weazell,

It is back'd *like a* weazell.

And this I apprehend to be the true reading.

Polonius has already agreed to the ſimilitude the cloud bears to a *camel*, and confeſſes, readily enough, that *it is very like a whale*; but on *Hamlet*'s puſhing the matter ſtill further, though his complaiſance holds out, it will not extend to a general reſemblance any longer; he therefore admits the propriety of the laſt compariſon but in *part*, and only ſays,

It is back'd *like a weaſel.*

The *weaſel* is remarkable for the length of its *back*; but the editors were miſled by the quartos, which concur in reading, *black like a weaſel*, for this they ſaid was impoſſible to be right, the *animal* being of another colour. The variation in theſe old copies was no more than a blunder of the printers, for it is as likely that the cloud ſhould reſemble a *weaſel* in ſhape, as an *ouzle, i. e. blackbird*, (which they ſubſtituted for it) in colour.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 241. —*Senſe ſure you have,*
Elſe you could not have motion.] For *notion*, which the note of Dr. *Warburton* had perſuaded me to admit into the text, I would now replace the old reading *motion*; for though the emendation be elegant, it is not neceſſary.

P. 250. *Ape* is certainly the right reading. The *ape* hath large bags, by the ſide of his jaws, called his *alforches*, from alforja, the word uſed in *Spain* for a wallet, in which, whenever he meets with any food, he conſtantly depoſits part of it to be chewed and ſwallowed at pleaſure, after his meal is ended.

REVISAL.

P. 268. Oph. *How ſhould I*, &c.—] There is no part of this play, in its repreſentation on the ſtage, is more pathetic than this ſcene, which, I ſuppoſe, proceeds from the utter inſenſibility ſhe has to her own misfortune.

A great ſenſibility, or none at all, ſeem to produce the ſame effect; in the latter, the audience ſupply what ſhe wants, and in the former, they ſympathiſe.

Mr. REYNOLDS.

P. 262. *The ratifiers and props of every word.*] By *word* is here meant a declaration, or propoſal; it is determined to

this ſenſe, by the reference it hath to what had juſt preceded,

The rabble call him lord.

This acclamation, which is the *word* here ſpoken of, was made without regard to antiquity, or received cuſtom, whoſe concurrence, however, is neceſſarily required to confer validity and ſtability in every propoſal of this kind. REVISAL.

This interpretation leaves the expreſſion ſtill harſh, but nothing ſo good has yet been offered.

P. 266. Oph. *You muſt ſing, down-a-down, and you call him a-down-a.*

O *how the* wheel *becomes it!*] The *wheel* means no more than *the burthen of the ſong*, which ſhe has juſt repeated, and as ſuch was formerly uſed. I met with the following obſervation in an old quarto black letter book, publiſhed before the time of *Shakeſpeare*.

"The ſong was accounted an "excellent one, thogh it was "not moche graced by the "*wheele*, which in no wiſe ac- "corded with the ſubject matter "thereof."

I quote this from memory, and from a book, of which I cannot recollect the exact title or date, but the paſſage was in a preface to ſome ſongs, or ſonnets; and I well remember to have met with the word in the ſame ſenſe in ſeveral other old books, and am very ſorry I cannot give, at preſent, a more ſatisfactory quotation to prove what I am confident is the true meaning of the expreſſion.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 268. *No trophy, ſword, nor hatchment*, &c.] The note on this paſſage ſeems to imply a diſuſe of this practice; whereas it is uniformly kept up at this day; not only the ſword, but the helmet, gauntlet, ſpurs and taburd, *i. e.* a coat, whereon the armorial enſigns were anciently depicted (from which the term *coat armour*) are hung over the grave of every knight.

Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 278. Hamlet. *Make her grave ſtraight.*] Some, for whoſe opinions I have great regard, think that *ſtraight* is only *immediately*. My interpretation I have given with no great confidence, but the longer I conſider it, the more I think it right.

P. 279. *Crowner's queſt law.*] I ſtrongly ſuſpect that this is a ridicule on the caſe of dame *Hales*, reported by *Plowden*, in his commentaries, as determined in 3. *Eliz.*

It ſeems her huſband, Sir *James Hales*, had drowned himſelf in a river, and the queſtion was, whether by this act a forfeiture of a leaſe from the dean and chapter of *Canterbury*, which he was poſſeſſed of, did not accrue to the crown; an inquiſition was found before the coroner, which found him *felo de ſe*. The legal and logical ſubtleties, ariſing in the courſe of the argument of this caſe, gave a very fair opportunity for a ſneer at *Crowner's queſt Law*. The expreſſion, a little before that, *an act hath three branches*, &c. is ſo pointed an alluſion to the caſe I mention, that I cannot doubt but that

Shakeſpeare

Shakeſpeare was acquainted with, and meant to laugh at it.

Mr. HAWKINS.

P. 281. In this note, for *into his land*, read *band*. Conjecture is unneceſſary; for Mr. *Percy* has publiſhed the original ſong in his collection of old ballads.

P. 308. *For who could bear the whips and ſcorns of time.*

Qu. *Quips?*] Which ſignifies gybes, jeers, flouts, or taunts. See *Minſheu's Guide into the Tongues*, col. 597.

So uſed by *Ben. Johnſon*, *Cynthia's Revels*, act ii. ſc. iv.

Phil. "Faith how like you "my *quippe* to *Hedon* about the "garter; was't not wittie?"

Dr. GRAY.

P. 320. Whether *Iago* ſingly was a *Florentine*, or both he and *Caſſio* were ſo, does not appear to me of much conſequence. That the latter was actually married, is not ſufficiently implied in *a fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife*, ſince it may mean, according to *Iago*'s licentious manner of expreſſing himſelf, no more than *a man very near being married*. Had *Shakeſpeare*, conſiſtently with *Iago*'s character, meant to make him ſay, *Caſſio* was *damn'd in being married to a handſome woman*, he would have made him ſay it outright, and not have interpoſed the palliative *almoſt*. The ſucceeding parts of his converſation ſufficiently evince that the Poet thought no mode of conception or expreſſion too ſhocking for *Iago*.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 324. Iago. *Your daughter and the Moor are making the beaſt with two backs.*] In a "Dictionaire des Proverbes François, "Par G. D. B. Bruſſelles, 1710, "12mo," under the word *dos* I find the following article:

"Faire la bete a deux dos," pour dire faire l'amour.

Mr. PERCY.

P. 345. *Let me ſpeak like yourſelf.*] i. e. let me ſpeak as yourſelf would ſpeak, were you not too much heated with paſſion. Mr. REYNOLDS.

P. 346. *That the bruiſed heart was pierced through the ear.*] *Shakeſpeare* was continually changing his firſt expreſſion for another, either ſtronger or more uncommon, ſo that very often the reader, who has not the ſame continuity or ſucceſſion of ideas, is at a loſs for its meaning. Many of *Shakeſpeare*'s uncouth ſtrained epithets may be explained, by going back to the obvious and ſimple expreſſion which is moſt likely to occur to the mind in that ſtate. I can imagine the firſt mode of expreſſion that occurred to *Shakeſpeare* was this:

The troubled *heart was never cured by words:*

To give it poetical force, he altered the phraſe;

The wounded *heart was never reached through the ear:*

Wounded heart he changed to *broken*, and that to *bruiſed*, as a more uncommon expreſſion. *Reach*, he altered to *touched*, and the tranſition is then eaſy to *pierced*, i. e. thoroughly touched. When the ſentiment is brought to this ſtate, the commentator, without this unraveling clue, expounds *piercing the heart*, in its common acceptation, *wounding the heart*, which making in this place non-

ſenſe, is corrected to *pieced the heart*, which is very ſtiff, and as *Polonius* ſays, is *a vile phraſe*.

Mr. REYNOLDS.

P. 355. *A* Veroneſe, Michael Caſſio.] The *Reviſal* ſuppoſes, I believe rightly, that *Michael Caſſio* is a *Veroneſe*.

It ſhould juſt be obſerved, that the *Italian pronunciation* of the word muſt be retained, otherwiſe the meaſure will be defective. Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 362. *To ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer.*] I ſee no more humour in this line than is obvious to the moſt careleſs reader. After enumerating the perfections of a woman, he adds, that if ever there was one ſuch as he had been deſcribing, ſhe was, at the beſt, of no other uſe than *to ſuckle children and keep the accounts of a houſehold*. The expreſſions of *to ſuckle fools and chronicle ſmall beer*, are only two inſtances of the want of natural affection, and the predominance of a critical cenſoriouſneſs in *Iago*, which he allows himſelf to have, where he ſays, *oh, I am nothing if not critical! Shakeſpeare* never thought of any thing like the "*O nate mecum conſule Manlio.*" Mr. STEEVENS.

This is certainly right.

P. 366. *Or tainting his diſcipline*—] If the ſenſe in this place was not ſufficiently clear, I ſhould have thought *taunting* his diſcipline might have been the word, ſince it was more likely for *Roderigo*, from his general fooliſh character, to be able to throw out ſomething in contempt of what he did not underſtand, than to ſay any thing which might really ſully it, which *tainting* ſeems to imply.

Mr. STEEVENS.

P. 368. *If this poor brach of Venice, whom I trace*
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on.] The old reading was *traſh*, which Dr. *Warburton* judiciouſly turned into *brach*. But it ſeems to me, that *traſh* belongs to another part of the line, and that we ought to read *traſh* for *trace*. To *traſh a hound*, is a term of hunting ſtill uſed in the North, and perhaps elſewhere; i. e. to correct, *to rate*. The ſenſe is, "If this "hound *Roderigo*, whom I rate "for *quick hunting*, for over-"running the ſcent, will but "*ſtand the putting on*, will but "have patience to be properly "and fairly put upon the ſcent, "*&c.*" The context and ſenſe is nothing if we read *trace*. This very hunting-term, to *traſh*, is metaphorically uſed by *Shakeſpeare* in the *Tempeſt*, act i. ſc. ii.

"*Pro.* Being once perfected
"how to grant ſuits,
"How to deny them; whom
"t' advance, and whom
"To *traſh* for *overtopping*."—

To traſh for overtopping; i. e. "what ſuitors to check for their "too great forwardneſs." To *overtop*, is when a hound gives his tongue, above the reſt, too loudly or too readily; for which he ought to be *traſh'd* or rated. *Topper*, in the good ſenſe of the word, is a common name for a hound, in many parts of *England*. *Shakeſpeare* is fond of alluſions to hunting, and appears to be well acquainted with its language. Mr. WARTON.

APPENDIX TO VOL. VIII.

P. 374. Iago. *He'll watch the horologue a double ſet,*
If drink rock not his cradle.—] *Chaucer* uſes the word *horologe* in more places than one.

" Well ſkirer was his crowing
" in his loge, (lodge)
" Than is a clocke, or abbey
" *horologe.*"

P. 397. *To ſeal her father's eyes up* cloſe as oak.] The *oak* is (I believe) the moſt *cloſe-grained* wood of the growth of *England*. *Cloſe as oak*, means *cloſe as the grain of the oak.*

Mr. STEEVENS.

I am ſtill of my former opinion.

P. 404. *The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife.*] In mentioning the *fife* joined with the drum, *Shakeſpeare*, as uſual, paints from the life: thoſe inſtruments accompanying each other, being uſed, in his age, by the *Engliſh* ſoldiery. The *fife*, however, as a martial inſtrument, was afterwards entirely diſcontinued among our troops for many years, but at length revived in the war before the laſt. It is commonly ſuppoſed, that our ſoldiers borrowed it from the *Highlanders* in the laſt rebellion: but I do not know that the *fife* is peculiar to the *Scotch*, or even uſed at all by them. It was firſt uſed, within the memory of man, among our troops, by the *Britiſh* guards, by order of the duke of *Cumberland*, when they were encamped at *Maeſtricht*, in the year 1747, and thence ſoon adopted into other *Engliſh* regiments of infantry. They took it from the allies with whom they ſerved. This inſtrument, accompanying the drum, is of conſiderable antiquity in the *European* armies, particularly the *German*. In a curious picture in the *Aſhmolean* Muſeum at *Oxford*, painted 1525, repreſenting the ſiege of *Pavia* by the *French* king, where the emperor was taken priſoner, we ſee *fifes* and *drums*. In an old *Engliſh* treatiſe written by *William Garrard* before 1587, and publiſhed by one captain *Hichcock* in 1591, entitled the *Arte of Warre*, there are ſeveral wood-cutts of military evolutions, in which theſe inſtruments are both introduced. In *Rymer's Fœdera*, in a diary of king *Henry's* ſiege of *Bulloigne*, 1544, mention is made of the " *drommes* and *viff-*
" *leurs*," marching at the head of the king's army. *Tom.* xv. p. 53.

The *drum* and *fife* were alſo much uſed at antient feſtivals, ſhows, and proceſſions. *Gerard Leigh*, in his *Accidence of Armory*, printed in 1576, deſcribing a chriſtmas magnificently celebrated at the inner temple, ſays, " we entered the prince his hall,
" where anon we heard the noyſe
" of *drum* and *fife*," p. 119. At a ſtately maſque on *Shrove-ſunday* 1509, in which *Henry* VIII. was an actor, *Hollinſhed* mentions the entry of " a *drum* and *fife*
" apprelled in white damaſke
" and grene bonnettes." Chron. iii. 805. col. 2. There are many more inſtances in *Hollinſhed*, and *Stowe's Survey of London*.

From the old *French* word *viff-leur*, above cited, came the *Engliſh* word *whiffler*, which anciently was uſed in its proper *literal* ſenſe. *Strype*, ſpeaking of a grand

a grand ſitting before the court, in queen *Mary*'s reign, 1554, ſays, from an old journal, that king *Philip* and the challengers, entered the liſts, preceded by "their *whiffiers*, their footmen, "and their armourers." *Eccleſ. Memor.* iii. p. 211. This explains the uſe of the word in *Shakeſpeare*, where it is alſo literally applied. *Henry* V. act iv. ſc. ult.

—"Behold, the *Engliſh* beach
"Pales in the flood with men,
"with wives and boys,
"Whoſe ſhouts and claps out-
"voice the deep-mouth'd
"ſea,
"Which, like a *mighty whiff-*
"*fler* 'fore the king,
"Seems to prepare his
"way."——

By degrees, the word *whiffler* hence acquired the metaphorical meaning which it at preſent obtains in common ſpeech, and became an appellation of contempt. *Whiffler*, a light trivial character, *a fellow hired to pipe at ſhows and proceſſions.*

Mr. WARTON.

P. 424. *Nature could not inveſt herſelf in ſuch ſhadowing paſſions without ſome inſtruction.*] However ingenious Dr. *Warburton*'s note may be, it is certainly too forced and farfetch'd. *Othello* alludes only to *Caſſio*'s dream, which had been invented and told him by *Iago*, when many confuſed and very intereſting ideas pour in upon the mind all at once, and with ſuch rapidity, that it has not time to ſhape or digeſt them, if the mind does not relieve itſelf by tears, which we know it often does, whether for joy or grief, it produces ſtupefaction and fainting.

Othello, in broken ſentences and ſingle words, all of which have a reference to the cauſe of his jealouſy, ſhews, that all the proofs are preſent at once to his mind, which ſo overpowers it, that he falls in a trance, the natural conſequence.

Mr. REYNOLDS.

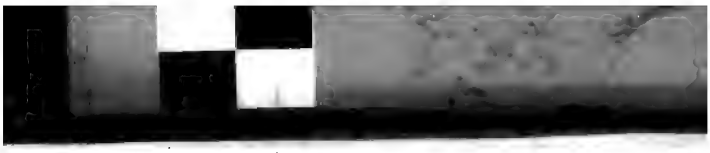
P. 461. Line 2. *Gone to burning hell.*—] Againſt the authority of all the editions, I think, we might venture to read, *burn in hell.*— REVISAL.

P. 469. *Like the baſe* Judean *threw a* pearl *away*,

Richer than all his tribe.] I cannot join with the learned criticks in ſuppoſing this paſſage to refer either to the ignorance of the natives of *India*, in reſpect of *pearls* or the well known ſtory of *Herod* and *Mariamne*.

Othello, in deteſtation of what he had done, ſeems to compare himſelf to another who had thrown away a *thing of value*, with ſome circumſtances of the *meaneſt villainy*, which the epithet *baſe* ſeems to imply in its *general ſenſe*, though it is ſometimes uſed only for *low* or *mean*. The *Indian* could not properly be termed *baſe* in the former and moſt *common* ſenſe, whoſe fault was *ignorance*, which brings its own excuſe with it, and the crime of *Herod* ſurely deſerves a more aggravated diſtinction. For though in every crime, *great* as well as *ſmall*, there is a degree of *baſeneſs*, yet the *furiis agitatus amor*, ſuch as contributed to that of *Herod*, ſeems to aſk a ſtronger word to characterize it, as there

was



rit at leaſt in what he did, a the ſpirit of a fiend, and ithet *baſe* would better ſuit *etty larceny* than *royal guilt*. s, the ſimile appears to me poſite almoſt to be uſed on caſion, and is little more ringing the fact into com- n with itſelf. Each through ſy had deſtroyed an inno- ife, circumſtances ſo paral- s hardly to admit of that y which we generally find e alluſion, which is meant ſtrate another, and at the time to appear as no ſuper- ornament. Neither do I e the poet intended to make ncide with all the circum- s of *Othello*'s ſituation, but y with the ſingle act of g *baſely* (as he himſelf terms ſtroyed that, on which he to have ſet a greater value, e *pearl* may bear a *literal* ll as a *metaphorical* ſenſe, I d rather chuſe to take it in *teral* one, and receive Mr. s rejected explanation, *pre- ing ſome ſtory of a* Jew *al- to*, which might be well ſtood at that time, though totally forgotten.

akeſpeare's ſeeming averſion e *Jews* in general, and his ant deſire to expoſe their *ice* and *baſeneſs* as often as ad an opportunity, may to ſtrengthen this ſuppoſi- ; and as that nation in his , and ſince, has not been fa- s for crimes *daring* and *con- us*, but has rather content- ſelf to thrive by the meaner more ſucceſsful arts of *ba- e* there ſeems to be a particu- propriety in the epithet. When *Falſtaff* is juſtifying him- ſelf in *Henry* IV. he adds, If what I have ſaid be not true, I am a *Jew*, *an Ebrew Jew*, (i. e. one of the moſt ſuſpected cha- racters of the time) and the vi- gilance for gain which is de- ſcribed in *Shylock*, may afford us reaſon to ſuppoſe the poet was alluding to a ſtory of ſome *Jew*, who rather than not have his own price for a *pearl of value*, *baſely* threw that away which was ſo excellent in its kind, that its fellow could hardly ever be ex- pected to be found again.

Richer than all his tribe, ſeems to point out the *Jew* again in a mercantile light, and may mean that *the pearl was richer than all the gems to be found among a ſet of men generally trading in them*. Neither do I recollect that *Othello* mentions many things, but what he might fairly have been allow- ed to have had knowledge of in the courſe of his peregrinations. Of this kind, are the ſimilies to to the *Euxine* ſea flowing into the *Propontick*, and the *Ara- bian* trees dropping their gums. The reſt of his ſpeeches are more free from mythological and hiſ- torical alluſions, than almoſt any to be found in *Shakeſpeare*, for he is never quite clear from them, though in the deſign of this cha- racter, he ſeems to have meant it for one who had ſpent a grea- ter part of his life in the field, than in the cultivation of any other knowledge than what would be of uſe to him in his military capacity. It ſhould be obſerved that moſt of the flou- riſhes merely ornamental were added after the firſt edition, and this

this is not the only proof to be met with, that the poet in his alterations, ſometimes forgot his original plan.

The metaphorical term of a pearl for a fine woman, may for ought I know be very common; but in the inſtances Dr. *Warburton* has brought to prove it ſo, there is a circumſtance that immediately ſhews a woman to have been meant.

" There SHE lies a *pearl*:
" Why SHE is a *pearl* of
" price."

In *Othello*'s ſpeech we find no ſuch leading expreſſion, and are therefore at liberty, I think, to take the paſſage in its *literal* meaning.

To this note, ſhould be ſubjoined (as an apology for many others which may not be thought to bring conviction with them) that the true ſenſe of a paſſage has frequently remained undetermined, till repeated experiments have been tried on it, when one commentator, making a proper uſe of the errors of another, has at laſt explained it to univerſal ſatisfaction. When miſtakes have ſuch effects, who would regret having been miſtaken, or be ſorry to be the means of directing others, by that affinity which a wrong reading or interpretation ſometimes has to the right, though he has not been ſo lucky to produce at once authorities which could not be queſtioned, or deciſions to which nothing could be added?

Mr. STEEVENS.

I have

APPENDIX to VOL. VIII.

I have endeavoured to enumerate the Editions of *Shakeſpeare*'s Plays, but finding that I have paid too much regard to inaccurate catalogues, I think it neceſſary to ſubjoin the following liſt given me by Mr. *Steevens*.

The Editions marked with Aſteriſks are in no former Tables.

I know no one who has ſeen thoſe in the *Italic Characters*, but find them in Mr. *Pope*'s and Mr. *Theobald*'s Tables, and in Dr. *Warburton*'s, which is compiled from them.

I.
1. Midſummer Night's Dream, William Shakeſpeare, 1600, for Thomas Fiſher.
2. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1600, James Roberts.

II.
1. Merry Wives of Windſor, William Shakeſpeare, 1602, T. C. for Arthur Johnſon.
2. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1619, for D°.
3. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1630, T. H. for R. Meighen.

III.
Much ado about Nothing, William Shakeſpeare, 1600, V. S. for Andrew Wiſe, and William Aſpley.

IV.
1. Merchant of Venice, William Shakeſpeare, 1600, J. K. for Thomas Heyes.
2. D°. W. Shakeſpeare, 1600, T. Roberts.
3. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1637, M. P. for Laurence Hayes.
4. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1652, for William Leake.

V.
1. Love's Labour loſt, *William Shakeſpear*, 1598, *W. W. for Cuthbert Burley.*
2. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1631, W. S. for John Smethwicke.

VI.

APPENDIX TO VOL. VIII.

VI.
1. *Taming of the Shrew*, 1607, *V. S. for Nich. Ling.*
2. D°. Will. Shakeſpeare, 1631, W. S. for John Smethwicke.

VII.
1. King Lear, William Shakeſpeare, 1608, for Nathaniel Butter.
2. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1608, for D°.
3. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1655, Jane Bell.

VIII.
1. King John, 2. p°. 1591, *for Sampſon Clarke.*
2. D°. W. Sh. 1611, Valentine Simmes, for John Helme.
3. D°. W. Shakeſpeare, 1622, Aug. Mathewes, for Thomas Dewe.

IX.
1. Richard II. William Shakeſpeare, 1598, Valentine Simmes, for Andrew Wiſe.
2. D°. *W. Shakeſpeare*, 1608, *W. W. for Mathew Law.*
3. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1615, for Mathew Law.
4. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1634, John Norton.

X.
1. Henry IV. 1ſt. p°. 1598, P. S. for Andrew Wiſe.
2. D°. W. Shakeſpeare, 1599, S. S. for D°.
3. *D°.* 1604.
4. D°. 1608. *for Mathew Law.*
5. D°. W. Shakeſpeare, 1613, W. W. for D°.
6. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1622, T. P. Sold by D°.
7. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1632, John Norton. Sold by William Sheares.
8. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1639, John Norton. Sold by Hugh Perry.

XI.
Henry IV. 2nd p°. William Shakeſpeare, 1600, V. S. for Andrew Wiſe, and William Aſpley.

XII.
1. Henry V. 1600, *Tho. Creede for Tho. Millington.*
2. D°. 1602, Thomas Creede, for Thomas Pavier.
3. D°. 1608, for T. P.

XIII. XIV.
1. Henry VI. *William Shakeſpeare*, 1600, *W. W. for Tho. Millington.*
2. D°. William Shakeſpeare, no date, for T. P.

XV.

APPENDIX to VOL. VIII.

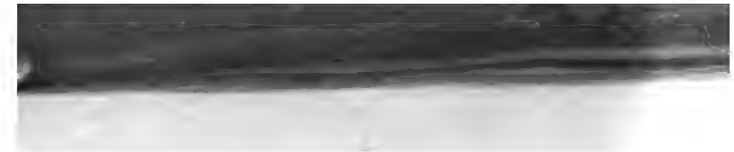
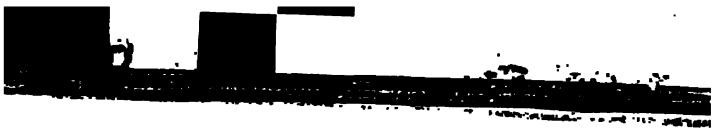
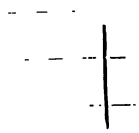
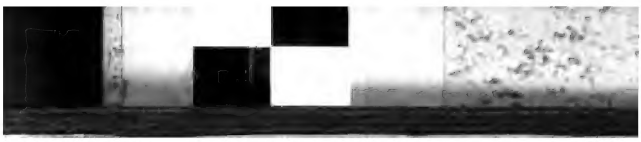
XV.
1. Richard III. 1597, Valentine Simmes, for Andrew Wiſe.
2. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1598, Thomas Creede, for D°.
3. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1602, Thomas, &c. for D°.
4. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1612, Thomas Creede, ſold by Mathew Law.
5. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1624, Thomas Purfoot, ſold by D°.
6. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1629, John Norton, ſold by D°.
7. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1634, John Norton.

XVI. Titus Andronicus, 1611, for Edward White.

XVII.
1. Troilus and Creſſida, William Shakeſpeare, 1609, G. Eld, for R. Bonian and H. Walley.
2. D°. no date, D°.

XVIII.
1. Romeo and Juliet, 1597, John Danter.
2. D°. 1599, *Tho. Crede, for Cuthbert Burley.*
3. D°. 1609, for John Smethwicke.
4. D°. William Shakeſpeare, no date, John Smethwicke.
5. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1637, R. Young, for D°.

XIX.
1. Hamlet, William Shakeſpeare, 1605, I. R. for N. L.
2. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1611, for John Smethwicke.
3. D°. William Shakeſpeare, no date, W. S. for D°.
4. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1637, R. Young, for D°.

XX.
1. Othello, *William Shakeſpeare, no date, Thomas Walkely.*
2. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1622, N. O. for Thomas Walkely.
3. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1630, A. M. for Richard Hawkins.
4. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1655, for William Leake.

Of all the other plays, the only authentick edition is the folio of 1623, from which the ſubſequent folios, never vary, but by accident and negligence.